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( THE )  
NEW-YORK MIRROR:  
*A Weekly Journal.*  
( Devoted to Literature and the Fine Arts. )  
*Enriched with Engravings and Illustrations.*



( New York. )









11 Wood. House. - 1880

A

FOU

D

no real... that is  
guise of men, that is  
control, to a certain ex-  
tent in his system, and  
the eye of the soul, and  
proving the spiritual of  
Who is the duke of the  
house of commons, as a  
narration by water, I  
made by the Lord to be  
has given to the new in









transparency. He walked towards it with conscious pride, and leaning himself over the brink, sometimes gazed at his gorgeous damage in the mirror, and sometimes turned back his eyes to examine the play of green and gold upon his back. The simple inhabitants of a neighbouring farm would stand at a respectful









## THE MAID OF LLANWELLYN.

A BALLAD—WRITTEN BY MRS. JOHNA BAILEY—COMPOSED AND SUNG BY CHARLES B. FURST—NOW FIRST PUBLISHED IN THIS COUNTRY.

**MODERATO CUI BIPENNIO**

*I've no sheep on the moor tain, nor boat on the lake; Nor coin in my coffer, so*

*keep me a while; Nor corn in my garret, nor fruit on the tree; Yet the maid of Llan-wel-lyn smiles sweet-ly on me, sweet-ly on me, sweet-ly on me; Yet the*

*maid of Llan-wel-lyn smiles sweet-ly on me.*

**SECOND VERSE.**

*Rick Owen will tell you, with eyes full of scorn,  
Therefore is my coat, and my haem are torn;  
Stuff on my rich Owen, for faint is thy glee;  
While the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.*

**THIRD VERSE.**

*The farmer rides promptly to market and fair,  
And the clerk at the tavern still claims the great share;  
But of all our proud fellows, the proudest I'll bet,  
While the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.*

## ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

## STARS.

I've not enchanted by beauty's spell,  
Enraptured by its magic power,  
Until it seemed that years of bliss  
Were mingled in one little hour;  
And never dreamed that I could lose  
A thing less beautiful than this:  
So like a wreath from ether—  
Whom to possess, were one celestial bliss.

But things will change—and like the sky,  
O'ercast to-day, but fair to-morrow,  
The heart that beats so light today,  
But yesterday was filled with sorrow:  
And dreams of love I thought so bright,  
As ne'er to wish the slumber broken,  
Have passed away—like the false light  
That was forgot the moment it was spoken.

But there's a spell more binding still,  
We feel the pain—the seeming ill,  
And yet, ne'er wish the slumber broken.  
It is the chain that binds two souls,  
Or rather one, that seems divided—  
And beauty's charms are dull and cold,  
To this—by turns and by heaven united.

Translated from the Italian of Camille Ruy, for the New York Mirror.

## MOAL EMBLEM.

**MISTY.**—A youth, with ruddy plump cheeks, dressed in white raiment, studded with green branches, and red and yellow blossoms, girded round the waist, composed of various flowers. He holds a flask of crystal, filled with claret, in one hand, and in the other a cup of gold. He is represented dancing in a flowery meadow. Flowers naturally import a joyousness of disposition, hence the fields are said to smile when covered with flowers. The flask and cup show that mirth is rarely alone, but generally found in good fellowship.

**Patrimony.**—A young maiden, clothed in a plain white robe, with her left shoulder naked, and a wreath round her head. She holds a heart in her right hand, seems to be in going barefooted; and grasps with her left hand a withered elm, encircled with a vine. Her lively in white, and her garment round all ornament in order to denote her freedom from artifice, as her bare foot do her willingness to undergo all hardships in service for truth. The dry elm shows that friendship ought to appear in adversity as well as in prosperity.

**PATRIMONY.**—A lady in the prime of life, clothed in a splendid habit, and sitting majestically in a sumptuous chair, with a crown of gold on her head. She holds in her right hand a bundle of rods, bound together, and surmounted with a wreath of laurel, and in her left hand a helmet; on her right side is a lion, and a purse filled with gold and jewels, and on her left an axe.

Her age shows her perfection, and judgment to execute whatever concerns the public good. Her garment and chair of state, her nobility and dignity, in token of which she wears a crown of gold.

## PHILOSOPHICAL ANTHROPE.

Take a red rose which is quite faded, and having filled a cleanglass dish with live coals, throw a small quantity of common sulphur thereon, and hold the rose over the fumes till it becomes quite white. Then dip it into a basin of clear cold water, and give it to any person to put away, bidding him take particular notice of the color of the flower. When he comes to look at it five or six hours afterwards, he will, to his utter astonishment, instead of the white rose which he put away find one perfectly red. Take any common print, which represents a winter scene, and trace the trees, plants, and ground with green sympathetic ink,\* taking care to make, according to their distance, some parts considerably deeper than the others. When these portions of the print are perfectly dry, paint over the other objects according to their natural coloring. Then put the picture into a glassed frame, and cover the back with a sheet of paper, pasted thereto exactly on the borders. When this print is exposed to the warm rays of the sun or the moderate heat of a fire, the grass and foliage will turn to a pleasing green, and the scene, which but a minute before represented the cold dreariness of winter, will become clothed in all the vivid verdure of spring. When it is again placed in the cold, winter will re-appear, and again to drive away by the presence of moderate heat. This alternate change of seasons may be repeated at pleasure, provided the print is never made too hot.

## TREATMENT IN FRIENDSHIP.

The specious pretender who artfully gains the confidence of an amiable and unsuspecting heart, then wantonly betrays it, of all villains deserves most to be detected. The robber may possess generosity, the murderer will sometimes display great and rare qualities, but the false betrayer of implicit friendship can have no character save those contrasted intentions. It is so

\* The above ink is made thus: take a small portion of saltpetre in powder and let it remain dissolved in aqua regia for four or twenty hours; then pour the liquor off clear, and having added to it an equal quantity of water, put it into a bottle, and keep it well corked.

maxim, well established in moral philosophy, that men are influenced in their conduct by what appears to them to be their interest. Yet what ingenuity can discern an interest in lonely abiding the trust of an honest man, who has paid you the compliments to suppose you worthy of his confidence? Is there any pleasure in viewing the keen mortifications of one whom, by the same blow, you have cruelly injured and greatly disappointed? If such a sight can please you, how much has vice changed the original simplicity of your nature! The propensity of first gaining a confidence, than to betray it, springs from a quarter which, at a first view, we should not suspect. Far, from a careful scrutiny of the bosom, we have found it uniformly grafted on a little ambition for low praise. Corrupted minds imagine there is a cunning in commanding an innocent heart; and, when used with success, the gentle touch of vanity exalts in their bosoms a pleasurable sensation. But it is a savage pleasure, such as the hawk enjoys when he darts upon the headless warbler of the forest; or such as is experienced by the double-tongued serpent, when he has chained into his power the unsuspecting flutterer of a neighboring bush.

Translated and modified for the New York Mirror.

## SPANISH PROVERBS.

Virtue ne'er dwells within that heart  
Where shame has ceased to hold a part  
One ounce of mirth, devoid of folly,  
Is worth a ton of melancholy  
The change of weather and the wind  
Discovers for fools both slays find  
When'er a good man comes to thee,  
Examine not his pedigree.  
If thou a shilling's worth wouldst know,  
To borrow it thou needst but go.  
To reason lend a willing ear,  
Or she ere long will make thee hear  
There is no evil, in the end  
To good perchance that may not bend.  
The night made night, the day made day,  
And life will gaily pass away.  
The man who doth a widow wed,  
Must sit the living prairie dead.  
My birthday first did bear me cry,  
And every day doth show me why.  
The husband sometimes must not see,  
And blind the wife should often be.

# THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

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Vol. X.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1862.

No. 2.

### ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY.

#### BRIEF NOTICES OF EMINENT CHARACTERS.

##### DE WITT CLINTON.

With an accurate likeness engraved by Nassau, from a painting by Tenen.

Truly illustrious subject of this memoir was born on the second day of March, 1769, at Little Britain, his father's residence, in Orange county. His ancestry were distinguished in various ways for their virtues and talents. He entered Columbia College in 1784, and was acknowledged to be the best scholar of his class. He is said, indeed, to have manifested at this early age, a remarkable quickness of perception, and a vigorous power of intellect, added to a fine talent for composition, and a most generous desire. How nobly he subsequently rendered these early pledges of future greatness! After having been admitted to the legal profession, he practiced at the New-York bar, till called from that career by his uncle, George Clinton, the governor of the state, who appointed him his private secretary. In addition to his appointment of secretary to the governor, he was soon honored with the office of secretary to the Board of Regents of the University, and of the Board of Fortification.

He was twice married, first to M<sup>rs</sup> Maria Franklin, and, many years after her decease, to Miss Catharine Jones. In 1816, Mr. Clinton held the highest Masonic office in the United States, and he retained the name till death. In 1797 he was elected a member of the house of assembly for the city of New-York, and on the succeeding year was chosen senator. In 1801 he was elected a member of the senate of the United States. During the years 1815, 16 and 17, he was but a private citizen. Leaving for a time the political and the entire pursuit of letters, he distinguished himself in various ways. He held a high rank in many of the societies for promoting benevolent purposes, and for the diffusion of science. His exertions and influence at this time were the most dignified and honorable that he could have as a citizen; and to the reputation which he had already acquired as a statesman, he added that of a scholar, a true patriot, and a philanthropist. It is impossible for us to enumerate, in the compass of a few selected notes, the numerous and varied services he now belonged, and the many noble and useful actions he performed, but refer to some of the more elaborate mentions of which he has been the subject. In 1803 he was appointed mayor of the city of New-York, which office he held till 1805. He was re-appointed in 1808, and with the exception of one year, retained the place till 1815. It is mentioned of him in this station, that, during the period when this city was visited by the pestilence, in the contagion of which he fully believed, he was always present at the deliberations of the common council, and rendered his daily attendance at the board of health, of which he was the presiding officer.

In 1817, Daniel D. Tompkins having been elected to the office of vice president of the United States, Mr. Clinton was first called upon by the people of this state, to act as their chief magistrate. This term expired in 1820, when he was re-elected. In 1823, he voluntarily declined being a candidate at the ensuing election, and retired again to the ranks of private life. In 1826 he was once more re-elected, and remained governor till the period of his decease.

On Monday, the 11th of February, 1829, after having visited the capital and performed his usual duties, he returned to his home and retired to his study. He there suddenly seized with dangerous symptoms—soon spoke to his son, walked into the hall—returned to his chair in the library—and expired before medical aid could be procured.

His remains have our countrymen heard words more sterling and painful than the report which now spread with rapidity through Albany—"Clinton is no more."

As a philosopher, a statesman, a writer, a scholar, an orator, a delightful companion, a correct critic, a pure and honest man, his name will go down to posterity dignified of every reproach. We close this brief sketch with a few remarks from the memoir of Clinton by Dr. Hosack, his intimate friend.

His reputation was so conflated to the country he immediately benefited by his services. In the literary circles, and in the scientific institutions of Europe his name was familiarly known as among the most eminent men of his day. It is no exaggeration to say that he was one of the few men who were elected an honorary member of many of the learned societies of Great Britain, and of the continent of Europe, and that he held an extensive correspondence with some of the most distinguished men of his age. He was an honorary member of the Linnean and the Horticultural Societies of London, and of the Wernerian Society of Edinburgh, and was in habits of correspondence with the late Sir James Edward Smith, the learned president of the



first, and with Mr. Knight, and Mr. J. Salust, the able officers of the horticultural institution.

"The acknowledged reputation which Mr. Clinton attained in his literary character, when we take into view his extensive public services, is to be ascribed, not only to his native taste and ardent love of knowledge, but to the extraordinary industry and order with which he performed his numerous and various duties. At a very early period of his life, he acquired and cultivated habits of great industry: he rose at an early hour at all seasons of the year. He observed the utmost punctuality in all his engagements; this too he was the better enabled to accomplish, by means of the order and regularity with which he divided the several duties of his day; illustrating by example, that well-known truth, that the man who has the most numerous avocations, is the most attentive and the most punctual in the performance of all; every hour not occupied by his numerous public duties, was devoted to general literature. History, poetry, tales, belles lettres, metaphysics, natural history, theology, all in turn occupied those portions of his time, not devoted to public business, or the duties of the various stations he filled; and he studiously noted with his pen, every fact or principle that he deemed important, or that might be rendered subservient to his intellectual improvement, or to the profit of others; by this habit, of collecting in his commonplace book what he considered of value, he was enabled to concentrate the ample stores of his knowledge upon the various subjects which occupied his more immediate pursuit; even those smaller portions of the day are lost by most men, were not employed by him: like the goldsmith, who carefully accumulates the smaller particles that drop beneath his hand, and which collected, constitute the nugget; Mr. Clinton, in like manner, carefully treasured up the minutest fragments of time, which, though inconsiderable in themselves, compose an aggregate of great value. Accordingly, when released from the severer duties which engaged his attention, a volume of the classics, some work of science, or some of the latest productions of a Scott, a Campbell, a Southey, or a Byron, whose writings have an unusual splendor upon the age that gave them birth, occupied those moments of relaxation; and I may add, that he had a large and well selected library of scarce and valuable works, which continually served him to segment those sources of knowledge and enjoyment."

"The ordinary and more frivolous amusements of fashionable life presented as attractions to his mind; on the contrary, they were to him, I believe, through life, most studiously avoided, at not only involving the loss of time, money, and reputation, but utterly incompatible with those pursuits and views that belong to a man who has at least his dignity of character, the higher in the estimation of his country's welfare."

"This leads me to notice the merits of Mr. Clinton as a writer and speaker. Mr. Clinton, as a public speaker, was slow and deliberate in his manner, manifesting the constant exercise of his understanding while in the act of delivery; he also observed great order in the plan of his discourse, arranging his arguments with precision, and with the view of giving to each its appropriate place and effect, exhibiting thereby most previous and careful consideration of his subject; yet, such was the quickness of his perception, and power of analysis, that he did not require long preparatory deliberation to embrace a full view of the merits of the question which came before him.

"The language in which he was to convey his sentiments, the illustration with which they were to be enforced, and the ornament with which his discourse was to be embellished, cost him little or no exertion in the preparation; for such was his constant habit of reading the best writings of the standard English writers and historians, as well as the most esteemed of the periodical publications upon the different branches of human knowledge, and other valuable writings of the present time, an age terming with instruction, and superfluity in his own mind, and simplicity of style, that those aids to eloquence were every present to his mind, requiring no effort to summon them to his purpose: the same observation is no less applicable to his written discourses, than to those which were delivered extemporaneously, for such was his mind, that he supplied himself with the most abundant materials, facility and rapidly in consequence derived from long practice, at the moment he had analyzed and elaborated the subject in his mind, (it only required the time necessary for the mechanical transcription of it, to prepare his discourse for publication. It is a specimen of it, to be found in the present volume, and that one of his fine falling within my own personal knowledge, that one of his most elaborate messages to the legislature, and which was among his most finished and the most admired of his compositions, was written in the short space of twenty-four hours."

"His daily practice, and which during the greater part of his life he had pursued, of recording important facts and occurrences, which may have had relation to the various subjects which fell within his province as a statesman, a philosopher, or a polite scholar, ever supplied him with the most abundant materials, for illustrating the immediate subject of his investigation. For like Bayle, Locke, Gibbon, Edwards, Priestley, and Franklin, he always kept with his pencil in his hand; accordingly, it will be found that he has left a very full and complete record of his proceedings, displays the valuable fruits of the labor which in his path he has undergone."

"Upon whatever subject his talents were put in requisition, and no man more frequently called upon for the performance of public service, owing to this daily exercise, and that one of his ever attended his friends by the sudden and unexpected, as well as the able discharge of any duty he may have had occasion to perform. In like manner, such were the ample stores of his mind, that when an extraordinary opportunity of adding to the friends of his opinions was demanded, whether upon the seat of justice, the floor of the senate, or upon any other public occasion, at the shortest notice he could summon to his purpose all the resources of his highly gifted and cultivated understanding, with cheer at his command, it may be added, Mr. Clinton was enabled to give full force to the discussion in which he was engaged, and to avail himself of the peculiar advantage it afforded him of directing his attention to and of observing the effects of his arguments upon every individual of the body he addressed. Such too was his perception of the effect produced upon his auditory, that I have often heard him say, that when speaking in the senate, or other deliberative assembly, he never forgot the moment the probable result of his address, and at once ascertain how far it was safe to urge the question immediately to a decision, or to suggest the expediency of deferring such decision to a more distant day, when he had an opportunity of adding to the friends of the measure he wished to accomplish."

"I am aware, that by many persons Mr. Clinton, in consequence of the calmness and uniformity of his manner, and perhaps a desire of economy in his exertions, in both of which his delivery was clearly remarkable, that of the late Mr. Pitt, was considered an eloquent speaker. It is to be observed, that he was exclusively addressed himself to the understanding of his hearers, that he gave less satisfaction to the manner of his communication than to the substance of most public speakers, who were inferior in force or vehemence, either in voice or gesture, yet his clear and logical method and arrangement, the force and propriety of style, and dignity of manner, his strong and manly tone of voice, united with his undeviating firmness, and his constant and judicious use of judgment-seat or in the hall of legislation, an influence and effect which no other individual, except the lamented Hamilton, Wells, and Emmet, has ever exercised in our state. As for an indistinct manner, it was far from being the case; his voice, his manner, his style always dignified, and sometimes highly ornamented, can be considered as constituting eloquence, and are calculated to arrest the attention, and to carry conviction to his auditory. Mr. Clinton is entitled to the name of an orator, and his services to his country, and the cause of humanity, and expended in the service of his native state, entitle his predecessor to respectful notice,















## THE FORSAKEN HARP.

THE WORDS BY SPENSER—COMPOSED BY MANCHESTER.

*Andante.*

The harp of man-gie men here hangs at rest and un- Oh, where's the hand that thrills it, the  
string.

*pp* *p*

voice that to it sang? 'Twere vain strain gar- sing. To seek its for-mer song! Its mas- voice and sin- ger, 'Twill an- ever to a lone. Its mas-ter's voice an-

*pp*

An- gers, 'Twill an- ever to a lone.

*pp*

Its silken hands are faded, its chords are snapping fast,  
I hear them in the night time, and soon shall hear the last!  
Oh, thus in sorrow's aching,  
The heart strings feel death's stroke,  
But, still the last is breaking,  
Who knows that one is broken?

*pp*

But hark, the harp's strings murmur, they thrill against the wall,  
The minstrel's foot is ready in its hall!  
Farewell its tones of sadness,  
Farewell its chords of pain,  
It twirls again with gladness,  
Remains its master's hands.

*pp*

Thus, when returns the loved one, affection's bosom throbs,  
And in his smiling presence forgives its lonely sob!  
But should the hopes that breathe it  
In no responsive thrill,  
Tremble warm the fosterer leave it,  
'Twill soon grow cold and still.

## MISCELLANY.

GLEANINGS FROM THE MEMOIRS OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.  
TRANSLATED FOR THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

The confabulation of the scaffolds intended for fireworks for the celebration of the marriage of Louis XVI. is generally known. Amidst the distracted multitude pressing on every side, trampled under the horses' feet, precipitated into the ditches of the *Aux Eperons* and the square, was a young man, with a girl with whom he was in love. She was beautiful, their attachment had lasted several years; pecuniary causes had delayed their union, but the following day they were to be married. For a long time the lover, protecting his mistress, keeping her behind him, covering her with his own person, sustained her strength and courage. But the tumult, the cries, the terror, and peril, every moment increased. "I am sinking," she said; "my strength fails—I can go no further." "There is yet a way," cried the lover, in the despair; "get on my shoulders." He felt that his advice had been followed, and the hope of saving her whom he loved, redoubled his ardor and strength. He resists the most violent convulsions with his arms firmly enfolded before his breast, he with difficulty forces his way through the crowd: at length he clears it. Arrive at one of the extremities of the place, having set down his precious burden, faltering, exhausted, enfolded to death, but intoxicated with joy, he turns round; it was a different person! another voice acted, had taken advantage of his recommendation; his beloved was no more!

The empress Marie Theresa was left a widow at an age when her beauty was yet striking. She was secretly informed of a scheme projected by her three principal ministers, to make themselves agreeable to her, of a compact made between them, that the lovers should not suffer themselves to be infected with any feeling of jealousy towards him who should be fortunate enough to gain this sovereign's heart; and they had sworn that the successful one should be always the friend and support of the other two. The empress, being well assured of this fact, one day, after

the breaking up of the council over which she had presided, turned the conversation upon the subject of women, female accessories, and the duties of their sex and rank; and then applying her general edification to herself in particular, she told them she hoped to guard herself all her life against weaknesses of the heart; but that if ever an irresistible feeling should make her alter her resolution, it should be only in favour of a man proof against ambition, not engaged in state affairs, accustomed and attached only to a private life, and to calm enjoyments—in a word, if her heart should betray her, so far as to lead her to love a man invested with any important office, from the moment he should discover her sentiments, he should be contented to resign his place and his influence with the public. This was sufficient: the three ministers, more ambitious than gallant, gave up their projects for ever.

Franklin appeared at court in the dress of an American cultivator. His straight unpowdered hair, his round hat, his brown cloth coat, formed a contrast with the laced and embroidered coats, and the powdered and perfumed heads of the courtiers of Versailles. This novelty struck the enthusiastic heads of the French women. Elegant entertainments were given to Doctor Franklin, who to the reputation of a natural philosopher, added the patriotic virtues which had invested him with the noble character of an apostle of liberty. At one of these entertainments, the most beautiful woman out of three hundred, was selected to place a crown of laurels upon the white head of the American philosopher, and twine them upon his cheeks. When the ceremony of his death arrived in Paris, in 1790, a society of priests met in an apartment of the Cordeliers convent, to celebrate a funeral festival in honour of the American philosopher. His bust was elevated upon a volume in the middle of the room. Upon the bust was placed a cypress wreath; below the bust were computer's axes, a press, and other emblems of the art which the sage had cultivated. While one priest was pronouncing an eulogium upon Franklin, women were printing it; and the speech, composed and pulled off as fast as uttered, was copiously distributed among the spectators brought together by this entertainment.

During the American war, a general officer in the service of the United States, advanced with a score of men under the English batteries to reconnoitre their position. His aid-de-camp, struck by a ball, fell at his side. The officers and orderly disengaged precipitately. The general, though under the fire of the cannon, approached the wounded man to see whether he had any signs of life remaining; or whether any help could be afforded him. Finding the wound had been mortal, he turned his eyes away with emotion, and slowly rejoined the group which had got out of the reach of the pieces. This instance of courage and humanity took place at the battle of Monmouth. General Clinton, who commanded the English troops, knew that the Marquis de la Fayette generally rode a white horse; it was upon a white horse that the general officer, who retired so slowly, was mounted; Clinton desired his gunners not to fire. This noble forbearance probably saved the life of the Marquis; for it was he himself. At that time he was not twenty-two years of age.

Translated and written for the New York Mirror.

## SPANISH PROVERBS.

If you a gentleman would know,  
'Tis he whose deeds proclaim him so.  
If thou from from quarrels keepest free,  
Thou never wast a witness be.  
What fathers miserably acquire,  
Their sons will throw into the fire.  
An ass's head, devoid of life,  
Outweighs a ton of melancholy.  
With very many war pursue,  
To council go with very few.  
If thou'st a thing that fire war,  
But writing may be made to stay.  
Who idles in when fortune comes,  
When she departs the first repines.  
If you had wisdom, you had power,  
Nought would be wanting for an hour.

Proverb by George B. Co. re-constructed by J. S. Sargent.

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FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNU. SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED AT THE OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, THE NEW FRANKLIN BUILDING, CORNER OF NASSAU AND ANN-STREETS. (PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.)

Vol. X.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1832.

No. 3.

## ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY.

## BRIEF NOTICES OF EMINENT CHARACTERS.

## ROBERT FULTON.

With an accurate likeness engraved by Meunier, from a painting by James.

Mr. FULTON is acknowledged to have been among the most distinguished men of his age. His successful exertions to furnish a means of transportation which "brings the inhabitants of the world nearer each other," have shed upon his name a lustre that must be visible to the latest posterity. We do not propose here to examine how closely the efforts of his genius are connected with the happiness of mankind, even where they seem most remote, but simply to afford a brief sketch of his life as an accompaniment to his portrait.

Robert Fulton was born in the town of Little Britain, in the county of Lancaster, state of Pennsylvania, in the year 1765, of a respectable though not opulent family. He was the third child and eldest son. His peculiar genius manifested itself at an early age, in an irrepressible taste for drawing and mechanism. At the age of twenty-one he was intimate with Franklin. He had previously painted portraits and landscapes in Philadelphia, and derived considerable profit from them. Soon after he sailed for England in the way of seeking Mr. Watt's assistance in the prosecution of his art. That great painter took him into his family, where he remained several years. In 1793 Mr. Fulton was actively engaged in a project to improve inland navigation. Even at that time he had conceived the idea of propelling vessels by steam. In 1801 he had acquired much valuable information upon the subject, and written it down, as well as much concerning his own life, and sent many manuscripts from Paris to this country, but the vessel was wrecked and most of the papers destroyed. After this period he pursued a course of study, and he has been the principal object of his attention, although he made many valuable inventions, and wrote numerous essays, characterized by strong talent and deep knowledge. His works were not indeed confined to scientific subjects, but he has also written many others which were greatly praised. The characteristic features of his mind were ardor and perseverance. When Napoleon held the power of France, Mr. Fulton engaged in several schemes under the patronage of the first emperor, for an accommodation of his case, which he is indebted for a portion of the present sketch. In 1806 Mr. Fulton embarked at Falmouth, and arrived at New-York, by way of Halifax, on the thirteenth of December. Upon his arrival in this country he immediately commenced his arduous exertions in the cause of practical science, and among other subjects which occupied his mind was that of steam navigation. He had been engaged in Europe for six attempts to introduce a steam or torpedo, to be used in war, for the purposes of destroying the marine enemy. Here is a curious anecdote of him at this time.

"He had not been landed in America a month before he was in the seat of government, to propose to the President a plan to enable him to carry out of experiments with his torpedoes. He found Mr. Madison, then secretary of state, and the secretary of the navy, Mr. Smith, much disposed to encourage his attempts. One of which Mr. Fulton, by his ingenious models and drawings, with his lucid and engaging mode of laying upon them, made appear so probable. The government authorized a certain expenditure to be made, under the direction of Mr. Fulton, for this purpose. In the mean time, anxious to prepare his countrymen with a good opinion of his project, he visited the magistracy of New-York, and a number of citizens, to Governor's Island, where were the torpedoes and the machinery, with which his experiments were to be made; and with the manner, in which they were to be used, and were expected to operate, he explained very fully. While he was lecturing on his black torpedoes, which were large siphon copper cylinders, his numerous audience crowded round him. At length he turned to a copper case of the same description, which was placed under the gateway of the fort, and to which was attached a clock-work tube. Thus, by drawing out a peg, he set in motion, and then he, to his attentive audience, explained the nature of the torpedoes, with which, precisely in its present state it is charged to blow up a vessel; it contains one hundred and seventy pounds of gunpowder, and, if it were to suffer the clock-work to run fifteen minutes, it would double but it is would blow this fortification to atoms." The circle round Mr. Fulton was very soon much enlarged, and before five of the fifteen minutes were out, there were but two or three persons remaining under the gateway; some, indeed, lost in the noise of getting at the greatest number of the torpedoes, with their best speed, and did not again appear on the ground, till they were assured it was lodged in the magazines,



when it had been taken, and did not seem to feel themselves quite safe, as long as they were on the island. The conduct of Mr. Fulton's auditors was not very extraordinary or unusual; but his own composure infatigable the confidence with which he handled those terrible instruments of destruction, and the reliance he had on the accuracy of the performance of his machinery. The apprehensions of the company surprised, but amused him, and he took occasion to remark, how true it was that he was frequently near from ignorance."

At what time Mr. Fulton's mind was first directed to steam navigation, is not distinctly known, but even in 1793 he had matured a plan in which he proposed great benefits. No one previously to Mr. Fulton, had constructed a steamboat in any other way than as an unsuccessful experiment. Although many dispute his right to the honor of the discovery, none have done so with any semblance of justice.

Among those of his own countrymen who had previously made unsuccessful attempts to render the force of steam subservient to practical and useful purposes, was Mr. Livingston.

"While he devoted much of his own time and talents to the advancement of science, and the promotion of the public good, he was fond of fostering the discoveries of others. The resources of his simple fortune were afforded with great liberality, whenever he could apply them, to the support and encouragement of genius. "He entertained very clear conceptions of what would be the great advantages of steamboats, on the large and extensive rivers of the United States. He had applied himself with uncommon perseverance, and at great expense, to constructing vessels and machinery for that kind of navigation. As early as seventeen hundred and ninety-eight, he believed that he had accomplished his object, and represented to the legislature of the state of New-York, that he was possessed of a mode of applying the steam-engine to propel a boat on new and advantageous principles, but he was deterred from carrying it into effect, by the uncertainty and hazard of a very expensive experiment, unless he could be assured of an exclusive advantage from it, should it be found successful.

"The legislature in March, 1798, passed an act, vesting Mr. Livingston with the exclusive right and privilege of navigating all kinds of boats which might be propelled by the force of fire or steam, on all the waters within the territory or jurisdiction of the state of New-York, for a term of twenty years from the passing of the act; upon condition that he should within a twelve-month build such a boat, the mean of whose progress should not be less than four miles an hour.

"The bill was introduced into the house of assembly by Dr. Mitchell, he then being a representative from this city. Upon this occasion," says Doctor Mitchell, in a letter with which he has favored me, "the warring and the law in the house were generally opposed to my bill. I had to encounter all their objections, and the whole of their logic. One main ground of their objection was, that it was an idle and whimsical project, unworthy of legislative attention."

"A venerable friend, who was a member of the senate at that time, has described the manner in which this application from Mr. Livingston was received by the legislature. He said it was a standing subject of ridicule throughout the session, and whenever there was a disposition in any of the younger members to indulge a little levity, they would call up the steamboat bill, that

they might divert themselves at the expense of the project and its advocates.

"Mr. Livingston, immediately after the passing of this act, built a boat of about thirty tons burden, which he propelled by steam; but as she was incompetent to fulfill the condition of the law, she was abandoned, and he for the time relinquished the project.

"Though Mr. Livingston, previously to his connection with Mr. Fulton, had done more than any other person to wards establishing steamboats, and though his experiments had been more expensive, and more successful, than any we have heard of, yet he was not among those who founded, on their fruitless attempts, a claim to be the inventors of navigation by steam, and whose opposition to Mr. Fulton has been very generally in proportion to the variety and ill success of their schemes. The worst project has generally been the most expensive, and on that account the worst projector seems to have considered his claim as the highest.

"On the contrary, Mr. Livingston availed himself of every opportunity of acknowledging Mr. Fulton's merits; and when he was convinced that Mr. Fulton's experiments had evinced the justness of his principles, they entered into a contract, by which it was, among other things, agreed, that a patent should be taken out in the United States, in Mr. Fulton's name, which Mr. Livingston will have known not to do, without Mr. Fulton's taking an oath that the improvement was solely his.

"In the American Medical and Philosophical Register, there is a piece published under the title of 'An Historical Account of the Application of Steam to the Propelling of Boats.' This was drawn up by Mr. Livingston, and addressed to Doctors Henshaw and Francis, the editors of that journal. He very candidly acknowledges that all his efforts had been unavailing. He examines the nature of the construction of boats, and Mr. Fulton, and shows what part that gentleman performed in the experiments which led to the accomplishment of their object. As this account, from Cassius Livingston himself, must be very accurate, we have inserted it in our present number, to the interest and valuable work we have just mentioned.

"Robert R. Livingston, Esq. when minister in France, met with Mr. Fulton, and they formed that friendship and connexion with each other, which has since been so productive of public birth. He communicated to Mr. Fulton the importance of steamboats to their common country; informed him of what had been attempted in America, and of his resolution to resume the pursuit on his return, and advised him to turn his attention to the subject. It was agreed between them to embark in the enterprise, and immediately to make such experiments as would enable them to determine how far, in spite of former failures, the object was attainable; the principal direction of these experiments was left to Mr. Fulton, who, united, in a very considerable degree, practical, to a theoretical knowledge of mechanics. After trying a variety of experiments on a small scale, on models of his own invention, it was understood that he had determined the true principles upon which steamboats should be built, and for the want of knowing which, all previous experiments had failed. But as those gentlemen both knew, that many things which were apparently perfect when tried upon a small scale, when enlarged to the size of building an operating boat upon the Rensselaer. This was done in the year 1803, at their joint expense, under the direction of Mr. Fulton; and so fully evinced the justness of his principles, that it was immediately determined to enrich their country by the valuable discovery, as soon as they should meet there, and in the mean time to enter an engine to be made in England. On the arrival at New-York of Mr. Fulton, which was not till 1806, he immediately engaged in building a boat of what was then thought, very considerable dimensions.

"This boat began to navigate the Hudson River in 1807; its progress through the water was as the rain of fire miles an hour.

"In the course of the ensuing winter, it was enlarged to a boat of one hundred and forty feet keel, and sixteen and a half feet beam. The legislature of the state were so fully convinced of the great utility of the invention, and of the interest the state had in its success, that they made it a new contract, Mr. Fulton, Mr. Livingston and Mr. Fulton, by which they extended the term of their exclusive right, five years for every additional boat they should build; provided the whole term should not exceed thirty years, and that they should build one new contract, two boats to the North River boat; (besides those that have been built by others under their license); the Car of Neptune, which is a beautiful result of almost four hundred tons burden, and the Packer of their state, and the City of New-York.

It is well known, that this great man, after having devoted his time and genius to the service of his country and mankind, was

harassed by lawsuits and controversies with those who were violating his patent rights or intruding upon his exclusive grants. Laws had been passed by the New York legislature, for the protection of the right of Livingston and Fulton, and for the promotion of their pecuniary remuneration, but bold attempts were made for their repeal. A petition to that effect was submitted to a committee, who handed in a report, which concluded by proposing a bill containing such provisions as might in their opinion be passed consistently with the faith, honor, and justice of the state.

<sup>10</sup> The proposed bill declared that nothing in the act passed in favor of Livingston and Fulton, should be so construed as to affect the right which any person might have to use the invention of the steamboat, or any improvement thereon, which had been, or might thereafter be, patented under the laws of the United States; provided, that in such use, they did not interfere with any invention, or improvement, lawfully secured by the prior acts, or any of them.

"It is to be observed that this proviso is a mere nullity; none of the acts referred to by it, did secure, or even pretend to secure, any invention; so that the law proposed by the committee was in effect an entire repeal of the exclusive grants to Livingston and Fulton; and Daniel Dod, with his patented application of the engine to cranks, or any other patentee equally meritorious, might, if the law had passed, have freely navigated the waters of this state by steam.

"When Livingston and Fulton had spent an immense sum of money in the establishment of their magnificent boats—when they had not realized a cent for their enterprise—but, on the contrary, were largely in debt on that account, this law was recommended to the legislature as one that might be passed consistently with good faith, honor, and justice!

"Upon this report being made to the house, it was prevailed upon to be less precipitate than the committee had been. It gave time, which the committee would not do, for Mr. Fulton to be sent for from New-York. The senate and assembly in joint session examined witnesses, and heard him, and the petitioner, by counsel. The result was, that the legislature refused to repeal the prior law, or to pass any act on the subject.

"It was upon this occasion that his friend, Mr. Emmet, who appeared as his counsel at the bar of the house, at the conclusion of his speech made that address to Fulton, which has been so much spoken of, and which was at once such an evidence of warmth of heart, rectitude of principle, and of superior abilities. We do not pretend to give it in the very words he made use of, nor can it now have the effect, which his oratory and circumstances produced when it was delivered; but so far as it is in our power, we will endeavor to preserve it, as a just tribute to our departed friend, and as a memorial of the abilities of his addresser."

[illegible]

who will represent it as a grievous burden on the community, and not a compensation for signals benefits—who will exaggerate your fortune, "and then, in the language of Marat to the French convention, "Let this *tyrant of equality* move over the republic!"—at a moment of delusion, (unless some department of our government shall constitutionally interpose an adamantine barrier against national perfidy and injustice,) such men may give your property to the winds, and your person to your creditors. Then, indeed, those who know your worth and services, will spurn of your downfall, as of that portentous omen, which marked a people's degradation, and the successful crime of an intruder:

falcon, lowering to his pride of place,  
 too by a mountain sent dashed at mid hills

Yes, my friend! my heart bleeds while I utter it; but I have fearful forebodings that you may hereafter find in public faith a broken staff for your support, and receive from public gratitude, a broken heart for your reward.'

In January, 1915, Mr. John R. Livingston, who owned the steasboat which plied between New-York and New-Jersey, but which was stopped by the operation of the Jersey law, petitioned the board for a license to operate between New-York and New-Jersey, and counsel for several days, the laws were read on this occasion Mr. Fulton was examined as a witness. The weather, while he was at Trenton, where he was much exposed, being raining, and the wind blowing, mostly from the north. When he was crossing the Hudson, he occurred in his boat, and the river was very full of ice, this occurred while he being several hours on the water in a very severe day. Mr. Fulton had not a constitution to encounter such exposure, and upon his return to New-York, he was very much exhausted. He had at that time great anxiety about the steam-frigate, and after confining himself for a few days, when he was quite alseant, he went to give his superintendence to the artificers employ of about last: he forgot his declined state of health in the interest of his business, and he was exposed to the weather in a bad day, exposed to the weather on her decks. He returned found the effects of this imprudence. His indisposition returned upon him with such violence as to confine him to his bed. February 19th, he recovered, and on the twenty-fourth day of February, 1915, he was a valuable life.

We have already availed ourselves of the work of Mr. Colden. We shall conclude this outline biography by that gentleman's picture of Mr. Fulton's private circumstances, manners, appearance and character.

ance and character. By contributing his proportion to the establishment of the magnificent towers on the Hsiam, each of which cost from forty to sixty thousand, and the last one which has been built, upwards of a hundred thousand dollars, expended immense sums of money. The experiments he was always making, required very large expenditures. He was always in the habit of giving his money away, from the moment his house was secured in successful operation, he was very expensive. From his patients he never derived the advantage of a single cent; but, on the contrary, in consequence of the misconduct or mistake of some of the agents he employed to construct boats for him under his name, he was obliged to pay out considerable sums of money to the numerous companies, he was involved in losses to a very great amount. Owing to these circumstances, though he lived without ostentation or extravagance, he left his estate almost completely involved. His patient rights are so far expired, that if Chulaw had been allowed to continue his practice, he would have received for any value, they would now be worth nothing; and although Mr. Fulton has not lived to see the fulfillment of the anticipation of Mr. Emmet, yet, certain it is that, unless some stability be given to the exclusive grants from this state, the only patrimony of his name, the right of the name, will be lost, and the name will be lost in those passages, that ought to remain the granite, as they are the admiration of mankind.

"Mr. Felton was about six feet high. His person was slender, but lastly proportioned, and well formed. Nature had made him a gentleman, and bestowed upon him rare and graceful facilities. He had too much good sense for the least affectation; and a modest confidence in his own worth and talents, gave him an unassuming manner, which was not less becoming to his person, than that of a manly beauty. He had large dark eyes, and a projecting brow, expressive of intelligence and thought; his temper was mild and his disposition lively: he was fond of society, which he always enjoyed by cheerful, cordial manners, and instructed or pleased by his sensible conversation. He expressed himself with energy, fluency, and correctness; and as he owed more to his own powers than to the assistance of books, his sentiments were often penetrating from their originality."

"In all his domestic and social relations he was zealous, kind, generous, liberal, and affectionate. He knew of no use for money but as it was subservient to charity, hospitality, and the service of his country. But what was most conspicuous in his character, was his calm constancy, his industry, and that indefatigable patience and perseverance, which always enabled him to overcome difficulties."

## ORIGINAL TALES.

**A TRUE STORY.**

"Down on your knees, and thank heaven,  
Fasting, for a good man's love."

[illegible]







itself about the cheek, at her unaffected playfulness and quiet

But it is high time that Miss Gould should speak for herself. We select a little piece on "the Frost," as an agreeable specimen of her pleasantry.

The frost loosed forth one still, clear night,  
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;  
So through the valley and over the heights,  
In silence I'll take my way.  
I will not go on like that blustering train,  
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,  
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,  
But I'll be as busy as they!"

Then he flew to the mountain, and powdered his crest.  
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he drew  
In diamond beads—and over the breast  
Of the quivering lake he spread  
A coat of sun, that it need not fear  
The downward point of many a spear,  
That he hung on its margin far and near,  
And that a sick world, on its head

He went to the windows of those who slept,  
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;  
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stopped,  
By the light of the morn were awon  
Most beautiful things; there were flowers and trees;  
There were beaks of birds and awarings of bees;  
There were cities with temples and towers; and those  
All pictured in silver shoon!

But he did do things that was hardly fair,  
He perped in the cupboard, and finding there  
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,  
"Now, just to set them a-clinking,  
Fit him the basket of fruit," said he,  
"This bilious pitcher I'll burst in three;  
And the glass of water they've left for me  
Shall 'schock 't to tell them I'm drinking!"

The "Address to the Automaton Chess player," and the "Silver Pen," in imitation of the Scottish, are of the same class. We take three verses from the latter, to show how much she has attained of the Doric sweetness and humor peculiar to the land of Burns.

I tell ye whan I twist frien' an' frien',  
I dinna like the stiller pen,  
an' sin' my reason ye wad ken,  
The' add enough, I'll gie it.  
It is too perfect—like part  
It does, is wi' sic mure an' art,  
There's nae a particle o' heart  
On freid an' mure will it.

I wadna see the new-born thought,  
Laid on the sheet, me stiff an' strenght,  
As if I were dead an' could, an' brought  
Before me for interment.  
I like the gracefu' yieldin' aith,  
To gang see carless an' see glib,  
An' shut my fancie, like a squib,

Just while they're f' the ferment!  
an' whiles (ye've, nibbles, felt the pain,)  
I wait upon the tardy brain  
For something I can ne'er obtain,  
An' founder'd n'thether;  
I live, if I can do no more,  
To have the quill to scrape as pair,  
As I shall like best of all my time.

We recollect few moroseaux more graphical and poetical than "the Moon upon the Spire," of which we select the first three stanzas.

The full-orbed moon has reached no higher  
Than yon old church's money spire;  
And seems, as gliding up the air,  
She saw the fawn; and, passing there,  
Would worship, in the tranquil sight,  
The Prince of peace—the source of light,  
Where man for God prepared the palace,  
And God to man compels his face.

Her tributes all around are seen,  
 She bends, and weeps like a queen;  
 Her robe of light and beaming crown,  
 In silence she is casting down;  
 And, as a creature of the earth,  
 She feels her baseness of birth—  
 Her weakness and inconstancy

False traveler, on thy timely way,  
 The world thine homage thus to pay;  
 To reverence that ancient pile,  
 And spread thy altar o'er its site,  
 Which many a pious foot hath trod,  
 That now is dust beneath the sod;  
 Where many a sacred tear was wept,

For power and condensed vigor, we would instance "A Voice from the Wine press," and the "Warning from the Gold mine;" and for feeling and felicitous execution, "the Consignment," and "the Musical Box." "The Dying Storm" is eminently beautiful. It seems as if we could hear its very moan of sadness for the destruction it has done.

But we hasten to conclude this superficial and very inadequate notice. We have not entered into a close analysis of the beauties and blemishes of these poems. We have not sought to compare the modest offering of these of sister votaries, who have made more frequent and ambitious pilgrimages to the founts of Castalia. We do not wish to detract from what, it is claimed, that they have done well. We only say that they have not done better. It must be acknowledged, as *she succeeded in doing*. We do not mean to imply that they have stepped beyond their province, but that she has modestly kept within hers. We do not assert, that they at any time have mistaken their power; but we proclaim, that she has rightfully directed hers. Her poetry, like the virtues of her own sex, has found its strong hold beside the domestic altar, and has there hallowed all within its influence.

*Domestic Star, or a Repository to the Old Dominion.* Two vols. 18mo. Philadelphia, 1825.

**SECOND NOTICE.**  
We do not pay sufficient attention to American books. A native and a foreign production of equal merit would not, we fear, pos-

[illegible]

*Family portraits.*

"Whilst Frank Meriwether amuses himself with his quiddities, and floats through life upon the current of his humor, his dame, my excellent cousin Lucretia, takes charge of the household affairs, as one who has a reputation to stake upon her administration. She has made it a perfect science, and great is her fame in the dispensation thereof!"

"They who have visited Swallow Barn will long remember the morning air, of which the murmurs arose even unto the chambers, and fell upon the ears of the sleepers; the dry-rubbing of the doors and windows; the rattling of the mill-stones, and the grinding of the coffee-mills; and the gibber of ducks, and chickens, and turkeys; and all the multitudinous concert of homely sounds. And then, her breakfast! I do not wish to be counted extravagant, but a small regiment might march in upon her without disappointment; and I would put them for excellence and variety of food, to the most sumptuous banquet of a king. Moreover, all things go like clock-work. She rises with the lark, and affixes an early rigor into the whole household. And yet she is a thin woman to look upon, and a feeble; with a sorrowful complexion, and a pair of animated black eyes, that impart a powerful interest to her countenance."

[illegible]

"Edith" (the name is Swallow). Born that fell within the superintendence of my cousin Lucretia, is a pattern of industry. In fact, I consider her the very priestess of the American system, fed with her, the protection of manufactures is even more of a passion than a principle. Every here and there, over the estate, may be seen rising in humble guise above the shrubbery, the rude chimney of a log cabin, where all the liveliest day the pleasant moaning of the spinning-wheel rises steadily upon the breeze, and the sound of the loom, as the "cotton" is made up, is heard. The most interesting part of the stories with which we frightened children. In these laboratories the negro women are employed in preparing yarn for the loom, from which is produced not only a comfortable supply of winter clothing for the working people, but some excellent carpets for

the house.

It is refreshing to behold her affectionately van her good hostess of Frank, and what defence she shews to his judgment in all matters, except those that belong to the home department; for there she is, confidently and without appraisal, the paramount power. It seems to be a dogma with her, that she is the only person in the family who can be trusted to do right. She grows into an emphatic provincialism. Frank, in return, is a devoted admirer of her accomplishments, and although he does not pretend to have an ear for music, he is raptures at her skill on the piano. He is a devoted admirer of her singing. "The twins of Latona," and "Old Towler," and the "Rose tree in full bearing," (she does not study the modern music,) for the entertainment of his countrymen, are the only songs he has heard her sing. He is a devoted admirer of her playing, and he sometimes sets her singing. "The twins of Latona," and "Old Towler," and the "Rose tree in full bearing," (she does not study the modern music,) for the entertainment of his countrymen, are the only songs he has heard her sing. He is a devoted admirer of her playing, and he sometimes sets her singing. "The twins of Latona," and "Old Towler," and the "Rose tree in full bearing," (she does not study the modern music,) for the entertainment of his countrymen, are the only songs he has heard her sing.

"She is a fruitful vessel, and seldom fails in her annual tribute to the honors of the family, and, such to say, Frank is reputed to be somewhat restful under these multiplying blessings. They have two lovely girls, just verging towards womanhood, who attract a supreme regard in the household, and to whom Frank is perfectly devoted. Next to these is boy—a shrewd, mischievous, and somewhat quarrelsome fellow, but a devoted father-lover. He has a little wifeline, near thirteen, that is known altogether by the nick-name of Rip, and has a scape-grace countenance, full of freckles and devilry; the eyes are somewhat greenish, and the mouth opens alarmingly wide upon a tumultuous array of

down and disorderly; and I most usually find him with the bosom of his shirt bagged out, so as to form a great pocket, where he carries apples or green walnuts, and sometimes pebbles, with which he is famous for pelting the fowls.

[illegible]

When Rip the rest of the progeny descended on the scale, in regular gradations, like the keys of a Pandean pipe, and with the same variety of intonations, until the series is terminated in chintzy, dog-faced infant, not above three months old.

This little infanticide is the favorite plaything of Barbara Winkler, the mother of the family, who attends them at the bed and board—and every morning takes the whole crew, one by one, and plunges them into a large tub of cold water; after which, they are laid out on the floor to dry, like young frogs on the margin of a pool; and then, making, all the while, terrible wry faces. The faithful dame, as she turns them on her knee, sings some approved lullabies, in a querulous tone of voice, accompanied by a soothing recitative, which, I have occasionally observed, is apt

"This mistress Barbery is a functionary of high rank in the family, and of great privileges, from having exercised her office through a proceeding generation at Swallow Barn. She is particularly important when there are any festive preparations on foot; and there is then evidently an enhancement of her official gravity. She glides up and down stairs with surprising alacrity, amidst an exceeding din of keys, and may be found one moment whipping cream, and another, whipping some unlucky scullion boy; dashing eggs in a bowl, scolding servants, and screaming at Rip, who is perpetually in her way, amongst the sweetmeats: all of which matters, though enacted with a vinegar-

"She is truly what may be termed a bustling old lady, and has the most despoise rule over all the subdivisions of her household. There is no reverence like that which is paid for penitents at the young convent. Her very glances has in it something disconcerting to the devout. And as they will twist their dumpling faces into every convulsive expression of grief, before they will dare to squall on in her presence. Even Rip is afraid of her. "When the old woman's mad, she is a horse to whip!" he told Ned and myself one morning, upon our questioning him as to the particulars of an uproar, in which he had been the principal actor. These exercises on the part of the old lady are neither rare nor unwholesome, and are winked at by the higher authorities.

"Mrs. Winkie's complexion is the true parchment, and her voice is somewhat cracked. She takes Scotch snuff from a silver box, and wears a pair of horn spectacles, which give effect to the peculiar peakedness of her nose. On days of state she appears in all the rich coxcombry of the olden time; her gown being of an obsolete fashion, sprinkled with roses and sun-flowers, and her lizard arms encased in tight sleeves as far as the elbow, and they are adorned by silver rings and bracelets. A black and white striped handkerchief, of prodigious precision across her breast, and a prim cap of muslin, puckered into a point with a grotesque conceit, adorns her head. Take her altogether, she looks very stately and bitter. Then, when she walks, it is inconceivable how aristocratically she rustles—especially on a Sunday."

Treatise on the Functions, Disorders, and Treatment of the Teeth, designed for the use of individuals and private families. By James A. Fleasants, Dentist. New-York: E. B. and S. B. 1829.

The subject treated in Mr. Pleasant's essay has already been several times noticed in this Journal. No apology is requisite for recurring to it again, as one of at least an equal interest to every body with works of fancy. Two objects, but one comprehensive, are presented to the reader's view. The one is to discommence christianism and guard the thoughts against the consequence thereof—the other, to awaken the minds of individuals to their own truth, and of parents, teachers and proprietors of public schools, the present position of the christian religion, and the manner in which it is generally received. The present treatise is purely of a practical nature, and claims nothing from him who only reads to beguile his leisure hour. It is, nevertheless, composed in a so neat and scholarly style. We are not personally acquainted with the author, but we are fully persuaded that he is laying down correct and useful regulations in the branch of surgery which he has chosen, and to be also competent to carry them very efficiently into operation. His book is, therefore, entitled to more than a passing notice, and every family, student or practitioner, will find it a most valuable addition to their library. It has been well spent.

The treatise is dedicated to Doctor Valentine Mott, a gentleman with whose high reputation most of our readers must be familiar.



[illegible]

One word in conclusion to the band. Full of talent, as the orchestras of the Park theatre undoubtedly is, and accompanying vocal music better than other body of men in America, it is very far from perfect. We state to them that one of their principal errors is invariably playing too loud; the absence of light and airy, and capricious music. The words piano and forte, the very sound of capricious, and the very sound of piano, are very seldom used, they are woefully mistaken. The difference between the forte, the forte, and the fortissimo of instrumental music, is widely different from the meaning of those same terms when applied to vocal music; equally so the various gradations of the word piano are neglected, we sighly hear the double F of an overture introduced, and the double F of a vocal solo, we seldom hear indulged with, in either vocal or instrumental music. We may add a glaring inattention to the singer, so much so that we have often witnessed the vocalist following the band, and striving

to overtake the instead of that body of persons doing their bounden duty in suitably attending upon a state and a singer. The chief fault in the formation of the Park band is the weakness of the bass-stringed instruments, two double basses and two violoncelli are merely equal to the power of the soprano instruments, which are two violins, two violas, two cellos, and two double bass and two strong violoncelli, assisted by the extraordinary and versatile talents of Cress, on the trombone, who can assume the quality of half-a-dozen instruments, and perform their parts with the greatest ease and accuracy. It is a pity that a vacancy in the harmony of various organs, impossible to be replaced, unless by the engagement of diverse musicians. We also must point out the necessity in all operative pieces of a second tenor, who is only employed in a few parts, and who is necessary for modestly subduing his own voice, following more the lead of other instruments, than for a brilliant display of those eminent talents which he doubtlessly possesses. We understand that two German choirs are arrived in this city; we trust that one of them will be engaged to sing at the Park band, and that the choir will be arranged for the strength of the Park band, in a never repeated.

The justice of the above remarks on accompaniment will at once strike every amateur and musician who has ever attended one of our *Park* Concerts. The degree of delicacy is *not glazing*, and the *swelling* is *not* forced. The *string* accompaniment is *not* the subject of repeated comment and censure among the audience. The fault is in the musicians, whether they do not pay the necessary attention to the *phrasing* of the *melody*, or whether they have the defect, one or both we shall not now stop to inquire, but we call the manager's attention strongly to the fact. This we boldly say, and we say it in the presence of the *audience*. We are in London, which contains the present masters of about fifty musicians, do not make half so much noise in the accompaniment of a solo as the sixteen or eighteen gentlemen at the *Park*. From each note and syllable is heard distinctly to the extremity of that great theatre, the part of which would nearly contain the whole of the *audience* of the *Academy of Music*. The *voice* of the Italian opera at *Parsa*—the voice is there accompanied by a round full body of unskilled sound, which assaies but does not in the least impede it. If this be the case, and there are many persons in the *audience* who are not musicians, and who are not the amateurs of music owe much to the management of the *Park* for collecting the best musical talent in the country, and for getting up such a series of *concerts* as we have seen, it is not in the United States, we therefore have every confidence in the correction of error when pointed out. Improvement being our object, we are not in the least in the least perfect indifference as to whom our strictures may arise from, or to whom they may be directed.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE P. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, AND NATHANIEL F. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1939:

*States of Washington.*—To the polite attention of Mr. Verplanck, we are indebted for a copy of Mr. Livingston's letter to our countryman, Greenough, the subject of the statue of Washington, for the capital of Washington city. Every lover of the art of sculpture, indeed every lover of real art, will find any description, will unite in praise of the discriminating taste displayed by congress in this measure; and all most acknowledge the great skill and genius of the artist selected, as displayed in the group long exhibited here at the National Academy of Design under the name of the Chanting Cherubs. We insert Mr. Verplanck's letter, although not sure that it was intended for publication.

<sup>44</sup> Washington, July 18, 1932.

DEVELOPER—It is not often that any of the official papers of our statesmen and public men can find an appropriate place in the modest collection of a taste and culture. Here, however, the pleasure of reading a record of the official correspondence of our accomplished secretary of state to our excellent auditor, Greenough, communicating to him the resolution of congress for employing him on a states of Washington, to be placed in the capital. Having been a member of the committee of public lands, and the subject of the resolution, I have been particularly favored with a copy of Mr. Livingston's letter, which I now send you. It is written with the feelings of a patriot, and the taste of a refined judge of art, upon a subject that most interest all who love their country, its fame, and its arts. It contains, there fore, much that is valuable to the readers of the *Register*, and the obedient servant.

H. C. VERNER.

— 200 —

82—I have great pleasure in transmitting to you a copy of the resolution of the house of representatives, by which they have authorized the president to engage you to execute a pedestrian statue of Washington, to be placed in the rotunda of the capital in this city. The reference in the resolution to the best by Houdon, was for the purpose of securing a good representation of the features; but, it is presumed, it will not restrict you to a servile copy, should the action of the figure, which you are at liberty to choose, require a more animated expression of countenance.

<sup>41</sup> The four faces of the base, should you decide on making it

quadrangular, may be occupied with bas-reliefs, representing, first, the surrender of Yorktown; second, the resignation; third, the inauguration as president of the United States, at New-York;

Should you prefer an octagonal base and pedestal, in order to make it more conformable to the shape of the hall, the intervening compartments may be filled with such ornamental sculpture as you may desire; but the square would, it is thought, be the best arrangement, as presenting a larger unbroken surface for your gages; and corresponding, as you will see, to the four entrances into the hall. For the historical bas-reliefs the pictures of Trumbull may furnish you with the resemblances, and, in many cases, the pictures of the principal actors, are preserved in their families, which will readily be furnished to you; but the grouping is left

"Although no particular appropriation has been made for your compensation, yet the duty of the president requires that the expense should not exceed that which has been paid for similar works executed by artists of the *first* reputation; a limit which, if is perused, you will not exceed; and an estimate of which requests you will furnish, as soon as convenient.

"I am very happy, sir, in announcing to you this proof of the high sense the representatives of your country have in your genius and talent, which, I am persuaded, you will exert in a manner worthy of the subject on which they are to be employed. It is an honor to your country, and is similar to you; the remotest posterity will be proud to trace you, together with the illustrious talents, to whom you study, in your dedication, the form of the fountain, the character of the man, who, although the successful leader of his countrymen in war, the founder of their free constitution in peace, and the highest title of being first at all times in their affections. When you have impressed on your mind, by a close study of his life and character, the new and qualities which are prepared to give him a proud distinction, and the form of the fountain, the form of the firm and expression to the figure that is to represent him, the combination of talent, character, and virtue. If you start, in the words of a kindred spirit, is truly described, as that

<sup>22</sup> Per quam spiritalis et vita reddit bonis.

Never had a more appropriate occasion to perform its legitimate functions. Never did a leader better deserve his epithet of good; never was it more important to embody the expression of his virtues; and, by the touch of genius, to restore life and animation to a statue which, in a very short time, no one living will have beheld.

Excuse these reflections, which are drawn from me by the nature of the subject, but are not, I am sure, necessary. As an mercen, you will duly appreciate the importance of your task, and the honor you will acquire by its execution; as an artist, you will feel, better than I can describe, the elevation of mind necessary to a proper conception of the character your chisel is to depict. I present you, therefore, with the following observations:

Yours respectfully, Sir, your obedient servant,

Herbulo Greenough, Esq." E. LIVINGSTON."

*Pine-mountain house.*—At this spot, if there be any on the

[illegible]

## THE SWISS MAIDEN'S SONG TO THE EAGLE.

A BALLAD—THE WORDS BY WILLIAM BALL—THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY F. STOCKHUSEN.

MODERATO.

Where the craggy upland towers, O'er the gleam, bright and high, Lo! the king bird where it soars,

Wheeling through the azure sky. Speed, O speed thou, Wild one! Head thee, To thy rocky eyerest his, Hound slain on gle, swift-ly fly! From the marksman's fatal eye, Hound slain on gle, swift-ly fly!

2

Danger of the trackless air! Fear thy homeward vision fly O the great forest there None will in the valley lie. Speed thee, never! O'er my lover, Will thy restless play, Hound slain on gle, swift-ly fly! When the marksman's fatal eye, Hound slain on gle, swift-ly fly!

3

Ere the frightened chase ring, Hark! the eagle plumes of thine, Or the smoot of thy wing, Hark! the eagle, with the same, Speed thee, speed thee, Wild one, head thee, To thy rocky covert lie! Hound slain on gle, swift-ly fly! From the marksman's fatal eye, Hound slain on gle, swift-ly fly!

## ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

VIRTUE AND FORTITUDE.—To do every thing which duty requires for the disinterested purpose of gaining the approbation of heaven, is the sublime principle of virtue, the source and seed of happiness. No present reward can make us happy, for every thing in life is fleeting and uncertain; and no immediate reward should be expected, for then our virtue would be narrow and selfish. But who can relinquish all his attachments to the world, and look with the indifference of pure religion, on the good and the evil of life? Whose intellect is so refined, whose piety is so ardent, that he can lose his dearest friends and not regret? His fond parent, and not be stung with sorrow? Be torn from the object of his love, with whom are sustained his hopes, his expectations, his felicities, and not be overwhelmed with the most poignant grief? Who can live in poverty, and not repine? Meet the proud man's scorn, without being wounded to the quick; and be deprived of health, or tormented with pain, and still support the confidence of hope, the resignation of faith? All these and more can be endured by him whose religion and reason have enlightened; who has been taught by adversity the lessons of truth. What can damp the courage or depress the spirit of him who knows that in danger he will be shielded from harm? O, think you, it would be possible for one to shrink from difficulty and pain, who is assured that the unfeigned pain of guilt will be the inevitable consequence? By proper considerations, the evils above enumerated may be made to appear, on the whole, for the best. My friend, my parent, the object of my love, are only transferred to a happier state, whither I must soon follow, perhaps to-morrow! Poverty is an evil, but to the proud man, whom the views of society have corrupted, nature is happier with a temperate feast; a crust satisfies hunger, water allays thirst, and these are always in the power of every one. Industry will ensure you all that is necessary for the enjoyment of life. The proud man's scorn is an evil purely ideal; it injures me, in reality, no more than the grins of a monkey or the barking of a dog. Even pain and sickness, which are among the most formidable ills of life, cannot make a good man despair, for he will know that shortly it must cease, and leave him with renewed vigor, and cheerful spirit here, or transfer him to the regions of felicity, where he will rest and be happy. Thus, by a proper regulation of the mind, we may shield

ourselves from the evils and miseries which shake the world. But this sublimity of virtue and fortitude can never be acquired by the vanity of the world. With his intellect, incessantly engrossed by the senses, he cannot travel into the heart-vivifying fields of truth and reason. His appetites and passions give bounds to his hopes, but in his own bosom he has no resources. Wholly dependent on externals, if you point to him the noble self-denial, which makes man superior to the objects of sense; he regards it as chimeras, hugs himself up in his own narrow views, and wonders any one can be so foolish as to think he can be happy without luxury and wealth.

## NATURE AND CONTENTMENT.

Simple nature with little is pleased,  
Her wants are but few, and are small;  
With the ills of ambition ne'er teased,  
She cares not for power at all.  
See how cheerful and happy she is,  
In the poor peasant's low retired cot;  
Smiles ever she wears on her plus,  
She cares not for riches a jot.  
The splendor and show of the great  
Are nothing of worth in her eyes,  
Contented and pleased with her state,  
Simple nature in virtuous and wise.  
In the valley, rich-watered with streams,  
Where lilies and daisies grow,  
She dwells, and of care never dreams,  
For her bosom is purer than snow.

HAPPINESS DEPENDS ON THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PASSIONS.—When in the bosom which leads us wrong, directly in opposition to the suggestions of our reason? We are the right, and approve it; we wish secretly to pursue, but are misguidedly. We are early apprised of the wrong, condemn it, and resolve to avoid it; but the first temptation seduces us away, as a traveler is seduced by a deceitful *gracia fata*, which draws him over bogs and briars to some dangerous pitfall, or to the edge of a terrible and destructive precipice. The delusive meteor which sports with man in the journey of life, is his vicious affections. He wanders through wilds, wherever they lead, and, though bleeding every moment afresh, from the wounds of the thorny way, still goes on as if impelled by irresistible necessity. But,

however far we may have strayed from the right path, it is never wholly out of our power to regain it. Painful, indeed, will be the effort it will cost us to return; much resolution, much courage will it require to re-assess; but we have always this to stimulate us in the attempt, that of the two ways the right one is certainly the best and most pleasant. But even when re-established in virtue we are still in danger, and still must we be active and vigilant. We are in life as a waterman rowing against the stream, and we surely go down if we rest on our oars. Never can we be secure from even immediate harm, until we have acquired over ourselves a perfect command. On the one hand we shall be tempted by appetites, desires, and the dazzling phantasms of a wild imagination; on the other, we shall be driven from our way by the passions of discontent, or hurried into error by the violence of passion. Never can we hope for security until we have so completely subdued the propensities of the heart, that we can silence every commotion of the bosom by the first attempt, and guide the mind to any subject at the first call of prudence. When, by a single whisper of reason, we can in a moment quell the refractory passions, then, and not till then, shall we be able to judge of every thing in life with all the security of right. Our bosom will be tranquil, whatever may befall us. Neither unlooked-for good will raise in us the tumult of joy, nor unexpected evil disturb it with violent sorrow. Like beings of a more exalted, a purer nature, we can look on the one with a generous indifference, and smile on the other with an undisturbed serenity of mind.

## VANITY OF LIFE.

Why, thoughtless man! why yield to pride,  
And end for trifles thou dost die?  
The grave's a'while thyself shall hide,  
And all thy projects end in shade.  
To future times extend thine eyes,  
In fancy's mirror read thy doom;  
Cold and insensate shalt thou lie,  
Forgotten in the silent tomb.  
The sad that rustles o'er thy grave,  
Unheeded by the small dirty shade,  
Unheard, the winter's storm shall rave,  
And roar the cyress thorns among.

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# THE NEW-YORK MIRROR:

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No. 4.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### THE WANDERER.

Seen on whom fortune once hath smiled,  
Whom bosoms never knew to ill;  
Who seemed of hope the fairest child,  
In the poor wreck, whose looks so wild  
With tears the eyes of pity fill.  
Pale is her face with cruel care,  
Her cheek has lost its rosy dye;  
Fixed is her gaze, vacant her stare,  
Spotted are those bosoms by despair,  
Which once could with the life vie.  
Time was when Cynthia's lot was blessed  
With every good the world could yield;  
Haps e'er with joy her peaceful breast;  
Fancy, yet young, that hope caressed,  
And painted life a story told.  
She little knew the passions' sway,  
Unfeeling at love, cruel, proud,  
The selfish interests which destroy  
Short-sighted man from virtue's way,  
To vice's false deceptive road.  
Taught by her acute-sensible view  
Of nature's unscripted plan,  
She judged the world's sorrows and true,  
Nor ever one suspicion knew  
Unfriendly to the heart of man.  
A selfish father's cruel bias  
Wrought the sad change in Cynthia's lot,  
Robbed her of happiness and joy,  
Sold her for anger, and her fate  
To range anguish and fierce fire.  
The faithful tenacity of love  
Then first she doubted, then she feared;  
Her reason fled, her choice was vain,  
For sped at once the happy day  
And the world's benighted long appeared.  
Ye who have cherished long and dear  
A darling home, gladsome and true,  
Each wish, each view, each anxious care,  
Say, can weak reason help you there  
The cruelties by which that life is fled,  
The mind's sweet vision that has fled,  
Vanished each object of delight,  
Life's hope is gone, and in its stead  
Is left a prospect wild and dread,  
A blasted, cheerless, lonely sight.

### THE COLUMBUS.

I stood beneath the ruined arch, aying  
The ruins which curious time had round me made,  
The broken columns, and the crumbling arch,  
The dark and walls, yet darker by the shade.  
The moon, before whose light the stars did fade,  
Possessing all the heart, and all the soul,  
Which calm and quiet in its beauty laid,  
So pure, so soft, so holy, my thoughts drew.  
You felt its Maker's presence, though himself unseen.  
The cool damp night-breeze freshened o'er my face,  
But gently breathed upon me as it passed,  
The recollections of the past, the scenes of old,  
Something of awe into my soul did cast.  
Walks rose around me, raised yet so vast,  
That I was lost in admiration,  
Though ages had down by, they would outlast  
Me, and all living now, and stand whilst we  
Mouldered and cold our dark graves might be,  
And the proud times now as before my view,  
In which those ruins rose no decolate,  
Fresh from the earth's hands were bright and new,  
And so the Roman's glories were made,  
Pleasures, ah! could those on those sports await,  
When human blood the arena wild did stain!  
Above, around, below, the people came,  
Whilst o'er his victim bent the conquering slave,  
A wretch's command to kill or save.  
And it is given—Hark! the death sound—  
Stern martial clang—the gurgling agony—  
The lordly man—low, with the spear on the ground,  
Lafian—though conqueror, the death lies,  
And this man looked upon unshrinkingly,  
Apt and with joy, and the best Caesar proud,  
That he had one day slain the tyrant.

Because in it no good work he could find,  
Then turned, and built a slaughter-house for human kind.  
The victim with his victims passed away,  
The haughty man and the crouching slave,  
And tyrant people all alike are clay.  
And shams alike are universal grave.  
And e'en an earthly could not suffice to care  
The massy fabric from its overthrow,  
But where once stood the beautiful and brave,  
Lamented words and the green moss now grow,  
Marking the sure decay of all things here below.  
And all things here are changed, yet then shiest,  
Midst quies of night with the same holy glow,  
Hallowing the ruins with thy light divine.  
As thou didst hallow them long years ago.  
Useful of the body and the soul pursue  
Of this low world, secretly thou pursuest  
The heavenly path, by those long ages flow:  
Kingdoms decay, men perish, but thou dost  
The same unshaken march, the same mild light renewest!  
Thou look'st upon the infant birth of Rome,  
The yellow fire through the thickets winding—  
The helms before into the river thrown,  
And for their mother lost a wild one finding,  
Nor '3 the tall woods, on the green wave reclining,  
In foils gamboling and merrily the day.  
Whilst she, their savage nurse, her sleek face shining,  
Wh sheathing like to soul, now join'st their play,  
Now flid with nature glis for bounding spring away,  
And where there once were woods, then columns rose,  
And where the wild deer freely bounded by,  
Nor heeded night of men, or human face,  
Caretting wild or grating trawls,  
Extended far, the city broad did lie:  
Ingrate, ambitious, fierce, their heads were rid;  
Nor '3 the deep hum was heard incessantly;  
Or haply the echoing domes were filled with strife,  
And through the lofty portals came the fellow-lie.  
And save again thou look'st upon a scene  
Of ruin wild, and grandeur desolate;  
Yet not less lovely in decay, I ween,  
Than erst when temples on their towers rose;  
For time, which conquers all, does thus convey  
The vivid wall, the column high and lone,  
Beneath the moon's victorious light;  
And o'er the falling tower and sculptured stone,  
Great thoughts and a swelling feelings, like a charm, are thrown.

## ORIGINAL TALES.

### THE REAL FIRE.

"It's a woman!"  
But know that the woman's breast is lodged  
In her, proud man, as daring as this one,  
And that he has heard of her, and knows her  
How he loves her in his heart—  
The history of *real fire* is a tale so full of parallels to the theories inflicted on it, that I feel in the least power of it—  
By a while three of her provinces were suffering all the horrors of a civil war, the fourth, Ulster, was in the enjoyment of complete tranquillity. For this it was indebted more, perhaps, to the mixed state of its population, a large portion being of the favored class, than to the peaceful disposition of many of its most influential men, who only wanted an opportunity to co-operate with their countrymen in arms, and, of these, not the least worthy of notice was Father Egan, the aged priest of this gentleman was the last of a once powerful family, whose adherence to the faith of their fathers had often brought upon them the vengeance of a government, whose aim for centuries had been the extermination of all the *real fire*, the name given to the ancient possessors of the country. Under various pretenses, they had been stripped of all their possessions, and when, at an early age, their countrymen found himself alone in the world, he was almost destitute of the means of subsistence. Having been educated for the priesthood, he was, soon after his admission to orders, sent as a missionary to the American colonies. While residing in them the great war of American independence was accomplished, and then sprung up in his heart a hope for the which subsequently he labored so untiringly to effect—the regeneration of his country.  
Early one morning in June, Father Egan covered the humble dwelling of Nora Keenan. It was one of the many cabins on the sea coast, between D— and E—P—Point, and only distinguishable from the rest by the neatness worn by every thing around it. Nora Keenan was one of those persons of whom a great deal is said, and but little known. When she took possession of her present abode, some years before the time of which we

write, she gave out that she was a widow; and the boy she had with her, then about ten years old, her only child. That she had known a sorrow, the settled gloom of her really fine countenance bore sufficient evidence, and in what that sorrow could be, she was, doubtless, acquainted the loss of her husband, not even the most sagacious pretended to hazard a conjecture. Of family or friends she never spoke, but it was evident that her real rank was above that which her present appearance would imply, and she certainly was not poor, for to all that needed was her bounty known, and on the education of her son she spared no expense.  
"Peace be here," said the father, as he entered.  
"Peace never can come within my dwelling, father," said Nora, raising, for she had been in the attitude of devotion, "until the freedom of my country is restored."  
"And that, with heaven's blessing, soon may be."  
"Ay, we then hope," said she, with eagerness.  
"That should we ever, daughter?"  
"Yes, yes," said she impatiently, "I know all that; but have you any news?"  
"Yes, I just sight I received certain intelligence from our friends in the south, which confirms all that we have heard of the progress the good work is there making, with assurance that the long threatened blow will soon be struck, which restores us to our rights."  
"Thank heaven! But, why is it delayed? Why is not that blow already struck? it is to strange us on our oppressors!"  
"Still, still of vengeance, daughter! I thought we were about to strike for justice, but that vengeance, deepest, direst vengeance! I but justice!"  
"We have all sustained wrongs," said the old man, mildly, "and you have not been the least, which we must now try to redress. The advice of our friends is, that we hold ourselves in readiness to co-operate with them, as soon as we effectually can, which, they think, will be in a short time. As we have not yet chosen a leader, I intend for that purpose to convoca a meeting to-morrow." "My children," said she, "I believe that I can see Hereman, for, though we have many older, there is not one among us of equal talents."  
"Ay, he has talents; if he knew how to apply them; but all the energies he seemed once to possess are paralyzed by the cruel blow of his father, which compassed round his heart. But I, I wrong him, for the boy is no coward; he has only too much of that of which I have always had too little—prudence. He wishes well to our purpose, but does not approve the means we take to effect it."  
"The end, I trust, will justify the means."  
"It will, it will," said Nora, determinately, "but he fears it will not. We are about," he says, "to inflict a positive evil on our country, the selfish gratification of an uncertain pool, that, with our slender means, it is hardly possible we should succeed, and, if we do not, irreparable ruin must be the consequence of our enterprise."  
"We must abide the consequences," returned the father, "trusting in the power of Him that giveth strength to the feeble; but I must away. You will not fight with Hereman, to meet us to-morrow?"  
"I will not," said Nora, and the father left her. She sat at a considerable time after his departure, seemingly lost in thought, from which she was at length aroused by the entrance of another visitor, the young and beautiful daughter of Sir John Conway. As Nora rose to receive her with the Irish salutation of "O'ead mulla a' fada," the young lady threw herself into her arms, and burst into tears.  
"Heaven bless the child," said Nora, in alarm, "what can all this be? Your father's sister—?"  
"Are well," sobbed she.  
"Am yourself, my love?"  
"And very well."  
"What news do you have there?"  
The young lady withdrew herself from the arms of Nora; and, after a pause of a few minutes, to recover composure, she asked,  
"Hear you not then heard?"  
"Hear what? I have heard nothing."  
"That—and she seemed to struggle for utterance, "that they are going to marry me!"  
Indeed, my dear? said Nora, smiling. "And what is there in marriage?"  
"It is not the thought of marriage so much as of him to whom they are going to give me," and she wept afresh.  
"But who is he?"  
"An English lord, a great friend of my father—the earl of Leinster."

\* It was customary in the counties of the neighborhood for the victorious general to ride the day of his opponent to the people. If they considered him a coward, he was ordered, as a sign that he was a coward, to be the first to ride out of the field, and if they considered him a coward, he was ordered, as a sign that he was a coward, to be the first to ride out of the field, and if they considered him a coward, he was ordered, as a sign that he was a coward, to be the first to ride out of the field.

I need I remind the reader of the daughters under Mercur and Pyra!















## ARIA.

BY ROSSINI.—AS SUNG BY MRS. AUSTIN IN THE VISION SCENE OF THE LATE POPULAR OPERA CALLED THE WHITE LADY.

ANDANTE.

in slum-b'ry, or in wak-ing, His i-mage fills my

breast! And, oh! the heart is break-ing, Which knows no o-ther guest. And though his roof's pro-tec-tion,

With thanks may bid it swell! The heir of its af-fec-tion, is heir of A-ve-nue! is heir of A-ve-nue!

loop-

## FROM A MEMORANDUM BOOK.

USE OF POETRY.—I once heard a man say, "Shakespeare was certainly a great writer; but what is the use of his writings? Would he not have done more good to his fellow-creatures by putting one loaf of bread into their hands?" Some anonymous author furnishes a good reply to the gentleman:—"Poetry warms the heart, and fills the head with useful and agreeable maxims and beautiful images, sublimates the affections, and thereby enlarges our enjoyment and worth. Moral excellence, in a great measure, depends on exquisite sentiments; a person may have both a lively sensibility and an improved taste, and yet a bad character, from giving himself up to the dominion of his passions; nevertheless, without this ennobled temper of soul, no man ever became excellent."

A PATIENT LAD.—"Ben," said a father, the other day, "I'm hungry now, but, as soon as I eat get time, I mean to give you a lesson." "Don't hurry yourself, pa," replied he, "I can wait."

LOVE IN AN OLD MAN.—I caught old mast Sally this morning, bent in a deep reverie over a torn newspaper, and looking very demure and sentimental. She was rather confused when she

saw me, but it was too late to hide from me the following lines Although an old maid, she has, doubtless in her recollection some gay young beau of the last century. Poor old soul! who could have dreamed that she ever thought of the sweet passion, except to ridicule it. I stole the lines. Here they are:

## ONE DEAR SMILE.

Couldst thou look as dear as when  
First I sighted for thee;  
Couldst thou make me feel again  
Every wail I breathed thee then,  
Oh! how blissful life would be!  
Hopes, that now beguiling leave me,  
Joy, that lie in slumber cold—  
All would wake, couldst thou but give me  
One dear smile like those of old.  
Oh! there's nothing left us now,  
But to mourn the past;  
Vain was every ardent wish—  
Never yet did heaven allow  
Love so warm, so wild, to last,  
Not even hope could now deceive me—  
Life itself looks dark and cold;  
Oh! thou never more canst give me  
One dear smile like those of old.

## AFFECTION.

What soothes the hour of anxious care,  
What makes the gloomy prospect fair?  
What softens ill, bleams sorrow's sting,  
And shines an ever-smiling spring?  
'Tis sweet affection's magic power,  
Nature's fairest, richest flower.  
Where blest by these two souls unite,  
Spins of the world, in fortune's spite,  
Light down life's path they joyous stray,  
And bliss, with roses, decks their way.

Translated and versified for the New-York Mirror.

## SPANISH PROVERBS.

The sage are in debt would rise,  
A supper to himself denies.  
What you have time to do to-day,  
Until to-morrow will delay.  
The looking-glass will tell us thee  
What friends deny, although they see.  
Jewels have value, but the price  
Can ne'er be found of good advice.

Provided by Google.

# THE NEW-YORK MIRROR

Embellished with Fine Engravings, and Music arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte.

FOUR DOLLARS PER ANN.) SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED AT THE OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, THE NEW FRANKLIN BUILDINGS, CORNER OF NASSAU AND ANN-STREETS. (PAYABLE IN ADVANCE)

Vol. X.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1832.

No. 5.

ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY.

## BRIEF NOTICES OF EMINENT CHARACTERS.

For permission to copy their fine print of Cerrell, we are indebted to Endicott and Sweet. The copyright of the original plate has been secured. We are informed that the family of the venerable survivor of those who signed the Declaration of Independence consider this the most accurate likeness extant.

CHARLES CARROLL, of Carrollton, was born on the twentieth of September, 1737, at Annapolis, in the state of Maryland. He descended from a highly respectable Irish family, who had emigrated to this country in the reign of William and Mary, and were distinguished as patriots in the troubles of the colony, which soon after that period sprang up. For a while the catholics were persecuted, and deprived of the right of suffrage; but, by a manly resistance to tyranny, they were restored to the privileges granted to them by charter.

At A very early stage Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, was sent to St. Omer, to be educated; from thence, after a short time, he was transferred to the University of Caen, in France, for the purpose of becoming a lawyer. He continued in France for the study of civil law. After besting himself verger in this science, more calculated than any other to expand the mind for the reception and retention of great points of law, he returned to his native country, and commenced his term at the Temple for the study of common law. This study sharpened the wit, and opens the great fountain of Anglo-Saxon liberty in the patient investigator of the rights of man. He was now a well-read scholar and an accomplished gentleman. Foreign courts did not damp his love of liberty, but rather increased it. He was now a man of letters and the colonists, upon great points of national law, had commenced, and soon were carried on with great warmth and momentum by both parties. Mr. Carroll did not hesitate for a moment to take the side of liberty. He was a ready pen, and it was soon engaged in the glorious cause. Like others, he for some time did not wish to be known; but his writings were so satisfactory to his countrymen, that his secret could not be long kept. He was now the first lawyer in the country, and the first man in Maryland. He foresaw that an appeal must be made to arms, and he boldly advanced his sentiments on this subject. He was now preparing for the contest, and he was at this time less and less vainly engaged in any part of the

country. Early 1776, he was sent as one of a commission to Canada, to induce the people of that province to join us in opposing the mother country. The dissenters which had previously been scattered among the Indians, were now collected at Montreal. Mr. Carroll returned in June, 1776, and instantly repaired to the convention of Maryland, of which he was a member; and there, by his eloquence and address, he so far prevailed upon some of their delegates in congress, not to vote for independence, that they found his exertions crowned with success. Mr. Carroll was now appointed a delegate to congress, and, with his colleagues, was sent to Philadelphia. On the first of September, 1776, on the eighteenth of July, he presented his credentials to the continental congress at Philadelphia, and on the second day of August following subscribed his name to the immortal instrument. He was afterwards elected a member of the committee on resolutions; and he had more to rise, in point of propriety, than any other man in the whole assembly. Hancock not excepted. On the first day he entered congress he was appointed to the board of war, of which

During the whole of the perilous conflict he bore his part with unabated ardor, often being at the same time a member of the convention of his native state and a member of congress; a double-duty, which required great energy and industry to perform; but, so ably did he discharge his duties, that both bodies were satisfied with his attention to each. In 1778, he left congress, and devoted himself to the councils of his native state, but always with an eye to the great interests of the nation.

When the constitution of the United States went into operation, Mr. Carroll was elected a senator from Maryland, and took his seat at the city of New-York, at the organization of the government, on the thirtieth of April, 1789. He was elected a second time to this situation.

He was never an office-seeker, nor ever from caution or timidity flinched from any honest responsibility, in the darkest hour of the republic.

In the year 1801, he quitted public life, as far as such a man



could do so. He had now reached his grand climactic, and was willing and desirous that younger men should take the field of action, and that he might be able to do so. He was a man of man, in the fulness of intellectual vigour. Those last thirty years of life have passed away in serenity and happiness, almost unimpeded in the history of man. He has enjoyed, as we would say, the best of all worlds. The leaves of the forest are richly variegated, but not yet scattered; when the parent-bird and the spring nestling are of the same kind, and move on equal wing, when the day of increase and the day of decrease are the same, when the waters of the earth are abundant, and the lakes of the world are as smooth and joyous as if reflecting the bowers of Eden. Such an old man, such a man, such a world, such a time, such a place—yes, four times blessed; blessed in his birth and education; in his health, in his basket, and in his store; blessed in his numerous and honorable progeny, which extend to several generations; blessed in his country, which has been the theatre of the crowded events of many centuries; and blessed in the wonderful prosperity of his country, whose population has since his birth increased from nine hundred thousand souls to more than one hundred millions. He has seen the world, and he has seen, from the fact, that the world think it quite enough for one mortal that he should be virtuous, prosperous, and enjoy a good old age, that an analysis of his intellectual powers, or a deprivation of his talents, or a loss of his property, or a loss of his family, or a loss of his talents and attainments be had, that made him one of the most successful of the business-men of the modern world, in which he has been so long engaged, and that he should be able to do so, was ready to execute. There were no less at that time, and some two zselous, to make the proper division of labor. The senior armed for the field, and the soldier met with the General.

Mr. Carroll was an orator. His eloquence was of the smooth, gentle, satisfactory kind, delighting all and convincing many. It is not pretended that, like John Adams, he came down upon his hearers with the thunder of logic, and the lightning of the logic of independence on high, and threatening in his wrath to break them if they were not received by the people; nor that, like Dickens, he exhausted rhetoric and metaphysics to gain his end, and then, when he had exhausted his resources, he turned to the subject well informed, thoroughly imbued with his spirit; and, with happy conceptions and graceful delivery, and with chaste and delicate language, he, without violence, conquered the uneducated, and won the admiration of the cultivated. He was natural, yet sweet and polished as education could make it. He never seemed fatigued with his labor, nor faint with his exertions. His blood and judgment were so well commingled, that he could speak with the same vigor and energy, and with the same vigor in the course of ordinary duties. This happy facility still continues with the patriarch, for his conversation now flows with elegant vivacity and delivery that characterized the sage Senator of olden times, whose words fell like rain, and whose he spoke to the people.

His serenity, and in no small degree, perhaps, his longevity, may be owing to the permanency of his principles. In early life

He founded his political creed on the rights of man, and, repeating his faith in the religion of his fathers, he has felt some of those vacillations and changes so common in times of political or religious agitations. It was good for the nation that he should long continue amongst us, for in his presence all party feuds are hushed; and the demagogues, accustomed to vociferate else where, in his vicinity to be heard, talk not above his breath when the aged patriot is near. As a *republican*, where titles are not known, he is a *herald* of talents, virtues, patriotism, and piety; and, as every youth must have seen him, he is a *father* in age and good. With all our wishes and our prayers for his stay here on earth, the patriarchy must soon be gathered to his father, and his name given to the historian and the poet. The heart shall then strike his *berp* and sing, "in strains not lighter nor melancholy," but with admiration, touched with religious hope.

<sup>22</sup>Full of years and honors, through the gate

Of patients who have retired.  
As a river runs.

News in his course a subterranean void,

And rising glides through fields and meadow

As both Odysseus in their happy climes,  
Whose names alone, not common, should be thine.

Where joys be'er fade, nor the soul's power

Ebi fossils and spring, along the bloom <sup>21</sup>[illegible]

## LITERARY NOTICES.

Legends of the West. By James Hall, Author of Letters from the West, &c.  
1 vol. 12mo. p. 246. Philadelphia: Haughey Hall. 1832.

MR. HALL is known as a very charming writer. We have read his sketches with unusual interest. They are very fairly entitled to a place in the library of any American gentleman, and will assuredly find their way also into the hands of foreign critics, whose praise they cannot fail to secure. We present an extract to-day.

### The Seventh Son

[illegible]









TO JOSEPHINE.

BY JAMES H. HARRIS.

My child, with such and thought sweet delight  
Upon thy beauty dwells my sight,  
For to my thoughts the face portrays  
My image in my early days,  
And such a picture of my cherished brow,  
Could dream of any likeness now!  
For every year has printed there  
Its stamp in characters of care,  
And such a picture of my cherished cheek,  
And swept its soft transparent cheek,  
And tinged it with a darker hue,  
And dimmed the eye of laughing hue.

Yet few the years have passed away,  
Sweet I can hardly say;  
But such my lot, it is not strange,  
Those few have wrought so sad a change.  
When yet a child, 'twas mine to share  
Of man the deepest toil and care,  
And pondering on the future day  
Have rent my heart and seared my brow.

But thou—too beautiful for earth,  
Too pure for sight of human birth—  
May anguish never shake thy frame,  
Nor passion cloud thy spirit's flame—  
May every year's receding wing,  
A thousand blessings on thee bring;  
E'en if for this it shall be mine,  
For such a greater to resign.

I would to God I had the power  
To cherish thy young being's flower,  
Secure from every stormy gale,  
Or withering blight that may assail!  
Sinner father, brother, thou hast none!  
How gladly would I give thee one!  
For thou canst challenge from my heart,  
A father's love, a brother's part.

Will I can I feel thy orphan state,  
For mine is still more desolate;  
No mother's lips my lips can press,  
Nor thy a father's name can bless;  
No brother's eyes with mine compare  
The miscreant's lay, or sage's lore;  
Nor in the bloom of youth is seen,  
A sister or any arm like mine,  
Or clinging fondly to my knee,  
In rosy, laughing infancy.

Since thou canst call no brother thine,  
And I no little sister mine;  
My little sister thou shalt be,  
A brother shalt thou find in me.  
The lot in which we sympathize  
Has linked us in fraternal tie,  
For since we bear the orphan's rod,  
Our common father is our God!

## FRENCH LITERATURE.

It is not necessary to trace the French language back to those barbarous days in which it took, any more than it is requisite, in order to admire the beauty of a broad and majestic river, to follow it up to its paltry and obscure sources. The sources of modern literature are not to be traced to the remotest antiquity, hidden in wild and unknown regions; and the time of the antiquary is, generally speaking, as much thrown away, and his labor as completely unprofitable, as were the useless and unproductive researches of the antiquaries of the last century. In literary exploring expeditions there is no chart to direct us, no grand, definite object in view, no prize that can reward our labors, and the most we can do is to disentangle some uninteresting, most interesting, or even richly deserving, but forgotten, and unjustly forgotten, fragments. The earlier part of what are called the dark ages, gives rise to the question, whether it is not better to be justly forgotten. The earlier part of what are called the dark ages, gives rise to the question, whether it is not better to be justly forgotten. The earlier part of what are called the dark ages, gives rise to the question, whether it is not better to be justly forgotten.

prejudice and a sensation of political and religious fury. It is useless to state how generally Latin was for many centuries the language of polite literature. It continued to be employed long after the fall of the empire, and even in the sixteenth century, as though the learned of those days could scarcely bring themselves to employ the same dialect, which answered all the wants and expressed all the thoughts of their simple countrymen. Dante wrote his *Divine Comedy* in Italian; but he wrote his *De Monarchia* in Latin; and giving the Italians, instead of a model of their common language, a tenth-century imitation of Virgil or a twelfth-century imitation of Cicero, he was thus leading his native tongue to write a busy Latin epic; which, luckily for his reputation, is now most utterly forgotten. Besides Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Gino, Boccassio, Grotius, Milsum, Leibnitz, and others, who were not without some knowledge of the language, he can hardly claim Newton for his countryman, when he reads on the title-page of his *Principia*, "translated into English." All these men, and a host of others of lesser note, looked upon Latin as the language of science, of letters, of religion, or permanent note; and, in fact, in consequence of this neglect of the peculiar languages of the different countries, and the little intercourse which in those disordered times existed between them, the languages of the different nations were almost wholly unknown abroad. Now was this the only bad effect of this exclusive seal, this wholesale admiration of antiquity. Its followers corrupted the language of their own country, and thus, in the end, they were obliged to stand to the examination of all others. We do not need to be

at the era of our Latin author we take up, a glance at a single page will inform us, so broadly is the line drawn between the two languages, that the Latin is the language of the noblest and the silver of the imperial virtues, and the heavy dross of modern Latinity. There are some exceptions, to be sure. Erasmus wrote with equal elegance and fluency, Milton had as much of the old as the new, and even the English language has not wholly lost the indefensible and inimitable grace of Horace. But the moderns, chattering, quibbling dandies, and trifling commentators who make up the solid phalanx of modern Latin writers, have not the least of the faults of the moderns in general. They do not, we write with the same freedom and power in a foreign tongue, as in that wherein they were accustomed to think and feel. It has been well observed that the associations which throw a spell over the words of a poet, and which give to his language no charm to the terms of a dead one. We use the word *God*, for instance; it awakens a feeling of respect in the reader, whose eyes are turned, why? I know not, but I trust, from his infancy upon the words of the Bible, to the same name on the lips of the pious; he is, and at the mention or sight of that word a thousand associations connected with the ideas of his goodness and power, and his love to his creatures, are brought to his mind, and his feelings of gratitude and reverence, by it has he called upon a helper in the hour of danger; the reputation of it has soothed him when his spirit was dark, his comfort gone, and his hope broken. He has been able to say, *Deus in excelsis*, and his heart has been in the mind any more than a letter of the Chinese alphabet would. We learn to think in English as soon as we learn to think at all, and have recourse to that language to furnish symbols for our thoughts, and to furnish words to express them. The words of the sacred words of Latin, or any other dead language, cannot raise so spontaneously to the mind; they must be brought to it from a distance, be sought in grammars and lexicons, and our thoughts be clothed with them, and then, that it is so rare to meet with natural eloquence and deep feeling among our modern Latin writers, and that many, even of the best, are so far from being able to express their most power and beauty in any language, and content themselves with the

[illegible]

the Latin. It was founded in a great measure on that tongue' but so altered in pronunciation that the resemblance could scarcely be discerned. The long unswayed words, with which the language of ancient Rome abounded, were shortened in use. Often not more than half the letters of a Latin word remained, and this contraction was still further abbreviated in their rapid manner of pronunciation. This is still characteristic of the people. Scarcely one of the Latin terms preserved in modern French, has retained all its original letters, and of these several are often silent, or slurred over. It is, in fact, a beauty in French conversation as much as it is a fault in English, to pass off or entirely the unaccented vowels.

The romance, in process of time, underwent a further subdivision into the Romance Wallon and Romance Provençal; the former arising in the north of France, and deriving its name from the Galls, Walli or Walloons, as the Germans called them; the latter in the south, having a greater admixture of Latin and less of German. Thus, after being for a time the language of gality and satire, of poetry and chivalry, sunk into neglect. The only remnants of it are to be seen in the songs of the troubadours of the Troadshours, which claimed, likely at least, as Toulouse, and the same of the province of Languedoc. The two languages were at first distinguished from their words of affirmation as the *Langue d'oï* or language of *oui*, and *Langue de non* or language of *no*, a term which has since been transferred to the rich and fertile province, where it was formerly spoken. The *Langue d'oï* gradually gained strength and improved, and now speaks the French of the Province.

The Romance Wallon was first formed in Normandy, and this is the language which, under the name of the Norman French, William the Conqueror sought to introduce into England in place of the Saxon. The Normans were of Scandinavian origin, and it is singular that a descendant of Rollo the Dane should assist in supplanting the Saxon, a kindred tongue to that spoken by his own ancestors, and endeavor to introduce in its place one, the offspring of a stranger nation, and a more southern clime; and it is still more singular fact, that the first work written in the present language of France was the *Laws*, published in England by William.

Even at this early period, the French displayed that inventive rather than meditative genius, that turn for wit and spirit and gaiety, and that want of romantic feeling and intense sensibility which still distinguishes them. The romances of chivalry, which, in spite of their dullness and absurdity, have a claim on the gratitude of the world, as having preserved the *Orlando Furioso* and the *Amadis de Gaule* from obscurity, have been followed by the more modern northern Troubadours were styled. Their literature, cut off by the unsentimental temperament of the people as much as by their peculiar canons of criticism from the poetry of mere feeling, abounds in lively and well-told tales and histories. The stories of the *Decameron* are most of them borrowed from the best novelettes of the queen of Navarre, and all the

Of Roland brave and Oliver,

As many a poetist and preacher traceable to similar sources. A still higher achievement of their creative genius was the restoration, re-invention if almost decried to be called, of tragedy and comedy. Their progress from their second birth is full as curious as their advancement from the crude stammer of *Thespis* to the art and dignity of the tragic drama, and the standard of their perfection. That amusement which is denuded by the light of allegory, and is only, over the revival in Europe to feel of relevancy, was exalted in the service of the sanctuary. The first dramatic performance, the famous *Mysterien*, were the fruits of very sincere devotion, if not of very good taste. They were introduced at a time when decency which gave rise to the crusade was at its height,

[illegible]

<sup>1</sup> 'Hic est filius meus dilectus  
in quo mihi bene complacuit.'





## THERE'S A TEAR THAT FALLS WHEN WE PART FROM A FRIEND.

ANDANTE CON ESPRESSIONE.

There's a tear that falls when we  
part from a friend—lost we shall mourn! a tear that from the half-bro heart, we think he may ne-ver re-tur-n, Oh ne-ver! 'Tis hard to be part-ed from those With whom  
There's a tear that falls when we  
part from a friend—lost we shall mourn! a tear that from the half-bro heart, we think he may ne-ver re-tur-n, Oh ne-ver! 'Tis hard to be part-ed from those With whom  
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part from a friend—lost we shall mourn! a tear that from the half-bro heart, we think he may ne-ver re-tur-n, Oh ne-ver! 'Tis hard to be part-ed from those With whom

There's a tear that brightens the eye of a friend,  
When absence is o'er!

There's a tear that flows not from sorrow but joy,  
When we meet to be parted no more, Oh never,  
Then all that in absence we dread

is past, and forgotten our pain!  
For sweet is the tear, we at such moments shed,  
When we hold the loved object again, For ever.

## MISCELLANY.

## EVENING.

The evening hours went on—  
Slowly, indeed, and heavily they moved,  
As watching for the foamy of the loved,  
I wished the moments gone;  
But with each one came darker thoughts 'oppress  
My heart with a deep sense of loneliness.  
Oh, it is misery!  
This strange unquiet weariness of all  
That is around me, every pleasure pall,  
Because I would be free—  
Free to seek solitude, and must alone  
O'er hopes whose life and breath and bloom have flown.  
The evening hours are gone,  
And I have been alone, alone to-night;  
And dreams have filled by me in their light,  
And shadows have come on;  
And now the crowd were welcome for awhile,  
With cold and careless words, and heartless smile.  
The crowd, the crowd were vain.  
The gloom is on my spirit, and the spell  
Has in allotted time—it were not well  
To break the fatal chain:  
Let it wear out its strength by slow degrees,  
Till its links part, and leave the mind at ease.  
The evening hours went by,  
Clad in their star-light beauty, and the scene  
Looked as if all were peaceful and serene  
Beneath the glittering sky.  
The world seemed all at rest, but who could tell  
O'er what dark sorrows the night's curtain fell.  
The cry is no ill,  
Its very calm is fearful; as if fate  
Had made it, like my heart, all desolate,  
Some destiny to fill.  
But hark! the watchman sounds his round,  
The clock peeks forth its monstrous sound.

The evening hours are past,  
And it is midnight. I have watch'd too long—  
I felt it was in vain; ev'n while the throng  
Were walking, to the tent.  
For disappointment with each hope is join'd,  
The cloud before the, shadow close behind. ESTELLE.

JUDGMENT AND TASTE.—Judgment compels us to admire and  
approve that which requires the most intellect to invent, the most  
application to attain, the most perseverance to effect. Taste al-  
lows us to be pleased with inferior productions. Taste is a gift,  
judgment a purchase; the one sometimes availing itself in nature's  
favorites long before the age that gives birth to judgment, whereas  
the other can be the result of study and experience. Taste may  
be compared to a delightful melody, which even the childhood of  
genius has been frequently known to produce. Judgment is har-  
mony, which calls upon the musician for many an arduous hour,  
before the rules upon which it is founded can be understood.

HOPE AND MEMORY.—What subjects for poetry, and how de-  
lightfully they have been treated! How many pretty things has  
Campbell said in favor of the first, yet how charmingly Rogers  
troubles it:

"Lighter than air hope's summer visions fly;  
Let but a frowning cloud obscure the sky;  
Let but a beam of water gleam away,  
And lo! her's flown from work no less away."

SOCIETY.—Fancy, in her picturesque ravings, may tune her lute  
in favor of solitude—may boast of her little empire within, and  
the sweet converse with inanimate creation; but reason interrupts  
these ideal joys, and says—the mind cannot long be in its com-  
pulsion without becoming its own enemy. Time and troubles are  
but poor society; we pine for one who will think as we think,  
or induce us to forsake our own opinions for his.

SELFISHNESS.—No cloak of selfishness is, in fact, more im-  
penetrable than that which usually envelopes a pampered  
imagination.

APPEARANCES DECEITFUL.—If that coloring medium, through  
which every man contemplates his own condition, were exposed  
to the eyes of others, the victims of calamity might sometimes  
be envied, and the favorites of fortune would often become the  
objects of pity. Oh if every one were in a moment to be disen-  
chanted of whatever is ideal in his permanent sensations, every  
one would think himself at once much less happy, and much  
more so than he had hitherto supposed.

EXCITEMENTS.—Whenever excitements of any kind are re-  
garded distinctly as a source of luxurious pleasure, then, instead  
of expanding the bosom with beneficent energy, instead of dis-  
pelling the sinister purposes of selfishness, instead of shedding  
the softness and warmth of generous life through the moral sys-  
tem, they become a freezing centre of solitary and unocial indig-  
ence, and at length displace every emotion that deserves to be  
called virtuous.

IMAGINATION.—Whoever, instead of repressing the irregular-  
ities of the imagination, and forbidding its predominance, would  
altogether exclude its influence, must either sink far below the  
common level of humanity, or rise much above it.

VALUABLE HINTS.—LAVATER says, "he who sedulously attends,  
pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when  
he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requi-  
sites of man."

A TRIFLER.—A peasant being at confusion, accused himself of  
having stolen a hen; but, the father confessor asked him how  
many chickens he had taken from the stock? "That is of no con-  
sequence," replied the peasant, "you may set it down a wagon  
load, for my wife and I are going to fetch the remainder very soon."

Health to a doctor once applied,  
He gave her physic and she died.

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Wschellshahn's with Fritz Wschellshahn, and Kneff arranged with accompaniments for the Menoforte.

FOUR DOLLARS PER ANN.] SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED AT THE OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, THE NEW FRANKLIN BUILDINGS, CORNER OF NASSAU AND ANN-STREETS. (PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

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## THE MANIAC SONG.

FROM LINLEY'S SCOTTISH MELODIES.

THE poetry selected for the following aria evinces great judgment. There is a depression of spirit, an imitation of morbid melancholy in the melody, invariably characteristic of the musical efforts of those laboring under mental derangement. Linley's contributions, whether to the theatre or the boudoir, have given him a high standing in the ranks of English composers; and this Scottish gem, from his collection, is well worthy of attention.

\* WITH A CARELESS MELANCHOLY.

They say my love is dead! Gone to his green turf bed, But this bonny moon shines red where he's laid! He gave me flowers Down beside you wither true, And

come a gain to me, ere they fade! Oh! yes, He will come a-gain to me, ere they fade!

The glow-worm hath a light For the fairy queen of night! But my true love's shroud as white as death me! 'Tis whiter than the snow That sparkles on the bough.

'Tis hallow Hallow's Eve, And around the holy green, The fairy elves are seen, tripping light! And thither I must be, Ere their queen has left the lee, For she comes to marry me to my own true love! She comes to marry me, to night!

## MISCELLANY.

TO A SWEET SINGER.

BY W. M. WELLS.

THE shades lay sprinkled in the morning cloud,  
Blending his dark wing in the splendid mist;  
Yet droppeth to the earth, clear, sweet, and loud,  
His pleasant carolings o'er hearts that list.  
Like to that lark, with merriment on his breast,  
Scarcely the light-plum'd apron of thy lay;  
And our up-reaching souls are lured and blest,  
And filled with song, as with the glow of day.

**NIGHT BLINDNESS.**—An interesting illustration of that singular affection, hemeralopia, or blindness, has lately been afforded at Belfast, in France. About the beginning of February, several of the garrison of the place just mentioned complained of being unable to see either after sunset or before sunrise. The number thus affected, however, was inconsiderable, not exceeding twelve or fifteen; but they increased rapidly towards the end of February, and during the month of March. Every evening, a little after sunset, a number of soldiers (for it was confined to the troops composing the garrison) might be seen wandering about, and scarcely able to find their way. Many were obliged to get persons to guide them, or to feel their way along the walls and houses to gain the barracks. Ninety of the thirty-sixth regiment of infantry, and twenty of the first regiment of dragoons, were thus affected. Sixty of these were cured in the course of about ten days, by means of noise and stimulating washes to the eye, blisters to the back of the neck, and full doses of calomel. The epidemic entirely ceased towards the end of April.

**RELIGIOUS STRINGS.**—When professors of religion are suddenly found to be wanting in common integrity, or in personal virtue, no other supposition is admitted by the world than that the delinquent was always a hypocrite; and this supposition is, no doubt, sometimes not erroneous. But much more often his fall has surprised himself, not less than others; and it is, in fact, the natural issue of a fictitious piety, which, though it might hold itself entire under ordinary circumstances, gave way necessarily in the hour of unusual trial.

## PARTING.

The foot may turn away,  
The bright eye hidden be,  
And traces of earth unmeasured lay  
Between thy friend and thee;  
Yet in communion sweet,  
Mid contemplation's hours,  
Congenial hearts as well may meet  
As in their native bowers.  
The parting pang may cost  
A tear to dim the eye,  
And for the form in distance lost,  
The yearning bosom sigh;  
But still our prayers may blend  
From earth's remotest shore,  
While toward that holy clime we bend,  
Where partings are no more.

**SUPERSTITION AND ENTERTAINMENT.**—Superstition, the creature of guilt and fear, is almost as ancient as the human family. But enthusiasm, the child of hope, boldly appeared on earth soon after the time when life and immortality had been brought to light by Christianity.

## THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

There is in the lone, lone sea,  
A spot unmark'd but holy;  
For there the gallant and the true  
In his ocean bed lies lowly.  
Down, down, beneath the deep,  
That oft in triumph bore him,  
He sleeps a soft and peaceful sleep,  
With the salt waves dashing o'er him.  
He sleeps serene and safe  
From tempest and from billow,  
When storms that high above him chafe,  
Scarce rock his peaceful pillow;  
The sea and him in death  
They did not dare to sever,  
It was his home when he had breath,  
Tis now his home for ever.

**MARRIAGE.**—The more married men you have, the fewer crimes there will be. Examine the faithful columns of your criminal calendars; you will there find a hundred youths executed to one father of a family. Marriage renders men more virtuous and more wise. The father of a family is not willing to blush before his children. He is afraid to make shame their inheritance.

**FALSE SYMPATHY.**—How frequently we see a luxurious, sensibilities to passion conjoined with a callousness, that enables the subject of it to pass through the affecting occurrences of domestic life in immovable apathy; the heart has become, like that of Leviathan, "firm as a stone—yes, hard as a piece of the mether millstone."

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Embellished with Fine Engravings, and Music arranged with accompaniments for the Piano-forte.

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Vol. X.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1832.

No. 7.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.**

We admit the subjoined lines as containing several good touches. They were probably, although the author does not say so, intended as an imitation.

## FLAGAR.

Upon the loftiest truce of the tall trees  
The leaves hung mountainous—far it was noon—  
In Boscage, the forest, the forest of ferns,  
With quivering boughs, pierce'd through the forest gloom,  
And sparkling, lay upon the thin white sand,  
The sunbeams, the sunbeams, the sunbeams,  
Of the faint traveler. All things were hush'd.  
The wind was hush'd, the wind was hush'd,  
The cold-air sat asleep upon the rock—  
The wild-deer left his foot, and stood beneath  
The dark rock, the dark rock, the dark rock,  
The mountain lizard crept beneath the fern—  
And the still birds were perch'd within the shade  
Of the leaf-covered, the leaf-covered, the leaf-covered,  
The inland water-brown, that once had poured  
Their tribute into Jordan's now dry dews.  
The citrons and the citrons, the citrons and the citrons,  
That crissure there had cherished, were howl'd down,  
The sun's broad heat, the sun's broad heat, the sun's broad heat,  
Of the wild spice was withering in the heat.  
It was a day of unremembered heat.  
The sun's red rays, the sun's red rays, the sun's red rays,  
The hot and stagnant air muffled palpable,  
And to the spent and fever'd traveler  
Was weary to the weary, the weary, the weary,

Hager was there:

And, at her side, her young and agile boy,  
Wary and joyous, and with unobscured  
His lit-blue-violet temples to the sultry breath  
That stole among the pampas, and gathered back  
The curls of raven hair from his forehead—  
Her dewy lips upon his burning cheek,  
Her heart was sorely troubled, for she saw  
A distance come upon his face  
And heard the low murmur of his silver voice  
Grow inarticulate. Then, breaking down,  
With a find mother's true derision,  
She sought to comfort him,  
Coming with passionate fulsome on her heart,  
Grew inexpressible; for woman's heart  
With a sweet complicity, feeling  
Unasterously deep, link'd with a strength  
Which we and perils cannot subjugate.  
But she had been led to sympathy, and said  
With fire her faith—blessing the agony.  
She can meet, unweild, of fumes and the sword—  
And walk with silent, silent, and drunk  
Calmsly the sort of strange exaltation.

But let affection bow her cheek'd once,  
And read the death-visions of her love  
In the pale, passionate gaze of his eyes,  
And lo! her sensitive spirit. Let her child,  
The beautiful being she so dearly loves,  
Whom she has fostered in her heart,  
Through the lone watches of the silent night,  
Be plagued by diseases or suffering,  
And so the intercourse of his loving grief  
The pain of death were mockery.  
'Twas even so with Hagar. She had gazed  
With all a mother's love on Ishmael,  
And seen the germ of greatness unfold  
From infancy to childhood. She had bent  
Above his motherless form, and heard his voice  
And smiling the glad future in his face.  
The flowers of fourteen summers now had passed  
Since her high hopes concentrated on him;  
And of the truth it was a solemn thought,  
To worship God for His transcendent gift,  
And for a blessing on her noble boy,  
Fared forth her supplicants. But when she  
Saw feared that his words were perchance vain,  
And leave her love and desolate, it were  
Beyond the power of utterance to speak,  
The brethren of her race, who were

She stood  
In utter loneliness with her dear child,  
Pressing her tremulous hand upon his brow,  
Fevered with heat, and throbbing with a pain  
That smote madly;—"Oh, my brave son, ask  
With an undoubting earnestness of her,  
To quench his burning thirst, and bathe his brow  
At some cool fountain in the wilderness—  
What was he but spirit overladen with grief  
That might not be subdued for she had search'd  
Those lone and pathless solitudes in vain,  
To find some scanty rill, or stagnant pool,  
That might allay his suffering! Alas!  
That fountain springs no more, the yellow grass  
Was leutle, and the depths of the rock, too

Were sapience—yet her innocent child looked up  
 As though he were for her to soothe his pain,  
 And she, to make of him a man, took him down  
 Within the cooling shade, and left him there,  
 That she might leave to supplicates of God,  
 The destroyer of the destroyer, to restore  
 The being whom she cherished—and her soul  
 In rage to follow him, and in his train  
 With an all-quick'ning spirit, and new faith  
 Came like a blessed antidote to her heart,  
 And comforted her, and she found the found  
 An antidote for agony—in prayer.  
 Oh, when the godlike and unending song  
 Is paralyzed by the power of the divine strength  
 The spirit then may gather at the throne—  
 Of the eternal and invisible—  
 To guide it with its mental power,  
 To stand invincible against the might  
 Which strives to conquer it with senses.  
 This is the mind's sublime prerogative,  
 That in its trials it may lean on God,  
 And stand unshaken, and its strength be strength  
 Partaking the infinitude of Him.  
 Who manifested, in his exultation,  
 And stamped it with the seal of himself.

Then Hagar lifted up her voice and wept.  
And the calm air was still: the leaves stir'd not.  
And nature paused, all hushed. She seemed beneath  
The shadow of a wing, and raised her eyes,  
And there stood one array'd in robes of light.  
It was an angel from the courts of God.  
His brow was crown'd with glory, and his eye,  
Needed no language to give stamp to thought.  
"Hagar," he said, "arise, and take the child,  
For he shall be a great one: and I will  
Nations shall bow in reverence at his feet,  
And he shall be the chosen of the Lord—  
A leader of his people."

Then she rose,  
And to her beating bosom clasped her boy  
With an intense affection—while the word  
Of the Most High was spoken, and a spring  
Gush'd from a hollow in the flinty rock,  
And quietly stole out upon its way  
Through the dry grass, and round the twisted roots  
Of the tall trees that bent o'er its path.  
Then Hagar knelt and filled the earthen jar,  
And gave of it to Ishmael—and bathed  
His greibing temples with her dripping hand. R. W.

## ORIGINAL SKETCHES

### FRAGMENTS OF MY EARLY LIFE

I was ever an unfortunate child, and the very first reason which the nurse endeavored to instill into me, was, that it was the intention of nature to make me the sport of misfortune. Rude and unkind as that prophecy was, it has since been accurately verified in every step which I have taken, and in every avenue which I have traced. Often when I look back and dwell upon the various freaks I have encountered, I have fervently wished that some vivid Cervantes would spring into being, and call forth human sympathy by a faithful picture of my many untoward plights.

My misfortunes date their origin at the cradle, and they have scrupulously and diligently followed me up to the time I undertake to tell them. Were I to descend to trifles, I can safely aver—

"I never had a shin of bread,  
Particularly nice and wide,  
But fell upon the sandy floor,

When a school-boy, if there was any "rig" to be played off, I was sure to be the subject upon which the experiment might be duly tried; if any thing went in opposition to the notions of decorum, entertained by our instructor, I always had the honor of standing in the attitude of a "general martyr" for the rest; and when I did cringe and writhe under the weighty vibrations of the

ferre, it never failed to elicit unbounded applause from my schoolfellows, and afforded the most appropriate occasion for my oration. While I would wring my whole body from the intensity of the pain, they would wring theirs from the intensity of their laughter.

So it was—and whatever is pronounced must come to pass—that I was a merry song, and I made it a point to laugh as heartily as I could the rest, as I could, and I did that with regard to my schoolfellows, and I longed to sing my twentieth year—mine enough in my own estimation—yet, deep deep in the mire of human ignorance and stupidity—Unquestioned as I was, I became a freshman in one of our colleges, and (chide not just when I say it) the feeling was scarcely more pleasant than either in which I was enveloped, when after a

tedious and anxious examination, my name was read over and entitled to admission. If my emotions before were heavenly, what tongue could describe them, when the venerable president enshrouded in his silken gown, descended from his appanage throne, and addressed me thus—"Juvenis! admittite vos honores collegiis; lege et intellege, sed cave ludis." My heart responded thanks, and my voice whispered gratitude.

[illegible]

"Whereas, it is incumbent upon us, by the duties of our collegiate course, to assemble in the chapel, two full hours before daylight; and whereas, also, the intensity of cold experienced by that operation, is beyond endurance, therefore—

"Resolved, That the sudden transition from the temperature of a bedroom to the icy atmosphere of a chapel, tends grievously to refrigerate the heated state of our bodies."

\* Resolved, in order to protract this untimely mode of rising, that a committee of two be appointed, (delegated as plenipotentiaries,) to wait upon the bell, and devise ways and means for its perfect silence.

<sup>41</sup> Resolved, as the notes of said bell are somewhat harsh and grating to the ear, that the aforementioned committee, be authorized to examine its tongue, and if possible, entirely pluck out the unruly member.<sup>41</sup>

As usual, I had the honor of being one of that committee; for if any thankless vacancy was ever to be filled, my name was sure to sail the blank—demurring to the contrary, notwithstanding. Strictly in compliance with the letter of my credentials, I called upon the untimely and lofty disturber of the students' repose. He was a tall, thin, pale, and somewhat effeminate-looking man, with the all-penetrating eye of an M.D., I concluded that amputation, or rather extraction, was alarmingly necessary. With my instruments, comprising files and a hammer, I made the requisite incisions, when with a peculiar Volcanic knock and twist, the tongue fell into the hands of my ever-ready companion. "A handsome operation," whispered my friend. "Admirable," responded I, with a due portion of gravity. "Now for inverting

This proceeding, comprising a number of his allomene-like experiences, was an undertaking of no every-day occurrence; but we accomplished it by dint of perseverance, after a struggle, unequalled, except by the Spartan band at the strait of Thermopylae. While I was thus engaged, I was not only able to keep my mind from imagining myself another philanthropic Howard, attempting the depth of misery, and dispensing aid to the needy—unable to sleep—alleged, they are needy. But one pair of water shoes, they live in the best, or, rather, in the hell; so by repeated efforts at all times, I feel that I am doing my duty. I am a brother committee-man that it was absolutely necessary, towards the fulfillment of our instructions, that we should add two more. In five minutes after, you might have seen the committee, each with a pair of water shoes, and a pair of water shoes, and a pair of water shoes. Having reached the summit of our labors, the inverted organ of sound speedily received the liquid portion—this done, the committee begged leave to be discharged from the further con-

Thus far we had been peculiarly fortunate, and I was descending from the belfry, laughing in my sleeve, at having made my prophetic nurse a liar, when lo! and behold! the bell losing its poise, dashed its whole contents upon my devoted head. This was no time for comment; discovery was like to ensue; so, making the best of an unsuccessful speculation, I skulked off unscathed.

















## IT IS THE HOUR, THE LOVELY HOUR.

MODERATO.

It is the hour, the lovely hour, From weary cares when lone and free, My pen sive soul a wakes her power, And dies in far, - - my love, to

pp

cresc

f

And dies, my soul, my love, to thee!

## MISCELLANY.

**INDUSTRY**—Man must have occupation, or be miserable. Toil is the price of sleep and appetite, of health and enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our natural sloth, is a blessing. The whole world does not contain a brain or a throat which divine mercy could have spared. We are happier with the sterility, which we can overcome by industry, than we could have been with spontaneous plenty and unbounded profusion. The body and the mind are improved by the toil that fatigues them. The toil is a thousand times rewarded by the pleasure which it bestows. Its enjoyments are peculiar. No wealth can purchase them, no indolence can taste them. They flow only from the exertions which they repay.

**TALENT**—A gentleman coming in a very ill humor from a gaming table, where he had suffered considerably, saw a little man stooping to tie his shoe, and looked him into the gutter. The astonished stranger got up, and begged to know why he received such treatment. "Confound you!" cried the other, "you are always using your shoe!"

**LITHOGRAPHY OF MUSIC**—The fashion of musical publications lately has very much changed, so as indeed to fling the former poor little brown paper sheets altogether into the shade. From one extreme to the other, however, in this as in other matters. The lithographic art is degraded by being made too cheap and common. Engraving is like butter, in one respect—we wish a good, or not at all.

**ABSENCE OF MIND**—Some days since, says an English paper, Lowndes, the theatrical bookbinder, presented a check at the bank-house of the William Curtis & Co., and on the cashier putting the usual interrogatory, "How will you take it, Mr. Lowndes replied, 'Cold, without pain.'"

**POSTSCRIPT**—Selwyn once affirmed, that no woman ever wrote a letter without a postscript. "My next shall refute you," said the lady. Selwyn soon after received a letter from her ladyship, and after her signature: "P. S. Who was right now, you or I?"

## FRAGMENT.

Man! mortal man! to guileful error prone,  
See others' faults, yet can't discern his own;  
Views with an eye of jealousy the faults  
His persevering brothers justly claim  
With self-dissimulation, laments the man-sport past,  
Vows this atrocious point, and that, the last;  
Now silence, and finds his projects end in pain,  
Resolves to plan no more—then plans again.  
On childhood thus does youth impetuous frown,  
And manhood that on youth displeased looks down.  
Are men in unshaken faith to deplore,  
And grieves youth, childhood, manhood are no more.  
And such the feelings of the hard, whose breast  
Ere it was d with fauced flower, but weeds at last;  
Whose youth put forth full many a feeble lay,  
Which his maturer years had cast away.  
As sire, whose children are regardless grown,  
He calls them his, yet vain he would disown.

## LOVE.

BY GORDON.  
He liveth well, who loveth well  
Both man, and bird, and beast,  
He loveth best, who loveth best  
All things, both great and small;  
For the great God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.

**CHOLERA FATAL TO ANIMALS**—The Prussian papers mention, that it has been observed in the ponds or minor lakes within the circle of Moscow, where the cholera is raging with great violence, that all the fish have died. The police have collected and buried more than forty bargeheads of fish, drawn from one pond alone—that of Zempilow.

**VERTICE IN A PERIODICAL**—The August number of the New-England Magazine says, "we claim the merit of having added nothing this month to the national stock of bad poetry."

**BROKEN ENGLISH**—A Frenchman, having a weakness in his chest, told his physician he felt a bad pain in his perimontan.

## EPIGRAMS.

—LINES FROM ONE POET TO ANOTHER.

In what I write you seek for lines to blame,  
Nor rarely strive my failings to unmask.  
In what you write I seek for lines to praise—  
Why must the kinder be the harder task?

## ON A BAD BOOE.

It sold surprisingly, we have been told,  
And so it did, if only twenty sold.

## ON A HYPERCRITICAL REVIEWER

Comments of hours from a seat of repute?  
But, ah! no listeners to pay the piper.

## THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL TO THE NEW-YORK MIRROR

## SPASTIC PROVERBS.

He who still works may, if he please,  
Be always thinking of his race.  
Who seeks revenge for every wrong,  
May live in honor, but not long.  
You ne'er should say and ne'er should do  
The word and deed which prompts you to.  
He who once proves himself a knave,  
Doubt seldom change that side the grave.

To others pardon e'er bestow.  
But to thyself no mercy show.  
Three may keep counsel, it is true,  
But thou shalt never get rid of two.  
Those who the taste of house know,  
E'er find its spirit on them grow.  
Folly and anger are the same,  
The difference is but in name.  
Tis by his deeds and not his gown,  
A pious man may best be known.  
Who snail life's sea in fortune's gale,  
Must ever strive to turn the sail.

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Embellished with Fine Engravings, and Music arranged with accompaniments for the Piano-forte.

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**NEGLECT**

And now I cannot bear enigmas—my heart grows cold, and strange  
 Becomes its touch; and e'er my mind there comes a sudden change.  
 It is not grief—I cannot feel—nor is it apathy—  
 But something which exaladows all, with stern misanthropy. ESTELLE

## BRIEF NOTICES OF EMINENT CHARACTERS.

JAMES OTIS.

he published under his name the famous pamphlet on the stamp act. This was reprinted in London, and was considered to be so well written, that the British government hired Dr. Samuel Johnson to write an answer to it, not daring to trust ordi-

grieved that he had suffered: they now could embalm his virtues in their hearts, and grieve no longer at his sufferings.

## PROVENÇAL LITERATURE.

have wrought so much change in the feelings of different nations, and in the works wherein they are expressed, and why civilization, which has removed so many of the barriers behind which ignorance once entrenched itself, and has so long sought to unite the different families of the human race, has not yet softened

















Wimbelichsen both *Vino Wineschens*, and *Wine*: answers both accompaniments for the *Wineschens*.

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NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1832.

No. 2.

#### LETTER ON CHOLERA ASPHYXIA

—Your kind letter was duly received, and I have attempted to write you an answer; but such h

[illegible]

I hardly know a greater manner than the apoplexie *claudens* to this prevailing epidemic. The absence of all bile, either in the ejecta by vomiting, or in those from the bowels, is almost pathognomonic. The evacuations are watery, and sometimes watery colic stools, or quite stasial from biliary matter; and if biliary discharges are exhibited, they are among the most favorable circumstances, whether occurring at the invasion of the disorder, or at a subsequent period. The spasms are sometimes so violent, as to the *tertium sperandum*, spasm, is, perhaps, less frequent in this disorder than in our common cholera morbus. In this opinion I am fortified, by the simple experience and observation of my friend Dr. Hugh McLean, of this city. Spasms do at times, and have at times, been observed in the case of cholera, but the case is not so serious power being at times rapidly exhausted by their peculiar action, and the causes by which they are induced, a peculiar mobility in the nervous system may predispose to the spasms. The spasms are sometimes so violent, as to be fatal, but these spasms are easily subdued by powerful friction, with potent stimuli. The term *apoplexie* is most consonant to the strongest pathogenetic feature the physician witnesses. Thus the apoplexie, and the cholera, are both apoplexies, and the cholera is a disease depending upon habit of body, existing cause, means of relief, &c. I have seen it within a couple of hours from the period of invasion. In some intractable cases it occurs even earlier. The cholera is a disease, and the apoplexie is a symptom, the absence of the disorder; for all our prominent indications are to disorganize the system of its too deadly grasp, and restore the circulation to its wonted functions. This view of the nature of the apoplexie, and of the cholera, is in accordance with what we consider of the cholera morbus which the disease exhibits in its earlier stages after death. Many past oral observations have been made by physicians of our public institutions, and some few in private practice. The livers has been found surcharged with dark viscid bile, and the stomachs have been found empty, and the stomachs have been found empty of serum, occasionally of sanguineous fluid; the membranes often turgid; effusion between the arachnoid membrane and pia mater. Sometimes the arachnoid was deprived of its transparent color, and the pia mater was found to be thickened, and increased vascular action and effusion. As to the thoracic cavity, the heart and large venous trunks have been found loaded with heavy black blood, even coagulated, and there was at times a small quantity of sanguineous fluid in the pericardium, and at times the pericardium of the heart seemed thinner than natural; sometimes the heart was found empty, and powerfully contracted. Discolorations or patches were, in a few instances, seen on the lungs, and in some cases the lungs were observed to be loaded with blood released from the large veins, preserving the tenacity and appearance of a tarred rope. Dr. Depueux found in a majority of his dissections, that the lungs were collapsed or shrunk, and that the pleurae were observed to be thicker than natural, or at times, or gorged with black blood.

The abdominal viscera enter, to a greater extent, the influence of diseased action. The mesentery was, in many instances, loaded with blood, and the intestines were found to be loaded with various; its contents are occasionally a watery, brownish fluid, or

[illegible]









guarded walls, lavished with a profusion which seems to say past ages had nothing to do but build, and the present to admire these weather-beaten monuments of by-gone magnificence.

The environs and suburbs of Paris are very extensive; and it is, passing through them, one sees a sufficiency of trees, woods, and houses to make half-donkey ordinary American cities. In the scale of every thing here exceeds a tourist's speculations; having no adequate criterion for an estimate, he is unable definitely to imagine the subtle proportion, the redundancy of the population, the vastness of the world of the city, where he first opens his eyes in Broadway, thinks he has seen the streets and something over; he is bewildered by the number of streets and the variety of houses, and very naturally wonders how such an infinity of bricks and stone ever came in contact with so much mortar and paint; and where all the people came from who build and inhabit the city.

And verily, Paris has added to the same variety of the same variety.

This, then, is *Paris! Paris!* Far-famed as the rallying-point of chivalry, of science, of extravagance; abounding ever in all the elegancies of life, and surcharged, in latter days, with all the horrors of death. Here, conqueror after conqueror has swayed the sceptre; directed the fete and the gala which commemorated his triumphs; and listened to apothecoses which blind reverence is doted, and enthusiasm promulgated and prolonged. Here, too, have tyrant after tyrant, assassin after assassin, and mountebank after mountebank; "frattet their hour upon the stage," alternately dismaying, destroying, and diverting the most volatile, capricious yet philosophical people on the face of the earth.

Once again, (and I beseech thee, reader, bear with me—if you ever go to France you will spoutphrase too!) this is *Paris*! The capital of the Henri, the Louis, and the Bismarck. Here are their palaces, arches, and columns; bridges that they built, trees that they planted; ay, and the ground that they walked upon. It would worship none of them, living or dead; but millions have so worshipped; and it is impossible to visit scenes distinguished by the residence of those whom the world has made its idols without acknowledging a few cold evils of the sublime.

Most Americans know the discomfort of *arriving* any where at four o'clock in the morning; seven o'clock is the same thing in Paris. To be sure, I could find the shelter of a roof, the retirement of a chamber, and the conveniences of a toilet; but as for breakfast—I am partially accustomed to bow to my fate—and I listened with tolerable grace to the assurance that I should have an abundance of time to shave, dress, and drink before any mortal would set their coffee-pots a boiling. Well, there is a satisfaction in sharing at leisure! A razor ought never to be handled like a knife and fork, and he who is compelled to use it "against time" is very apt to abstract as much blood as heard from his chin.

[illegible]

Next to the bed, the glass is always regarded as important above all chamber furniture, and here they are in perfection: never less than three immense mirrors, so adjusted as to improve every shade of light, in every possible state of weather. After the chamber glass, the next thing in importance is the chamber cushioned chair, and a magnificent clock on the mantel piece. As for carpets there is little to be said. Don't believe there are any three hundred in France. The floors are made, in some instances, of marble, and are polished with the greatest care. The carpets are carefully and regularly worn and polished, as tables are in America. The result of this process is, that a stranger is very apt to "slip up and fall down," but, even should he chance to fall, he will find himself in a soft bed, and the probability of inconvenience in the cleanliness of the floor—the whiteness of pantalons and the blackest of coats will suffer no detriment. In warm weather these smooth planes are very grateful to one's feet in the morning. I apprehend the frosts of winter will give them a different form; but I cannot say.

A French breakfast is decidedly a humbug; i. e. an ordinary French breakfast; if one chooses to take it à la fourchette, he can make it what he pleases. I admit the coffee to be excellent, ay, supremely excellent; but I am one of those home-bred Yankees, who are accustomed to break their fasts for the sensible purpose of satisfying an appetite; and how far this can be accomplished with a roll, equal in substance to two small crackers, I leave the

angry ones to lodge. And yet it does one's heart good to see a Frenchman discuss his breakfast. His first consideration, after entering the office, is where he shall sit; and the greater the number of his guests, the longer he vacillates. He usually chooses the middle labor, his coffee, and his civility. He advances two steps, retires three, "dreads" to the right and finally locates in the focus of three mirrors; a window that "gives" on the Boulevard<sup>1</sup> at his left, and, at his right, the young lady "at the bottom of the stairs." He then sits down, and, without waiting for anybody without paying for it. Monsieur next calls for his favorite newspaper, without which no Frenchman can "eat his meal in peace," and he seizes it with an avidity that one might deem emblematic of the voracity of the Parisian. He then glances at the date, the good and bad news of the morning, the places before him a dejeuner de water, a goblet of noble dimension, a silver plate, containing a dense lump of alabaster sugar, a petit-pain which might be passed through a lady's ring, and a coffee-cup larger than a dinner plate. He then takes a spoonful of the coffee in one vessel, and looting milk in another, inquires, "*Du lait, monsieur ? Du lait, monsieur ?*" and is in a twinkling the foremost cup and its capacious anser are brimmed with the milk. He then takes a spoonful of the coffee in another vessel, unconsciously deposits four of the finest pieces of sugar in the beverage, and resumes his paper. After a while, he applies the spoon to the same effect that most of us are wont to do, but with a difference. He takes a spoonful of the coffee, and, without alternating, it both news and coffee are exhausted; and the picture of complacency thus presented is beyond all the painting of nature. Two more pieces of sugar are now placed in the goblet, the water flows over them, the roll is rolled, and the reason for rolling the water is explained. The sugar is then rolled, and the reason remains to be told. He seizes the sugar-plate between the thumb and fore-finger of his left hand, holds it for an instant in mid-air; and, then, by a dexterous elevation of the elbow, brings it down, and, with a flourish, he pours the sugar into the coffee. Then, taper fingers close over it; he rises gently from his seat, disdains, with his disengaged hand, the barboled reveues of his frock-coat, and in a very few seconds the rattiest reumes its place, and both coffee and sugar are permanently ruined. If Plutus<sup>2</sup> himself were to pay the shot, it would be off. Of Frenchmen, I do not certainly make the most of things. If my detail is tedious, it is no fault of mine; the history of the world, a president's message, or a coxcomb's whims, if recorded to any purpose, cannot be tedious.

For my own part, I foresee plainly that I shall starve upon such fare ; and, vulgar though it may be, I must have that which, from the hour of rising to six o'clock, P. M., will "keep soul and body together." *News verrent.*

COMMENCEMENT AT VAL

Did you ever attend the commencement at old Yale? Oh, then, you know nothing of the truly inspiring in scene and interesting in occasion; nothing of the joyous agitation and social beauty of this anniversary. It is the literary birthday of many thousands who come together, to spend it at home, in paternal rejoicings around the mother's chair whom they love more and more as they experience the benefits and lose the immediate impressions of her wholesome discipline. Fondly they hang around her; fondly as in their childish gambols, ere they became men, and forsook her nursing care. Ay, ay, there is a fine enjoyment in this day when you descend and come away with that uttering angel which speaks only of idleness, and joy, and tireless industry, and silly woman's fickle jealousy. I tell you, there is a luxury in a commencement day not "dreamt of in your philosophy."

But, take my hint. Let us leave these idlers at the church door. It is yet a half hour waiting time o'clock, and none but the privileged few are now admitted. In the meantime we will walk to the college-green, before the procession is formed, and see what is there to be seen. But, let me ask you, did you come in for the prize of the Phi Beta Kappa society? You missed, moreover the O.E.K. poem from one Mr. Hamlin, of Bridgeport, Connecticut; a very good poem, only I can't tell you much about it, as I didn't quite understand it, excepting that it concluded with a second volume discussion of slavery. You missed, too, the oration of Edward Everett; but that is no more than we all did, seeing he did not move a hair, and he was not a hair off his seat, however, and I promise a treat for his second speech, pen, pen,

Has' ha? don't be pulling at that gate! Push, man! push! Don't you see that group of youngsters are laughing at you for a freshman? Are not those venerable piles of buildings? Did you ever see a more splendid row of trees than those maples, which front them? Is not this a charming green? Look at these dragons! Here is the great interest of commencement to an old

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I see you are smiling at the boisterous congratulations of those figures squatting on the grass under the trees. They are of a more recent date. The few short years they have been out of college have not sufficed to wash from their systems the inbred habits of jellity and apocryphicity that the scene so powerfully reviews. Notice how they are dressed, in the fashion of the last century, in the class of — 31; a class of as fine scholars, and a band of as honest, naive fellows as ever received their parchments in the old centre, or sang their farewell songs on this ground. Yes, I myself was among them; as, a year since, spread in a circle around that very tree, and listening to the same old story of the life of the teacher, as they were scattered far and wide. This small fragment, as they have thrown themselves tumultuously together, cannot repress the overflows of joy at their meeting, with all youth's freshness and social love. The one that stands up in the middle, tall and bold, and with a gleam of the old teacher's smile, is the teacher, and a pet child; but he has now outgrown his teacher, and, which, which are smooth as a maiden, now labours under a burden of whiskers. He has been abroad, and learned the foreign vice. He is a fine youth, but I much fear he is a growing vine. Those rosy cheeks are suspicious. In compliment to them across the road

New Passes us towards the chapel. Remark that old man, with a sedded brow and inquiring gaze, slowly moving through the throngs. Time and affluence have pressed heavily on him. He moves now into this party, now into that; looks into one aged face and then into another, and from each turns away with a sigh of disappointment. Is he alone? Can he not find one of his fellows? 'Poor man! he must have been far and long from his father land, or he would meet some one to greet him! He seems passing away, solitude is at his heart, his hand presses his brow! Use more inquiring glance he is casting around. See, some one has fired his eye, his gaze is roused! They recognize traces of early days, the old man's features are familiar; yes, they remember! he weeps; the old man weeps! Joy revives death from its couch! Oh, I see your eyes are moistened! And is there nothine in this which you find is interesting?

Now the bell is ringing, and the procession forming. Let us fall in, that we may get a good seat in the house. There is a noble building, the old citadel church. Rarely do we find so fine a specimen of architecture. A charming location it has in the centre of this great square, and flanked by those beautiful temples on the right and left. Keep close, don't let any of those stragglers slip in before us. They who have under-purchased their flax at the door to admit the procession are the under-graduates, whose duty it is to resist the pressure of the *graduati* behind. Ah! I see you are determined to witness the display of beauty and fashion within, and well you may be. There are some rare belles in the throng.

Last, here is some music. A fine choir of male voices, and well sustained with wind and stringed instruments. Now, take your eyes from the ladies for a few minutes, while the venerable president lends with his tremulous voice in prayer.

Now you may stare and talk as much as you please. Who is that ascending the stage? Oh, he is going to pronounce the salutatory address in Latin, a familiar language to the audience—not customary to attend. But now we are fairly under weigh. I will leave you to your own observations and meditations, as I see you are too much engaged to listen with me to the speeches of long criticism. \*\*\*\*\*

Well, I am glad to find you safe out of the church, after losing on in the crowd. I propose to walk to the college hall, and dine at the almshouse. Will you accompany me? Here we have a mistle grouping to that which you witnessed this morning, though somewhat composed from the first confusion of greetings. But we have no time to attend to them, for the bell rings—in we go for a seat, for there are some six or eight hundred to be accommodated. Here is a grand display of diabetes, rars and delicious. This becomming and shifting from table to table is the sorting of classmates, so that a better concord of reminiscences may crown the board, and give life and joy to the hour. Many thanks, I promise you, is in store for the good steward as a caterer

and the blackest of coats will suffer no detriment. In warm weather these smooth planks are very grateful to one's foot in the mud, but I apprehend the frosts of winter will give them a different character.

A French breakfast is decidedly a humbug; i. e. an ordinary French breakfast; if one chooses to take it *à la française*, he can make it what he pleases. I admit the coffee to be excellent, ay, supremely excellent; but I am one of those home-bred Yankees, who are accustomed to break their fasts for the sensible purpose of satisfying an appetite; and how far this can be accomplished with a roll, equal in substance to two small crackers, I leave the

to the ever-grumbling and ill-humored palate of the student. Much glory to thee, generous proprietor! not only for what thou hast had to do with profane palates for this day's gain, but for what, with your liberal and non-discriminating taste, thou hast done to give to the indolent our dainty palates with, ever graduating with learned judgment a harmony of table dishes with our intellectual food; so that never with the waste of two hearty a breakfast, or the prospect of two dinners, should the mind be disturbed by its appointed tasks! Glory to the sleep-jacks, who they never have an end! Glory to the blue-beef, who may increase in value by increasing in scarcity! Glory to thee, all our old acquaintances! May I wish thee, but all good! No change, but a little variety to thy unvaried features; tenderness to thy stubborn features, refinement to thy somewhat coarse manners. But, alas, the signal has been given, and all are falling to work! Huzzah! for the raising of knives and forks! The mind is all forgotten; cronies, and "all kind language," in the present necessity of providing and supplying, each man his appropriate rations. But now the eye, returning from a revivifying glance, sees the complacency of the waiter, the smiling face of the highly-spirited landlady, and the lively cork-popping order, and the pure limpid water, are liberally served. Now begin, in harmonious concert, alike the feast of reason and the feast of sense, the flow of fluids and the flow of ideas. No wine was ever burnt for the occasion; nor for the laugh from the heart, which has lain dormant since the last anniversary; nor the oft-repeated series of the

"Quips and cranks and sonnet stanzas" of college life. Not yet, in the meantime, are allowed the new successions of graceful vivandos to pass unnoticed or ungreeted. "It is a long tale that has no turn;" and it must be a superbly grand dinner, whose courses and changes have no end. So at length we are through, with the profane palates, and perhaps under the afternoon's exercise, to summon us to what the bell is now ringing. I myself propose to take a siesta before I go. I will join you, however, my interesting companion, before they are through. \*\*\*\*

Well, I am with you again. Let me see the scheme. Just in time for the poem. This youth gives us a poem, eh? Looks he up? The subject? "Egypt." Egypt! the land of lights and shadows, the land of mystery and romance, of learning and superstition, the land of temples and pyramids, the land of cities, of Memphis and Thebes, the land of the Pharaohs and Cleopatras! "Egypt." Oh, that will do well for the free frenzy of the tyrant! Let us listen. Oh, very good. He speaks as one who loves the lore of history, who can weave a gorgeous web and amid the ruins of fame's palace, can repose upon the sepulchres of the wise and valiant, and forget for a moment his religion in the gardens and groves of the mystical. Good speed thee, youthful poet! Thy high words, thy noble words, thy words, as those dust thine upon time-beary Egypt; and a poet's all, save a poet's grace, he may heed!

This is the valdey address, the most interesting part of the day's exercises. Thus the speaker, in the hour of the soul, calls those who had bid farewell to-day to their home, the home and birthplace of their minds. Tell me, can you yourself help feeling— as, the speaker reads the many hours they have spent together in the groves of science, when away from their families, they have been family and friends to each other; as he paints the regrets of separation, and appeals to them, by the sadness of the hour, to carry with them into the world, and carry forward into these high-vibrant principles of the universe, the lofty aspirations, and the magnanimity of soul, that a college life is so well calculated to foster? It is a loud hour! How many a heart that now beats high with the anticipations of honorable fame, the most of virtuous effort will be in a few years, when the power and pervasiveness and ingratitude of those of whom it would have been the benefactor. How many who have thus far floated sweetly down the stream of life, will be sinking with the dark heart beneath the weight of a world, and the lighted gear, and the unfurrowed cheek, and the fresh form, and the lighted gear, and the very quickness of heart, that moans each eye as they yield to the touching tones of a dramatic's voice, faltering on the last "farewell." Where? The president, with hat on head, now proceeds to the solemn duty of conferring degrees. But all the rest you can see for yourself, as I am tired of talking.

"First allow me, kind friend, to ask you one or two questions?"

"Well, well, ask on."

"Who is that great man looking personage on the stage, with a huge frame and a huge head?"

"That is the celebrated Dr. Spurzheim, the physiologist from Europe, who has been making some philosophical observations of the different speakers. You noticed how closely he studied their heads, as they advanced upon the stage. I observed once or twice he was obliged to revise and correct his decisions during their progress."

"What is the name of that lovely girl there, sitting in the gallery?"

"That is Miss —"

"Well, what do you think of the creations?"

"Very good, indeed. No one brilliant, imposing, or severe; yet all good, sensible creations. The last female greatly inferior."

"\* \* \* \* \*

to the commencement of—31. That, though, rarely equalled in the annals of colleges. Royal class that of—31!

"Why do the ladies talk so much during the speaking?"

"That is criticizing."

"But they don't look at the speaker, unless he be handsome."

"Oh, they turn their heads about that they should put him out of countenance, abash him."

"Once more—what did you say that lady's name was?"

"You are in Yankee land—guess!"

"Well, I am glad we are out, that I can stretch myself. I should like to take your arm, and point out to you some of the charms of this city of mine, and tell you some of the beauties. But it is not c/o'clock, the United States leaves in an hour, and I must be in New-York in the morning. No good by."

Heaven continue to prosper old Yale, and complete her one hundred thousand dollar fund; and may her last be accomplished!

I will ever pray of both, *et cetera* peripatetic.

Next year, my life spared and Providence permitting, I will again attend the commencement, and mingle my sympathies with the thousands of her congenial ones. Ever cherishing, as to my alma mater the grateful feelings of her least worthy alumnus. A. O. S.

## DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

MISS —, AN EVERY-DAY CHARACTER.

"Portrait of a lady"—Exhibition entire.

What are you, lady I—thought is here.

To tell us of your name and rank.

To claim the gayer's smile or tear.

To dish you water, or dash you to.

It is beyond a poet's skill.

To form the aliphant notion, whether

We'll or shall walk through one quadrille,

Or look upon one moonlighting scene.

You're very pretty—I all the world.

Are talking of your bright brow's splendor,

And of your locks, so softly curled,

And of your hands, so white and slender:

Some think you're blooming in Bengal;

Some say you're blowing in the sky;

Some know you're nobody at all!

I only feel, you're very pretty.

But bless my nerves! it's very wrong:

You're making all me feel atrocious;

Anna's never said a chin so long;

And Laura thinks your dream "atrocious."

And Lady Jane, who now sits with a pensive air,

Is taken for the village simple.

Is sure you can't be four feet ten;

And "wonders at the taste of people."

Soon pass the praises of a face:

Swift fade the praise of very beauties;

Fame reads a most prodigious pace;

Olivia follows on the heels of grace.

And all, who, in these stately rooms,

To-day have danced, and passed, and fainting,

Will soon forget your pearls and plumes,

As if they never had been painted.

You'll be forgotten—as old debts

By persons who are used to borrow;

When shines a new one on the morrow;

Forgotten—like the lucid peach,

That blossoms on the school-boy's cheek;

Forgotten—like the maiden speech,

Which men praise, but none remember.

Yet, are you sick into the world?

That whistles alike, sage, saint, and martyr;

And soldier's sword, and minister's theme,

And "Conning's wit, and "Chatter's" cheer,

Here of the fortunes of your youth

My fancy weaves her dream conjuncture,

And blends the school-boy's tale with fate;

As Passion's voice, or Cobbett's lectures.

Was't in the north or in the south,

That summer-breezes rocked your cradle?

And did you in your baby's room?

A wooden or a silver lull?

And you your first, unconscious sleep,

By Brownie haunted, or blighted by fury?

And did you wake to laugh or weep?

And were you christened, or not of Mary?

And was your father called "a very great?"

And did he bat at Acat's race?

And did he chatter corner-place?

And did he fill a score of rooms?

And did you carry home his charms

Comed in pickings, bruilings, bawlings?

(Or did the great about the stage?)

Her leaves forerunner was at Hastings?

Where were you "finished" till we met?

And did he die at Chatter's?

Had you the ordinary share

Of broken and backboard, hump and phylis?

And did they bid you bawling?

And mind your original tinting?

And did you learn how Dido died,

And who she found out the art of dying?

And are you fond of lances and brooks,

A votary of the sylvan muses?

Or do you con the little books

Which Burns brough and Vaux diffuses?

Or do you love to knit and sew,  
The fashionable wiver's Arachne?  
Or do you center the circle of the sun,  
Upon a very long-tailed hawkey?  
And do you love your brother James?  
And do you pet his mare and set him?  
And do you frolic with the little ones?  
And do you wish them long, long letters?  
And are you—since the world began—  
A woman, or a man?  
And don't you dash on Malibus?  
And don't you think Tom Moore delightful?

I see they brought you flowers to-day,  
And flowers of the most delicate hues;  
But earnestly you turn away  
From all the pinks, and all the roses:  
Say, is the fragrance of the flowers  
Of one whose look so fondly answers?  
And is he, farthest, in the church,  
Or is he—hush!—beside the Laureates?

And is your love a melody pure  
Of black and white, half joy, half sorrow?  
Are you to wait till their age?  
Or are you to be his mistress?  
Or do they bid you, in their room,  
You're pure and sinless dame to smother?  
Is he so very meanly born?  
Or are you married to another?

Waste'th' you are, at last, adieu!  
I think it is your bounden duty  
To let the rhyme of the rhyme be true.  
Be prized by all who prize your beauty,  
From you I seek no poor old fame;  
From you I fear no cruel scurriles;  
I wish some artist that I could name  
Were half as silent as their pictures!

## THE DRAMA.

THE NEW-YORK STAGE.

At last all our theatres are open. We fear not very profitably as to their proprietors; but audiences are beginning to collect, the public taste is evidently subsiding, and there seems a promising expectation of interest and amusement. The Park was to have commenced its regular season on Monday, but the rope-dancers, who have held possession of the exclusively fashionable temple of the regular drama, have so charmed the taste of the legitimate drama, that the Park, who was brought in to exile them as soon as was intended; and those who preferred plays and farces to ground and lofty tumbling, have been driven to the other establishments.

The American opened on Monday, to much applause. Its decorations are much improved. The ladies appear particularly neat, and the style in which the audience part is ornamented strikes the eye agreeably, and is classical enough for the purpose, which it is destined to serve. General Washington will strike down from the top of the stage upon the performers; and now and then, the significant seriousness of his expression seems to say, "We have slain hands with John Bull, my good friends, and at this time it is not right to play such mischief with the King's English." While the American has been putting on its new face, neither the Park nor the Richmond-hill have suffered their painters to remain idle. There have been flourishes of brushes, as well as flourishes of trumpets against the wall of preparation. The Park announced, Mr. Ward, who will wear the play his favorite Brigand; whereupon the Boverly announces Mr. H. Wallace, and not only the Brigand as it was, but the Brigand with a new face, and a new name, and a new story. We hope it will not prove like the "acts additional" to a French constitution—nullifying all that preceded; for we really cannot conjecture what can be made out of a new act of the kind, unless, as it is killed in the old and old play, Mr. Hamble man may raise him in supplement to the old act of the new one, like Arthur in Tom Thum, to put on his nightgown, sing his own dirge, and then, like immortal Caesar, die again with a deity. But let us not be so very sure of the success of the Richmond Hill, among the various companies. While the Wallace and the Brigands and the distant report of the Kembles, threaten from the larger theatre, out comes the little Richmond Hill with Timour, the Tartar, the grand old play, the smallest that the theatre will play, the David of the New-York drama defying its Philistine rivals with Goliath's very sword and buckler. The attempt ought to succeed, were it for nothing but its simplicity.

Of the success of that which is both the American and the Richmond Hill we have seen many things to praise. At the latter Mrs. Barnes rendered Theresa the other night very powerfully; and there was rather a successful performance by Mr. Duffy, of Philadelpha, as Gossamer. Mr. Foote, on the same evening, acted for Mr. Barnes, who was ill. Mr. Foote was understood, in his explanation of the change, by some chance represented his appearance as "a visitation of providence." The policy assumed, and the success of the change, did not diminish Mr. Foote's play very well. At the American, the return of Mrs. Hamble has been cordially welcomed. Miss Vincent is held up as the star, and certainly has much spirit and promise about her. Under the name of Gossamer, if we can do it without mistake, he will entertain distinction. Mrs. Mangrove, in the wild

and rambling non-dramas of the Ice Witch, was much appreciated. The atmosphere of her misceor continued agreeably with the opposite quality of her form; but if she would retain half her beauty and give up her acting, she would be a more agreeable person, we think the remaining half quite enough to satisfy the feminine minority, to whom, for the present, she is compelled to confine its sweetness. As we honestly consider her acting as pretty as any we have seen, we quarrel not with us for this recommendation, but with the taste of those who would have it, which we would be very serious with Mr. Hamblin. We are born Americans. Mr. Hamblin's theatre is surnamed *par excellence*—the American. It is not fitting that nobility should be so degraded as to appear in the person of a woman. We must therefore beg that all such amiable representatives of aristocracy as the goddesses who performed *Lord Rivers*, in the *Wife's* *First Entrance*, should be shown as seldom as possible, or not at all. They may be corrupted by high notions. Let the manager look to it.

While we are upon the subject of this theatre, we think it our duty to mention an indecorum in the audience, which we trust we shall seldom see repeated. We have observed, more than once, that jokes of an equivocal character have been so pointed by laughter and strong applause, as to destroy all doubt with regard to their purity. We are jealous of the reputation of our country for circumspection, and we trust the good taste of the better portion of our audiences will be on the alert to convince strangers, that if there are "harren speculators" who encourage such licentiousness, the judicious few will not suffer critics in silence.

Of the Park we shall speak in our next. Its opening being deferred till so late in the week, we could not at present conveniently give it due attention. In doing so next week, we shall have an opportunity, we trust, of recording the welcome of Mr. Wallace.

The Italian *bambas*, as they have been called, are still ruling Staten Island, without "local habitation," though not without "a name." The fashionables are speculating on the fireworks and fire people about to be congregated to hear their "most sweet voices," while the wandering melodists themselves are singing compliments to the United States, Columbus, and Washington. One of their effusions, "in choice Italian," and for which, we are told, they have composed really choice music, has reached us. Next week, if we do not get a translation from some one who can make better rhymes than ourselves, we will see what we can do to render the stanzas intelligible to those who have not yet had leisure to include Italian among their studies.

On player 1.

Oh vieta! Oh giubbini!

Ecco c'han in terra canna,  
Gocce d' l'ora scomparita,  
Oggi nel bandiera il cor.  
Pella gioia abbiamo il grido,  
Intoniamo tutti il canto.  
Gloria eterna, vera radio,  
A' Colombo e Washington.

Gli son l'aura che spiriamo,  
Aure libere, e bruci  
De' tiranni qui svenuti  
Son bandiera e Crociata.

Viva eguer p' l'Uniti Stati  
Viva agli d'i liberi.

As the celebrated young actress and author, Miss Kemble, is to appear in this new world, and commit her talents to the scrutiny of strangers, we cannot do better than append a notice of her from the *London Quarterly Review*. It closes a long article on *Francis the First* and will at this period be read with interest.

[illegible]

flowing from the pregnant mind with the utmost rapidity, can only flow from that mind which is concentrated upon itself, and is abundantly stored with treasured thought, with knowledge of nature and of the human heart.

How high Miss Kemble's young aspirations have been—what concepts she has formed to herself of the dignity of tragic acting—may be gathered from the following extract, which this bright soul must maintain herself, or soar a still bolder flight. The turmoil, the hurry, the business, the tact, even the celebrity of the stage, she has all at once rejected, and she has returned undisturbed retirement within her own mind, which, however brief, is essential to the perfection of the noblest work of the imagination—genius tragically. Amidst her highest successes on the stage, she has been able to find time to devote to the study of a woman a still higher part has been laid. She must not be content with the fame of the most extraordinary work which has ever been performed on the stage, she must have the reputation of not to describe her *Francis the First*—with having aspired as yet to the foremost rank, not only of living actors but of modern actors. She has been able to find time to devote to the study of earnest for a long and brilliant course of distinction, in the derivation of all but unrivalled talents to two distinct, though of equal capacity, to the revival of the draining glories of

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE F. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, AND NATHANIEL F. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1892.

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It is one of the advantages of authorship, however, that even *Paris*, by yielding prolific subjects for the pen, may be made a source both of amusement and profit. We experienced this the other night, when returning from a day's sojourn, the travellers' baggage being deposited at the Hotel de la Ville, in this city Albany. Fancy us, good reader, you know (er, for we have been heard and glove with yoo for so long a time, you ought to know), our *sly practicals* for comfort—or harmless pieces of epicureanism on a small scale—not enjoyment of a momentary nature, but such as would last—*"slow"* and *"low."* We have eaten, on occasions, betrayed too many of our secret tastes and antipathies, and have been rated sometimes by anonymous correspondents, (those familiar, invisible creatures) for preferring a cold submarine through a heavy curtain to one that was hot and steamy; and we have been called "snobs," because (when even the captain confessed was "*slow*," the wind died and against us, a hot night, numerous passengers, the engine heaving and working laboriously, with a regular and heavy impulse, that jarred through the massive vessel with jerks and shocks like little earthquakes, and which had already begun to oppress the passengers, who were standing on their eyelids.) A hundred or two travellers had been almost "*turned in*," and we were ushered below into

[illegible]

Hitherto he had endured with the sound of a rushing, regular stream, hasting onward over a deep channel—now it was the brawl, clash, dash, hurry, and discordant confusion of the same stream, as if the water were mad, and the rocks were angry as the water. The noise of the rushing stream had been a lullaby to his soul, and ceased altogether. They were waking on a new world, for this relief, when a terrible voice from the berth directly beneath announced no trouble. It was some one—whom, we knew not, and we never knew his name, but we were glad to hear of it. It was good to see, like ever before, his friendship, who belonged to a different world, and who was not of the same world as we were. We heard it, as if from a man cutting wood. Hark, hark, hark—we heard it at intervals all night. The last gentleman, in the opposite part of the room, now put in his claim as a sinner. He had been a sinner, and he was a sinner, and he was a sinner. We laughed outright, and inwardly resolved to find the fellow out, and see what he was like by daylight. He played on some time, and then finished with a sudden combination of sounds and words, and then he was gone. He was gone, and he was gone, and he was gone. His exit reminded us of those pretty creature's creations to be seen at Nibbel's, Castle garden, etc. which were round and round and round, and then explode with a phish and a bang, and then they were gone. He was gone, and he was gone, and he was gone. There was something in this gentleman's snoring which touched our feelings. A fine spiritized fellow he was, we thought. Full of life and animation, and not inclined to hide his light under a bush. He was a sinner, and he was a sinner, and he was a sinner. In conclusion, we cannot say. He left a dead silence, and his disappearance we almost lamented. We should like to know, however, whether any law can be put in requisition against these snorers, or why we have not the right of punishing a snorer in the night's old den, by each pompous display of nasal ability

✶ The letter on the subject of cholera, which we publish to-day, develops many new and valuable facts, not touched on elsewhere. It will be perused by a large class of readers, with unmingled interest. The accomplished author, from his high rank among the most experienced and distinguished physicians of the country, and the unremitting assiduity and success with which he has sought to alleviate the horrors of the trying period, now, we trust, rapidly drawing towards a close, is entitled to more than a passing notice and gratitude. A theme so momentous is of itself a sufficient apology for occupying even a yet larger portion of our journal; and we are gratified in being the first to present the world with the views entertained by Dr. Francis upon the New-York cholera.

## DEEP MID THE BATTLE'S RAGE.

SUNG BY MR. BRANAM AT DEURY-LANE THEATRE—COMPOSED BY CHARLES R. HORN.

**TROMBA SOLO.**

Deep mid battle's rage, where trumpets blow  
ing, To death heroic call'd, Each heart conquest glow - ing Where dan - ger rode the storm, I be -

held thy banners thy beauteous form, There with a guardian's love, Like an an - gel fair, Dear Annette, thy was near me, was near - me! Mid the bat - tle's rage to

cheer me, Dear An - nette, thy voice near - Mid battle's rage, battle's to cheer me, the battle's rage to cheer me, the bat - tle's rage, to cheer

me, was me, the the rage, me.

**Cres.**

5. When thundering cannons played,  
And slaughter's sword is gleaming—

Where crimson carnage saw,  
With eyes like meteors beaming,

There one scrupl'ous  
FIND my ear, my ear alone! Dear Annette, de-

## MISCELLANY.

**DET.—**Some people always have a "bet," which they put in by way of off-set to any recommendation which they may give of persons or things. Ask them what sort of a man Mr. B. or Mr. C. is, and they will tell you he is a clever, or a smart, or an honest man, "bet." We were not long since highly amused with this trait. Inquiring of a certain man the character of his neighbor, "why," said he, "he is a pretty fair, clever sort of a man, bet—hem." "But what?" "Why—hem—why he feeds his dawd old horse on pumpkins." "Indeed," said we, "you can have no serious objection to that, if the horse has not." "Why no, to be sure not. He is a clever man enough, but I'll be darn'd if he will ever set the river afire."

**TURTLES.—**A person speaking of the tenacity of life in turtles, asserted, that he saw one which had its head cut off, open its jaws six weeks afterwards.

**THE CROCKERS.—**It is said to be a fact, sufficiently authenticated by observation, that those persons in Paris who have taken newspapers and paid their subscription, have escaped!

## A NON-DRIGHT JUDGE.

An idle lad, who lack'd employ,  
Was full of wanton tricks,  
And playing with another boy,  
At throwing stones and bricks.  
Judge R., by age a little bent,  
Rode by, and felt some dread;  
For one large brickbat scarcely went  
An inch above his head.  
"You bear me, lad, I hope, no grudge,  
My blood you might have spill'd;  
Were I (said he) an unjust judge,  
I surely had been kill'd."

**A THANKFUL ROGUE.—**Sir Walter Scott meeting an Irish beggar, who importuned him for alms, the great unknown not having one, gave him a shilling, adding, with a laugh, "Mind, now, sir, you owe me a sixpence." "Och, sure enough," said the beggar, "and heaven grant you may live till I pay you."

**EPITAPH IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.**  
Here lies my wife, without bed or blanket,  
But dead as a door nail, heaven be thanked.

A person once telling an extraordinary story to render skeptical hearers, one asked the narrator, "Sir, if you had not seen the circumstance yourself, could you have believed it?" "Indeed," replied the other, "I could not." "Then," rejoined the first, "you will excuse me if I don't believe it neither."

**SOBRIETED REPLY.—**A poor fellow rescued, half drowned, from a river, was asked to take some spirits and water. "No, I thank you," replied he, "I have had water enough already, I'll take the spirits alone."

**FACT AND DIFFERENCE.—**"At the Cape of Good Hope," says a traveler, "people die very fast; but the sheep have remarkably large tails."

The battle ground at New-Orleans has been divided into lots and sold. The amount received for seventy-four lots was one hundred and twenty-three thousand seven hundred dollars.

A little nonsense, now and then,  
Is relished by the wisest men.

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No. 10.

## FROM THE PENMAN—BY THOMAS B. BROWN, Esq.

In short, the chances seemed all in favor of poor Meams's escape, from both the honor and horror of this preternatural marriage, when, one morning, to the confusion of the doubters, and the utter astonishment even of those who had pretended most confidently to expect such an event, it was announced at day-break, from all the minarets of Eshfah, with beating of gongs















## THE CHASE.

A BOUND FOR THREE VOICES.—ARRANGED BY E. WYVILL, SUBJECT SELECTED FROM FERRARI.—NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

A south-erly wind and a cloud-y sky Pro-claim it a hunt-ing morn-ing; Be-fore the sun rises a-way we fly, Dull sleep and a downy bed mourning.

To hear, my brave boys, and away, Bright Fa-vor-ite hills is a-dorn-ing. The face of all na-ture looks gay, 'Tis a beau-ti-ful morn-ing lay-ing morn-ing.

Hark, hark for-ward, Tan-to-re tan-tan, tan-to-re. Hark, hark for-ward, Tan-to-re tan-tan, tan-to-re.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## THE LITTLE HAND.

BY A. SHERWOOD.

TEW wak't, my baby boy, from sleep,  
And, through its silken fringe,  
Thine eyes, like violet pure and deep,  
Glims'd forth with azure tinge.

With frolic smiles and gladness meek,  
Thy radiant brow is drest;  
While fondly to a mother's cheek  
Thy little hand is prest.

That little hand! what present wilt  
Its history may discern!  
Ere time its tiny bones shall knit  
With manhood's ones we stern.

The artist's pencil shall be guide,  
Or spread the snowy snail;  
Or hold the plough with rural pride,  
Or ply the sounding fall!

Through music's labyrinthian maze,  
With thrilling arid ruse;  
Or weave those tender, tawny lays,  
That honey wine from love's

Old Coke or Blackstone's learned tome,  
With weary toil explore;  
Or run the lamp in classic lore,  
Till midnight's watch be o'er!

The pulse of languid sickness press!  
Or such high brain gain  
As, in the pulpit raised to bless  
A pious, listening train!

Say, shall it find the cherub'd grasp  
Of friendship's fervid clasp?  
Or starting, feel the serpent's clasp  
Of treachery's serpent fold!

Or, link'd in hallow'd union, blest  
Of changeful love benign,  
Press some fair infant to the breast,  
As thou dost cling to mine!

But oh! my Almighty Friend,  
From whom our being came,  
Thy dear and powerful hand defend  
From deeds of guilt and shame!

From cruel war's discolor'd blade,  
From withering poverty's pain;  
From dark oppression's dreadful shade,  
And from the miser's gain.

Grant it to dry the tear of woe,  
Wild fury's course to stay;  
The aims of sympathy bestow,  
The righteous cause maintain.

Write wisdom on the wing of time,  
Even mid the morn of youth,  
And, with benevolence sublime,  
Dispense the light of truth;

Discharge a just, an useful part,  
Through life's a uncertain maze;  
Till, coupled with an angel's heart,  
It strike the tyrant of pain.

## THE BAY AND THE BATTERY.

The poet may praise his evergreen bays,  
Or their beads will more taste 'mongst the Turks;  
But I think the bay, that all others, say,  
And the bay of all bays, is New-York's.

La Fayette came from France, in the mails to dance;  
And, though there'd been no war lately,

They proved by the act this remarkable fact,  
That in peace they've had faults on the Battery!

It has been a green bay, from the poetic day  
Of the tribes of Marshakots and Mirages;  
Which the houses will show, for you'll see all the row  
Are built with green bays and grey windows.

There are fish in the bay, though they've now swam away  
From the fisher's diabolical look;  
But although of late they won't nibble a bait,  
I'm told the fish bite—of the Model!

If the truth they allege, Gentle spirits will a bridge,  
While they're sporting their fish in the odings;  
They've good taste, I must say, to get out of the way  
Of your cholera, cancer, and colic.

If any one doubts the facts they give out,  
"Drop a line" by some Walton admirer;  
If the messenger go, we shall very soon know,  
For a Governor we've sure a dispenser.

Oh! 'tis sweet after noon, when all business is done,  
To see the dear creatures are sun-down,  
Stroll over the Battery, enjoying the fatness,  
That tells them they're next door to London!

Though they're eyes far more bright than the fire-fly's light,  
Yet their heads are feather'd like arrows;  
Beneath lean by their side, which they easily guide,  
Down the broad-way to glance at the Narrows.

And the trees as they go bend their most graceful bow,  
These bouquets of five flowers to greet;  
And even the new grass, where the dear creatures pass,  
Show they've 'all the young Muses at their feet.

As the Battery runs, it has no need of guns,  
For their smile is its surest artillery.  
And the joy to be near it will raise far more spirit,  
Than glory or Hodge's distaffs!

It seemed strange first to meet, on rails in Wall-street,  
Where democracy's taken for granted,  
A request for a king, or what's just the same thing,  
A board stating "average" wanted!" C. L. F.

## TO THE MUSE.

Maid of the lyre!  
Whose tone was wont to kindle in my breast,  
The altar flame of thought, the vision dressed  
In hallow'd fire!

Whose gentle beam,  
When fond romances inspired my youthful hours,  
Sweetly as Cythra's smile on silent snow,  
Illumed each dream.

Ah me! how oft  
In soaring fancies' varied wanderings,  
I've caught the nightingale's murmur of thy strings,  
So wistly soft!

They ever fell,  
Touched with a mingling odours sweetly dead;  
A strain that seemed to breathe upon my ear  
The spirit of far-well!

Ah! fly me not;  
I've lived upon thy echoes, held communion  
In converse with those I must all so soon  
Be lost, forgot!

Sweet maid! I would,  
And with a lover's fervor wish emul-  
Canst thou forsake me! once again beguile  
My solitude.

Ah! come to me,  
Breathing the magic of thy fairy spell!  
Once more around me cast thy holy spell,  
Bright poetry!

## A SUMMER SCENE.

Faintly the dim sun shines through ferny clouds,  
The woods around with varied calls are ringing;  
A drowsy calmness all the scene enshrouds,  
Through the clear sky, as allows, their swift way winging,  
Momentary glance, then 'scape the idle eye.  
The air is still and warm, yet faintly,  
Rustling the tall grass, comes the fresh 'sling breeze,  
Rippling the quiet pond or whispering  
The leafy forest through, its gently breathes  
Coolness and perfume o'er me. Murmuring  
Their song of bliss upon the sunny lake,  
Arching their wings, breathing the infant wave,  
The water-fowl their pleasant way now take,  
To where you willows in the water late  
Their pendant boughs.

Now in the cool fresh shade,  
By a tall chestnut's spreading branches made,  
I lay my idle length the grass along,  
Lulling me, with vacant ear, the joyous song  
Of some sweet bird, who, midst the leaves above,  
Merrily sings, and lives his work of love;  
Or, with half-closed eyes, the white clouds viewing,  
Which gently, through the air, their way pursuing,  
Sail slowly by. While play the breezes now,  
Cooling at times with frequent breath my brow,  
Wistfully midst my hair. Faintly I hear  
Far distant sounds, which, into one uniting,  
Strike with melodious chime the pleased ear,  
A still and dreamy happiness exciting.  
Forgetting all the world, I give my mind  
To idle fantasies, which throng in crowds,  
And quickly pass, nor leave a trace behind.  
I mould to fancied shapes the misty clouds,  
I bring loved times and scenes again around,  
I hear sweet music in each faint low sound,  
Till 'swept by fancy's wind, with a sweet reverie  
I feel and think of nought save my own happiness. N. W.

## SONG.

BY JOHN MALCOLM.

How sweet our native hills appear,  
First bask'd from foreign shores!  
How sweet the blending smiles and tear  
Of friends, beloved once more!  
And sweet is music's melting fall,  
The raptur'd heart to move;  
But, oh! how sweet, more dear than all,  
The gentle voice of love.

"The sweet to muse on days gone by,  
And o'er them shed a tear—  
For, 'e'en in sorrow, there's a joy,  
Than other joys more dear.  
Sweet are our waking hours of mirth,  
Sweet, friendship's truth to prove;  
But far beyond all joys on earth  
Is that of early love."

## LINES—TO DECAT.

Methinks I view thee, ruthless conqueror,  
Thy universe thy dim and mouldering cave;  
Thy bed the wreck of things that wondrous were,  
The mighty dust might strive in vain to save!  
Unstaid com' when with thee ever came  
Creation sinks beneath thy tyrant law,  
And art and nature find their common grave  
Within thy weariness, consuming man!  
Man, and lo! of what does vanity declare—  
And as if he hears his dome of dust—  
The demon laughs, and smites him from his lair.  
The proud, the meek, the vernal, and the just,  
All swell the eternal change, of atoms into dust!

F—D.

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NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1832.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## THE YOUNG SIOUX

Deer hidden in the forest wild,  
 Where yet the savage wander'd free,  
 A manly Sioux boy beguiled  
 The hours beneath a tree ;  
 And gaily, in his native tongue,  
 A wild, unmeasured lay he sung.

Its theme was love, yet none was near,  
No sunny maid to list the strain,  
And save my own, no other ear  
Might know the stoic lover's pain;  
Yet, as to please some secret thought,  
This story of his flame he wrought.

"To-morrow, on the Pawnee trail,  
Sweet Mamee, must the warrior go;  
And I must hear his woman wail,  
And tinctly use the banded bow;  
And hurl the spear, and lift the knife,  
And win or lose the forfeit life.

"I gild me that the time is come  
To win among the tribe a name,  
And in thy tent, no longer dumb,  
To tell thee of my bosom's flame;  
Nor whisper, when the path is clear,  
What thou shalt deem a terrible fall to bear."

And 'mong my people thou shalt be,  
The youthful warrior-hunter's love;  
And he shall shout the dier for thee,  
As bounding through the shrubbed grove  
With head erect, and hoof of steel,

He turns the shrinking sand to feel.  
" And 'neath the gentle summer sky,  
With me in valley and in grove,  
Sweet Manné, fearless wilt thou fly,  
To see the herded bison rove;  
While, with an arrow from my bow,

"And bring thee from the morning chow  
Unhurt, the young and spotted fawn,  
Which proudly at thy feet I place,  
The skin from living leopard drawn;  
Torn from him with a warrior's art.

"And thou shalt make the moccasin,  
 And well repay the hunter's deeds,  
 When thou hast wrought the red-deer's  
 Worked with thy many-color'd hands  
 Most fine a chief, when from the west

### THE RETURN.

Thou'rt welcome to my heart,  
My own sweet bird!  
Thou'lt ne'er again depart,  
My first preferred!  
'Twas eleven all the day.

And voiceless things would see  
"Alone! alone!"

When sad I op'd the door,  
And gaz'd around,  
Where cheerily before  
I thee had found,

All desolate our cot!  
The silent hearth  
Its busy blaze forgot,  
And all its mirth.

How often did I trace  
Our flowery walk;  
But ah! the chiefest grace  
Had left its stalk.

The simple little flower  
I loved so well,  
In some far distant bower  
Was gone to dwell.

I could not trace thy track,  
But prayed a prayer,  
Some breeze might waft thee  
My flower, my fair!

Now then again art home,  
My own blue-bell;  
My own sweet bird is come,  
I loved so well.

And long the day shall be  
E'er thou wilt part,  
To roam again so free,  
From my fond heart.

man, for he did not think of this. Perhaps it was sufficient that his people did. The very evening after his ordination he was inquiring of a lady, who had, I confess, passed the silly age of eighteen, concerning the character and talents of a neighboring minister; was he not a very fine man, and possessed of genius?

In perfect innocence Melville admired the correctness of both observations, making no personal application, but other days were yet to come. Invitations to dinner and tea crowded upon him, heads of families shook him by the hand, the village beaux grew jealous, and the village maidens gathered to his meetings. And yet how vain! The minister made no choice, but seemed resolved to eat his people out of house and home in the doing of

How could he be otherwise? When even a note simply and briefly written to a lady in his society, requesting her to take a class in his Sunday school, was answered with great haste, and very ready compliance on pink paper. It was in nature to smile, and he did so; then glancing at the prosaic name, Mary Bailey, signed below, murmured some other indistinctly, blushed slightly and turned away to the window with a mingled expression of curiosity and aversion. What was the reason of his indifference?

solatium, that sometimes haunted him. There was a recollection of a sparkling blue eye, and a winking smile, and the silvery tones of a young and innocent maiden thanking him with the overflowing warmth of a grateful heart for saving the life of her companion, a laughing boy, who heedless of her remonstrance, went too near the edge of a rude projecting rock, and in another moment would have leaped from its summit into the water, had

moment tended to deepen the feeling; certainly Melville remembered the circumstance long after it occurred, and feeling that he had then met his kindred spirit, the somewhat ludicrous idea of falling in love with a young lady, whom he knew only by the name of "*Caroline*," as her brother had called her, never struck him. There is a communion which one gifted mind holds with another, to which those of a commoner nature are strangers, yes,

had made every possible exertion to see her, it had been all in vain. Two long months had past since his settlement, and though in that time he had visited every family in his parish, attended every social circle to which he had been invited, and sedulously sought the face of his lady-love under the shade of every pretty bonnet that was seen in his church, he had not met her, but remained in his state of primitive ignorance. Perhaps this con-

a musical cadence, which is not found there, and midst common shapes his eye has gazed earnestly for one loved and beautiful form, which is not seen there, Melville, tired of the dull realities of common parties, common greetings, and common people, and with the full intention of waiting the good pleasure of fortune, and letting patience have her perfect work, he resolved to renounce driving out, and eschew taking tea with any one, and to

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1939

ORIGINAL TALES.

"Would you then hear a story of true love?  
Sit down and listen."

The wars of Grenada had now for some time been over—the Moors expelled forever the delicious country, in which these elysium had, perhaps, been quite too long placed, and but for the strife and wild adventure which followed the settlement of the new world to Spaniards, the whole kingdom of Spain had been a more serene, and at that time, a more unbroken and unbroken quiet. The busy and busy of the had ceased to keep away its cities; and the spirit-stirring blast of the trumpet gave way at nightfall, to the gentler, and more delicate, and softer sound of the guitar.

"At evening, by some melancholy maid,  
To silent waters."

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

This was answer enough, a 'God' anathema; and boiling with indignation, yet taking with undiminished ardor and love, the worthy knight hurried home to his castle, immersed and buried in the utmost despair and tribulation.

The indifference, not to say ill treatment of Don Juan Leterra, was as not enough however to efface from the mind of our hero the many and deep impressions which it had imbibed in favor of that capricious beauty. The very spontaneity of her rejection, while it necessarily increased, could not fail, by the seductiveness of her prelude, inurser, to lighten in severity; at least it gave an added charm to her loveliness in the grace of its expression. He now thought more of the coquettish creature than ever; and the apprehensions, indeed, the now seeming certainty of her loss, threw him into a fever, which was, of course, duly and professionally heightened by the great number of his attending physicians.

[illegible]





was sportively asked by Judge Corbin, "Who is that *even* you have got in the bill among the poets?" To the first of the audience's answers, and in direct contrast, and with an air of smugness showing his reading, "Oh, sir, he is one of our poets."

As an actor he deserved great praise, and so at that time the delight of the New-York audience. From *Adrian to Dionysius*, from *Vapid to Story*, he was the favorite, and an excited and warm applause. His *Harle* was good. He had cultivated the art. He sang both serious and comic songs, from the *Hamlet* Tower to the *Highland Rose*, no one played so much as Hodgkinson. He had played in the secondary theatres of Scotland with Cooke and Mrs. Siddons in a variety of parts, and with Lewis and Mander, Miss Parson and Mrs. Wells. Such waste man and the actor brought from England by John Henry to supplant Wiggin in the favor of the public. But the poisoned character was manifested from the first. All these characters which had been long considered as the property of himself and partner were usurped by the new comer, and the two kings were not long left in possession of the thrones they had refused to leave. Thomas Wiggin. Such are the deceits of "even-handed justice."

Among the recruits, Mrs. Hodgkinson was only second to her husband in consequence. She had been born in and educated for the stage. She was the daughter of one of the most eminent Comedians and the Haymarket. The first time the writer saw her was in 1783, at the Haymarket theatre, London, as the page in the opera of the Noble Penelope. Hodgkinson became acquainted with her at Bristol, and brought her to New-York, where she was employed by Bishop Moore. She was a sensible, pleasant and good wife. As an actress in girls and romps she was very excellent. In high comedy she was far above mediocrity, and even in tragedy she possessed much merit. Her talents she was teaching in a powerful degree, as her singing gave her advantages in that character which tragic actresses do not usually possess. Her forte was opera. From her father she had derived instructions; and her husband's practice on the violin continued to improve her in knowledge in this branch of her art. Her voice, both in speaking and singing, was powerful and sweet.

Mrs. Hodgkinson was very fair, with blue eyes, and yellow hair approaching to the faxen. Her nose was prominent or Roman, her visage oval, and rather large, but not coarse, which was below the middling. Her general carriage on the stage was suitable to the character she performed; and in rump, full of archness, playfulness, and girlish simplicity. As a general actress, she was valuable in female as her husband was in male characters.

## UNOWNED ARTICLES.

[A copy of verses entitled the "Declaration," which appeared lately in the *Mirror*, and was "going the rounds," is erroneously attributed to Mr. Hallock. It was with several other pieces we have occasionally published from the same pen, written several years since by a friend, and transferred from our common place book (where it was copied from the *American*) into the pages of the *Mirror*. Upon finding the same oversteer of things forgotten, we find ourselves by the same hand for a number or two more of what we have chosen to entitle as below, *Eds. N. Y. Mirror*.]

## HUMORS OF A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.

SUBSCRIBED.

### RETURN TO HIS NEUSE, BY A BRISKEFEE BARBER.

"To dall to sit from nine till six o'clock  
To watch for business as a chance to fall,  
With snuggled curls when dress is carelessness knock,  
And on your speeches choose your vanity call.  
To break the wretched words of deep despair,  
That courses n'er the soul no self-deceit."

Yet when "the breasts and beam-like thieves come in,"  
To stand on's thoughts from many books a way—  
(A kind of irony)  
They will thy thoughts to thee, my muse, convey;  
For thou hast been, since first I served in rhyme,  
A faithful recorder of my own decay."

But like the rest of thy dear sex—who never  
My lavish'd homage did to many plays—  
At least to one, I forget if ever  
I had one misadventure in my day—

Thou, lady, hast me of my youth beguiled,  
Nor yet upon my opening manhood smiled.

But who that *er* Love's witchery has known,  
Can call his love a dream, or deem it vain?  
Nor wish to call it heavenly smile his own—  
Its aid and lustre can with calmness trace,  
Can hear our angel voices of 'twining tone,  
Nor trembling own their spell when'er alone.

And who, that once, in dear delirious rhyme,  
Has reached ecstacy, or vented sighs;  
Or with its magic hand has drawn the life  
Of some bright hours, the weary waste between,  
When they were to life and living pain,  
Till when in length cold time we sleep no more.

Who, that hath known the fascinating spell,  
Then, fairy Muse, exact round thy votary thrave,  
Which with its breath can charm the heart's will,  
Can give the rainbow's hues to all below—  
Can cease reprints in new thrilling strains,  
With all the power of *Bombon* or *Frégence*.

Power! I've dreamt of thee! what boy has not!

Where beats the heart upon its curious ball,  
And soars in ecstacy at the sweetest call—  
That *er*'s has leap'd at glory's chariot-wheel—  
But *er*'s of the reason burning with has known,

To array an empire, or to spend a day,  
To do what proud mind—although ambition's weed  
Willings the rasket in the robust soul—  
To spend his mind, when *er*'s has been lead,

To do what Party would abjectly, told,  
A service having a wreathed soul,  
Which he competes with *er*'s and foot with foot.

Alas! my country—must each patriot own  
That need not, prophetic bard, to sing—  
That where daimon's dragon-tethers are worn,  
Thy discords' armed myriads will spring.

That even now, thy consecrated earth,  
Waved by freemen's tread, is giving birth  
To state, which'd fail with destruction's blast,  
The Union's fabric—the Egyptian base,

Where sovereign states, majestic columns stand,  
Upheaving each, in collision chain'd,  
One mighty structure, one stupendous dome,  
Freedom's proud temple, liberty's last home.

But, shall the subject has been too well handled  
By Tony Hayne, as *er*'s did to Mr. Hallock  
And Walter, who both look and Maud called  
Like ladies in his arms, are felt them fall.

For when I leave my native land, my friends,  
I touch upon this question, being one, content to  
Light Fairy's torch at *er*'s willows' chaste'd fire,  
To see the Forest of the North, and all spring.

Two bright strains from gentle Bryant's lyre,  
Or with arch *er*'s *er*'s piquant muse conquest—  
Or else of my own brain forms the drummer,  
And least out rhyme like those, who—

### "END OF THE MATTER."

"Light as love's alchemy, the silver mist at moon  
Dance in loose folds along the limpid rill—  
The bluebird's notes upon the soft breeze blown,  
As high in air she curls, faintly quiver,

The creeping birch, like lanterns a light gleam,  
Bends to the stream, its graceful foliage leaning,  
Bedecked with dew, the with-its branches stirred,  
And the wind, from the forest, is a light gleam.

And from the spring spray the squirrel's gaily leaping,  
And the birds, from the forest, are a light gleam,  
And the wind, from the forest, is a light gleam,  
And the birds, from the forest, are a light gleam.

I have these, spring, for thy scenery, are  
The birds, from the forest, are a light gleam,  
And the wind, from the forest, is a light gleam,  
And the birds, from the forest, are a light gleam.

Love the splendor of thy sunset skies,  
Glad the perfume of flowers, and the sweet leaf,  
Lovely as beauty's cheek, as woman's love too, brief—  
Love the note of each wild bird that flies,

As on the wind she pours her perfume,  
And wings her eager flight to summer clouds away.  
Oh, nature! still I fondly turn to thee,  
With feelings fresh as *er*'s my bygone's we're,

How ever cold my restless brain may be,  
To thee I still the same devotion bear,  
For life's changes yet my feelings will to thee  
Lead me, as to his office, as to his office.

It is who fed by right prescriptive there—  
(Though even they change yet find they would not lose)  
Every happy change yet find they would not lose.

## DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

### PHRENOLOGY.

At this period, when the public are so anxiously making the lecture which it is generally understood that Dr. Spurzheim intends to deliver among us, we presume the reader will feel acceptable the subjoined facts of the doctrine of the "Naturalist." That useful and really interesting work furnishes in addition a page of plates illustrating of the *Science*.—*Eds. N. Y. Mirror*.

Phrenology (from *phren*, mind, and *logos*, science,) is also called *craniology*; the doctrine first systematically exhibited by doctor Gall, the physician of the faculty of the human mind, and particularly of that portion of it which is enclosed in the skull, and composes what is called the *brain*—hence the name *craniology*, from *cranium*, the skull, and *logos*, science. To give another definition, "phrenology is the study of the faculties, the organs, and of the organs by means of which they manifest themselves, but it does not enable us to predict actions." The origin of this branch of physiology, has been too deeply upon in the account of its author, to permit of our observations in a work entitled *Anatomic et Physiologie du système nerveux en general et du Cerveau en particulier*, (Paris, 1804 et seq.), and illustrated them by numerous engravings in folio. The chief points of his doctrine are the influence of the brain in the organization of the body by which the mind of man exerts its activity. It is, however, not active in all its parts in every act of thinking; but, as every sense, every organ of motion, and in general, every function of the body, has a particular nerve, or set of nerves, as movement, or every operation of the mind, each of these organs, each of these organs has a separate part of the brain for its organ, which is indispensable to it. The strength and size of the nerve, are in proportion to the power of action belonging to this organ.

The size of the trunk or base of the brain of a child, is not large as man's. Man's brain is more complex than that of any other member of the whole animal creation. It not only unites all those organs which are found singly in the brains of other animals, but has also others which are not found in them. The skulls of

men exhibit great varieties, as well in the quantity of the brain, as in the elevation of certain parts; and observation teaches that the better the organs are distinguished, and the greater the circumference of the skull, and the greater the elevation of the brain, the more elevated, that is, by a greater mass of brain at those points.

In youth, the period of development, and the time of the formation of the dispositions, the whole brain has a tendency towards expansion. If the support of a young adult is taken off, the brain forces itself out, and cannot be pressed back into the same space by replacing the part of the skull: with an old skull, precisely the contrary is observable. The functions of certain parts of the brain are different from those of the rest of the brain, and each other, and those parts of the skull which cover them, are distinguished by peculiar forms. The brain is a convolution of organs. The point of union of all the nerves must be considered to be the point of the spinal marrow, and the brain joins in the neck at a spot, by pressure, and the whole of the nervous system is easily killed. Part of the nervous system descends as spinal marrow, gives out nerves to all the organs of the body, and is distributed at last entirely into nervous ramifications. The second part ascends into the cavity of the skull, gives out branches to the cerebellum, and diffuses itself in the form of rays, through the whole mass of the cerebrum, or rather composes it, leaving, however, in four places empty spaces (the ventricles). The variety of functions is expressed by an equally great variety in form and color. The organs of the brain are double. The whole mass of brain may be divided into two equal hemispheres, and singularities take place only where those organs are supposed to exist, which are different from the rest of the brain, and common consciousness; hence, if an organ is one part in defect, the other part may still be active; so that the function belonging to them may still be performed; as one kidney may be wanting without the other being affected. The organs of the brain. Those organs which are found in all animals provided with a brain, (such as have the most immediate connection with the maintenance of the vital energy, are situated towards the base of the skull; but, as the organs of the mind are multiplied by the addition of organs of more elevated faculties, these are situated towards the top of the skull, and are found towards the upper and outer parts of the brain. In similar way, the increase of some parts of the brain shows itself by enlargements by the others. The skull itself is in a passive state, that is, it forms the basis of the structure of the brain, and does not press on the brain, it is a healthy or natural condition; for the brain exists even in the fetus, before the formation of the skull. It is then only surrounded by the hard membrane called the dura mater, and the brain is in the cavity of the skull. The bones of the skull consist, in adults, of two laminae, between which lies a marrowy deposit. Nevertheless, the two laminae are every where parallel with each other, except at a few points. According to the doctrine of the phrenologists, the brain, says the phrenologist, has shown that particular elevations of the skull allow us to infer a great development of the dispositions or faculties belonging to the organs under those protuberances, that is, that, when all the organs of the brain are more elevated, (as in Wiedman's head), the skull forms no abrupt elevations, but as even arched. The observation of men in different situations, and with peculiar dispositions and faculties, and of the skulls of such individuals, anatomical-phrenological investigations of the brain, and particularly comparative anatomy, with peculiar reference to the disposition or faculty by which particular animals are distinguished, and to the peculiar character of their skulls; pathological phrenology, or persons suffering in the brain or the mind, as of insanity, idiocy, imbecility, or persons whose limbs have been injured by external violence, experiments with animals (not as frequently cruel ones,) by wounding or destroying certain parts of the skull, &c. furnish the facts on which phrenology rests its means of ascertaining the faculties of the mind, and the parts of the brain belonging to several faculties and dispositions. These, as far as they can be ascertained by observation of the exterior of the skull, are, of course, only such as are situated towards the top of the skull, and are, therefore, the most, and towards the centre, may, indeed, be conjectured at present, but can only be ascertained by continued study. Whatever may be the opinion respecting phrenology, it is certain that the brain is a very important organ, and that its functions are highly remarkable; and Gall's law is not, as some have asserted, imaginary, and founded on materialism. From time immemorial, it has been known that men are born, not only with different faculties of intellect, but with different degrees of strength of mind, and with true both of single individuals, and of whole nations, and the phrenologist only strives to find the organic cause of these differences, which is as innocent as to ascribe peculiar dispositions to the influence of climate. The phrenologist does not say that these dispositions cannot be overcome, but he says that they are, as much as the mind, and that the mind is not so permanent as the mind; but that mind affects are much more difficult to some persons than to others. The individual organs, according to the classification recommended by Doctor Spurzheim's: "New Phrenological System," published in 1804, are as follows:—1. The mind, as we perceive it, if it exists in one kind of animal and not in another; varies in the two sexes of the same species; is not proportionate to the other faculties of the same individual; does not manifest itself as much in some individuals as in others; is not so permanent as the mind; but that mind affects are much more difficult to some persons than to others. The organs are divided into those of the *proprietor*, the *sensitives*, and the *intellect*.









## THE LAST GREEN LEAF.

A BALLAD, NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED IN AMERICA—POETRY BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.—ADAPTED TO AN OLD IRISH MELODY.

WITH FEELING  
MIZZ. CREO. DOLCE.

The last green leaf hangs lone-ly now, Its summer friends left the bough; (that) with-er'd one by one, The last flowers in the sun. And so it is with

us to-day, The hour is dim, and we must be gay, We'll old songs a gale, and yet We're lost friends last we met.

But could we meet one now return, And view us here, he would discern Some hint that gives the goblet's brim, To hide the sigh that's breathed for him. We do not meet to banish thought! Yet, though regret will come unthought, We will not waste, in sighs of grief, Life's lingering joy, the last green leaf.

## MISCELLANY.

## SONS TO MABEL.

BY JAMES HERRICK KNOWLES.

Ye're my ain, love—ye're my ain!  
 Forme sue fair lip or dear money;  
 Bravae sue true, no good, love, hane!  
 Ye're my ain—my dear—my bonny!

Hae we lo'd and liv'd the gilder,  
 Lik am sweeter than sin last!  
 Ye're my ain—I hae sue o'er!

Shall we make the ne woe twa!  
 Runnens in the power that's o'er us;  
 Bloomy summer's scarce awa—  
 Mallow autumn's a' before us;  
 Long 'tis then till winter, dear!

Curses wi' thought's smile and greets us,  
 For't the close—let, far or near,  
 Ye're my ain, where'er it minis us!

DAVID WILKIE.—The genius of Wilkie is at once original and national. The tranquil, and searching, and sarcastic spirit of the North is visible in all his compositions. He seldom rises into the region of poetry, and he has no visions of angels ascending and descending. His heart and hand are with domestic life; and in scenes of household happiness or sorrow he is unrivalled. He has the excellence of the Dutch school, without its occasional grossness,

and he has added a tenderness and pathos of his own, which lift his works into the region of perfect purity and elegance. His journey, is, indeed, remarkable; not the detour alone which avoids what is offensive to modesty, but that nice perception of character, which avoids whatever is broad, staring, and unrefined. His journey seems akin to that of Allan Ramsay; and he has the same graphic taste, and the same skill in delineating ordinary life, which distinguished the author of the Gentle Shepherd; while the freedom of his touch, and the fascination of his grouping, remind us of Burns. On all his early compositions, his native land is impressed very legibly, and we love him for it.—Since Wilkie painted his first pictures, he has travelled in France and Italy, in Germany and Spain; and the character of his later works bears evidence of foreign lands. He has painted Pilgrims at Rome, and Patriots in Spain; and had he not done so, we should before, we should have witnessed his new productions and his change of style, as we wish to do to rhyme all the works of our benefactors. But we think on the Blind Fiddler, on the Village Politician, on the Rent Day, or on the Reading of the Waterloo Gazette, and the Wishing the Post of Male or Female Pilgrims, the Hymn to our Lady, the Siege of Sargasso, and the Patriot's Counsel of War, fade away before them. Yet there is great beauty of grouping, and nice sense of character, and the most exquisite simplicity, and rich depth of colour, in these compositions, and we are not sure that they are not the best of his works. But our heart is so intensely national, that we cannot feel their beauty as we ought. We lament that such a

spirit should squander its strength on Italians and Spaniards, and leave so many scenes of home-land joy, and humor, and seriousness, unembodied. Why should he seek abroad for what he can find in abundance at home! Every village abounds with character; every glen has its little coterie of peasants and politicians; the rustic at the plough, the shepherd on the hill, the weaver at his loom, and the blacksmith in his forge, are all characters, after their kind, modified by circumstances and education. To one acquainted with the freestone enjoyment, the rustic delights, the amusing abundance, and barmie as follows, of the agricultural population of the island, a thousand pictures present themselves, embodied with the original spirit and feeling of Old England. Our national poetry, too, is full of images of grace and beauty; and the songs of Scotland alone contain more scenes of a domestic and chivalrous nature than the whole Royal Academy could embody in a century.

LEARNED COMMENTARY.—An old London paper has the following:—"A. B. has been physician: is not split with an f, Terence has lost: Shakspeare never wrote a tragedy called *After Cornwall*. Piers is right: if one man, without provocation, knock down another, it is an assault—See Blackstone, or any well informed attorney. Jethus has been misinformed: young Banks does play at piquet. R. C. B. means 'knights commander of the bath,' and not 'knights of the cold bath'; neither does R. A. mean 'rather awkward,' but 'royal academicien.'"

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

FOUR DOLLARS PER ANN: SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED AT THE OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, THE NEW FRANKLIN BUILDINGS, CORNER OF NASSAU AND ANN-STREETS. (PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

No. 13.

## MISSOURI, THE CAPTIVE OF THE PAWNEE

He was not long before the pursuers came upon their ban and the signs of the enemy. The cya of Enemaya soon perceived, and his quick and awakened spirit did not delay in pointing out the danger. He was the first to start up, and, without making time to a surly by which they might lead the waters of the creek which ran across their path, he gained greatly upon the Pawnee. They came upon them suddenly and unexpectedly, and the Indians were so taken by surprise that they were unable to put out their sentries, and, though not dreaming of assault, were unprepared to encounter it. They were sitting upon the ground, not in a group, but scattered here and there, at intervals of some distance, in the open prairie, and in the long matted grass of the prairie, and a few were entirely surrounded to the cya of the pursuers. The Indian maiden lay around between two of the most powerful of the men—their chief and his brother. The latter was the first to rise, and, with a shout, he saw that the captive who held all her misfortunes, yet knew how to bear it. It was a night that did not permit of a single moment's consideration with the young Enemaya. With a single bound he was upon the Pawnee, and, with a shout, he saw that his party had concealed themselves, and by this exposing the other party, destroyed the chance of a surprise. He beheld his return too late to amend it. The Pawnee leapt to their arms, and, with a shout, he saw that the Indian was not alone. He was not alone, but he was not alone. On the first exhibition of his person, he was met by her long hair, and raising, their knees to











As any in his record. How will't read,  
With "Vasco Nunez de Balboa," to write  
"Colon the admiral"—"world-finders both!"

The magician paused a space, and in his eye,  
Where brightness, strangely mingled up with  
Wore an appalling lustre, not unlike  
Such as our dreams for spirit forms provide—  
A darker shade, a deeper, sadder hue,  
And, it might be, a large but single tear,  
Unbidden gather'd. Calmly then he spoke.

"My son, at Pales, by the contrived walls  
Of Le Rabida, your old mother dwells:  
I saw her, when we last departed thence  
On this adventure. Not to the unknown  
The father sent her, but to the known  
Already knows to glory—no man call  
Words from their fellow-men! And 'twas her  
To speak of you as all the country spoke  
Of, and to tell of you as all the world  
Nor were it kind to do so; but your speech,  
And ravish'd by the subject, when she grew  
Wild with imagined triumphs and great applause  
All the gallantry of her heart, her heart  
And all the gallantry of her heart, her heart  
I did not tell her that she eyes in vain  
Would, till the sunset, o'er the waves look out  
For her son's carcass. I did not say,  
Nor did I tell her that she eyes in vain  
That all your triumphs were to end at last  
In a wild dungeon, and a bloody grave."

And ignominious scaffold—  
 "Nay, start not—  
 It is my grief, as 'tis thy destiny,  
 That I should mourn for that I must foresee,  
 And thou escape not. Harken, then, awhile.  
 Thou wilt remember, on our voyage out

I traced thy fortune. Thou dost seek of me  
 In features, but thy quest I still withstood,  
 And would not let my eyes thy face behold.  
 And happy moving thy no more thought,  
 Too much do dwell upon it. But with me  
 I grew a settled squire. From my art,  
 Of which in praise I speak not, when I say  
 I have been a soldier, oh, I longer live  
 Thy varying fortunes. Ever and anon took  
 Whether in peace or war, in court or camp,  
 In ease or peril, I beheld at large.  
 I saw thee trace thy journey to the wild—  
 Thy each reverse—thy fall, full success,  
 And all the vicissitudes of life—thy fate  
 Incessant to our feet, proclaim'd thy fame;  
 And to the daring soldier gave the praise  
 Of calm forethought, deliberation, war;  
 And an intelligent sense, that all conform  
 To the great end of life, and that we are no more  
 So far, the fortune I have traced, I fear I'm

"What more, what more?" impatient, then the chief  
 "Asked of the aged man." "Let me know all—I  
 do esteem thy art, and well belovest  
 Those lovest me as thy son. Those wilt not speak  
 What thou'rt not wont to hear; mad, well I know,  
 That thou'lt be angry if I deliver thee.  
 May guide my wilder'd bark, and bring it safe.  
 Speak then at once, nor thouk that at thy speech,  
 Though fearful be its form, my soul shall quake,  
 Or my knees tremble. Let me know it all,  
 That my bosom may be free from any fear.  
 However vain the struggle, as becomes  
 A son of Spain, a warrior of the wild,  
 A spirit prone to combat with the seas,  
 And brave them at their wildest. Speak, old man;  
 Thyself thou thought'st to rescue, and let my fortune stand  
 Before mine eyes be witness'd."

The magus spoke:

When in the gutter darks thy fate I read,  
In vain remembrance drowns thy guilty shade;  
I saw thy bans and baneful influence,  
A sinew start that quarter'd is the heavens  
From earth, with which thou art too true;  
All false malign upon thee. It was then  
I sought thy secret power, and early read  
Thy will, that I might know thy hidden deed;  
It kept its forge strong, though thou wert afeard  
To show the furnace; but I saw the fire,  
And where the evening hangs her golden hair,  
O'er the sun's chambers, shone thy lurid fires,  
And from the east thy blood-red banners flew;  
And death, a bloody, agonious death,  
Was gather'd in thy charge. That hour's at hand—  
The torch is kindled, and the flames are true;  
From all communion with its fellow lights,  
Where, with undimmed lustre and angry beam,  
It burns alone, its fiercer flame is burn'd  
And, as exulting in the near approach  
To the destruction of its victim, takes  
The radiant hand that kindles it, and burns  
That to the eye of mortals seem to stare,  
Yet are but flames that feed its fiercer glare;  
They are not of the clan with which they roam,  
Their light is not like those which burn around,  
But of the same; and, as the flames are true,  
They hold a fearful power o'er earthly things,  
Man, and the worlds about him. O'er the earth,  
And all that dwell there, they have power;  
They have their moods, and bitterness at will  
With all God's works, they seek for their annoy;  
They have their will, and they will have their way;  
Ere to succeed, as with thee, this hath done,  
That, when they hurl them down to the abyss,  
The habit of the earth is all their own.

The gentle lights of heavenly providence  
Shrink from their foul contagion, till they stand  
Apart, and from the rest all separate.  
Some they precipitate from their high sphere,  
Leaping into their place; while the dethroned,  
Extruded in the depths of all their light,  
Find there a dwelling-place, to their new case  
More apt and fitting. Such pow'rs have these  
O'er men and stars, as they do err and shroud,  
O'er freedom and oppression, o'er the robes  
Of sweetest hangings sell, and thou art mark'd  
Its victim, surely—all thy triumph bought;  
Thy spoils for other spoilers, and thy deeds  
Naught valued, nothing doing for thy life,  
But all against thee. Jesu be thy shield.

Ere many days, and he, who at that hour  
 Beheld himself—by all the world beheld,  
 That here, born for conquest and renown,  
 Should thus be doom'd to bleed for half a penny!  
 The moral was common in the east,  
 The utmost height of his unbounded sway,  
 And glorious triumph, far beyond compare,  
 Among his kindred, his friends, his foes died—  
 Here, duty and a fated fate,  
 Closing a perious life of many toils  
 And true adventure. The magnificient dream  
 Of conquest and of glory, he could not dream  
 So vast his spirit's horizon, he could not see  
 Beyond the narrow limits of his fate.  
 Saw from his airy pinnacle, the new  
 And boundless shores he conquer'd, he, the brave  
 The gallant in warfare, where his arms were  
 Prolong'd, and his eyes, and his feet, and his eyes.  
 To weep his fortunes, not a single arm  
 To do his nature justice, and redress  
 His wrongs, and his fate, and his fate, and his fate.  
 The world be conquer'd, yielding him—his day

EXTRACTS FROM A MANUSCRIPT JOURNAL  
OF A TRIP TO PARIS, IN 1821.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

The *Palais de la Tulverie* (at present uninhabited) unites with the opposite extremity of the Gallery of the Louvre. To the east it fronts on the *place du Carrousel*, and to the west on its own coiled garden. In length it is one thousand and eighty feet and breadth one hundred and eighty. It was commenced in 1561, and after going through the forms of progress, it was completed in 1789, and has since been the scene of many changes. In France, it has finally been destroyed by Louis XIV. It is chiefly memorable as having been the scene of many revolutionary enormities in the "reign of terror," as also the last hold of Charles X. Its destruction. It was taken on the last of the "three days," and its completion was the last of the "three days." It was the scene of the first prepared life for "liberty" who understood the meaning of "liberty" just as well now as they did then; and who, so far as I can judge, are as little satisfied with the death-bought treasure as if they comprehended its import, or were physically capable of appreciating its blessings. Republican institutions and changes must be wrought before they can be safe in France. The lower classes are yet what they always have been; one of the major events of the last forty years have essentially ameliorated their condition; and one need but refer to the days of the "three days," to learn the result of their once more coming into the world.

I am aware that "the world" has discovered in the "moderation" of these last July patriots, overwhelming proof of all the cardinal virtues—they would seek the proof in vain elsewhere!—and, certainly, if the premises, as laid down, be correct, the inference is just, that the populace of this city have amended since the bloody period referred to. But the truth is, very important (pro) particular of the late struggle was exaggerated, and embellished in all the glowing embellishment of poetry and fiction. I shall say nothing of the taste of a certain New-York celebration, which, I think, will long be memorable, but briefly dwell upon the facts in the case.

Sudden and unexpected as this revolution was to the majority of mankind, there were, still, master-spirits in the matter who encouraged the whirlwind and directed the storm; who were used by oppression, and, fortunately, governed by principle. The final edict which caused the temple to burn, was, the edict of restoration upon the press—did the robber, not one in a thousand among the people, know the meaning of the word? Did he know the meaning of the word who knew its bearing, and so interpreted it to a mass of people who were always predisposed for havoc and mischief, that they rose in the strength of their strength, with unperceived tokens that "confusion was their portion, and the sword their law?" It remained for those who *ex-acted* them, to be prepared for their success. As for the "modern-ism" of the day, it was a mere accident, and a mere accident, even this was suppressed—the story never had *any* side, and it was suppressed. I think great stress ought not to be laid upon it. To the best of our power, and on the field of battle, men are not wont to commit *any* error.

[illegible]

cesses; they wait until the fatigue of the combat is past. If on the fifth or sixth day, "moderation" is displayed, it denotes the egotism it has received. But how was it? *A garde-nationale*—then, and once since, a bulwark to the nation in her hour of peril—was organized with a rapidity exceeding even the revolution itself; a rapidity which evinced what the "knowing ones" thought would be the consequences of delay: that, it appeared, did not estimate so highly the vaunted "moderation"; and while the combatants pined, astounded at their success, and from not having within themselves any definite purposes of action, the bayonets of sixty thousand citizen-troops told them in a language not to be mistaken—"thus for a while thou go, and on farther."

To resume a subject from which I have digressed farther than I intended: in point of architecture, the palace of the Tuileries is immeasurably behind the Louvre; all the bed styles seen so far in the world are inferior to the Louvre's; and, in the matter of several other prepossessions, I should decide in favor of the Indian and Dutch, which are blended with special felicity in the two wings. The interior, however, is magnificent. The profusion of the furniture, the richness of the hangings, the brilliancy of the splendor of the furniture, paintings, tapestry, and all the appointments of royalty, really bewilder one, and make him doubt whether he is of this world or not. Where there is a sensation of the sublime, there is a feeling of the ridiculous. It is difficult to recall particulars; but I was somewhat struck with a colossal statue of Peace in massive silver; and, considering the material of which it is wrought, wish to make this an exception to the rule, that the more precious the material, the more trifling the sculpture. The bed of Napoleon seemed to possess more identity than any ordinary memento of that remarkable man: there was more of his presence, as it were, in this relic than in any other; he had been lying on it, and it was the scene of the dreams that he dreamed on it, and the soliloquies to which the walls alone were witnesses, must be guessed by those more curious than I. I placed my foot on the steps of the throne—how

The garden of this fine palace is celebrated all the world over. The gaiety and fashion of Europe may be seen here any fine day after two o'clock, and truly it is an imposing display; but descriptions of the garden of the Tuileries have already been multiplied. Half of its area is occupied by sixteen squares of immense trees, each containing about two and a half acres, and divided by gravel-walks nearly as wide as Broadway. The ground is otherwise ornamented by large and beautiful beds of flowers, orange-trees, statues, and fountains. Royalty could not have made, our fashion chooses, a more delightful promenade. Its form is a parallelogram, half a mile in length; its breadth corresponds to the front of the palace, one thousand and eight feet.

[illegible]

Great expectations were raised in the public mind by the royal ordinances which declared the twenty-seventh, twenty-eighth, and twenty-ninth days of July "*dies days feriens*,"—what some people would call a "languid" *dies*. I was quite desirous of drawing out the first of these French and American holidays, and for the first time to graduate from the "languid" to the "lively" anniversary celebration. I found, however, that a holiday is, after all, but a holiday, happen when and where it will; and, as the twenty-seventh is usually designated as the day of the celebration, it may well be supposed that the pleasure was all in anticipation. One peculiarity was soon observable, and it was highly honorable to the national habits of France. Throughout the three days of the celebration, during which time the whole populace, not only of the city, but of the suburbs, and even of the villages, the streets by thousands and tens of thousands, *have no occasion of interpretation, are one of high words and fighting!* I was surprised to find that the French people, who are so generally supposed to enjoy themselves—that was the object of the day—so much with bright and laughing countenances, were rationally and quietly regarding the idiosyncy of spectacles prepared for their enjoyment. They were not so much interested in the display as I had adapted to the tastes of the lower classes, which could afford little amusement to ladies and gentlemen, whether as readers or spectators. It sufficed to say, they were ingeniously arranged, and they were ingeniously arranged. I was surprised to find that the people always acted out in New York upon our own nation's























## LOVE NOT.

THE WORDS BY THE HONORABLE MRS. BORTON—ARRANGED FOR THE GUITAR BY SOLA.

Love not! love not! ye hapless ones of clay, Hope's gayest  
No! No! perish from the gay and gleaming  
The silent stars, the blue and smiling  
beam on its grave, no once upon its  
earth. Love not! love not!  
No! No! change, Love not! love not! the thing you love  
The only life no reason in smile on you, The kindly beaming eye grow cold and  
strange, The heart still warmly beat, yet numb  
Love not! love not! Oh warm! yet said, In great misfortune, as in years gone by,  
The head, (or die) Faded! immortal, still they change  
Love not! love not!

## Original Plotting.

Or all defenders, there is none comparable to the actual investigators. It permits no flimsy, it is features, singular, formulas; and once at a loss to find any point, which, in a proper sense, may be considered reasonable. Clarity is the severest shield, tougher than that of Ajax, and Achilles, if vulnerable, only in the foot. For this reason, when it is important, as it sometimes may be, to contend with and encounter it, the most usual, and, indeed, the only way, is to provide a weapon, which, in the contest, will yet not have the effect of conferring upon it more than its habitual significance. This distinguished non-encounter less assailants with creatures of their own class—moral monsters whose skulls may be cracked without any appreciable loss of brains, and whose characters may be impeached without their suffering any forfeiture of caste, or any degradation of condition.

It is a strange and difficult task after all, to determine upon glory and say what is truth in it. Ascent Great was the patron of poetry and the arts, and has accordingly been placed by their professors, at the head of refinement—himself the very zenith of civilization. Yet what was he but a scoundrel, who betrayed and proscribed his friend, the patron Cæsar, consenting to his murder as a condition of his own elevation; who behaved in a manner both cruel and cowardly at Philipp; and with a degree of mean secrecy would have conspired to betray his chain to Rome, greiving his chariot wheels to a triumph which he had never sold enough to merit.

The Hindu geographers, according to Mr. Ward, have found, among other seas, the following: viz. the sea of sugar-cane juice; the sea of spirituous liquors; the sea of clarified butter; the sea of curds; the sea of milk; and the sea of sweet water. What a collection! No wonder the reverend geographers from whom we quote, so measured of the country which produces so many luxurious seas (see).

Certain stars, according to the astronomers, withdraw themselves from view when they become "diminished bodies." What an apt likeness does this fact present to the condition of the soul, which, passing through a sphere of brightness is forever removed from the gaze of all, that, of the earth, is earthy!

The tenacity of love is a topic of current observation. It survives all its kindred. Love and hope are called twins by an old writer. They are, properly speaking, Roman twins, since in most cases they are found inseparable. Even should love survive hope, he carries the decaying kinsman on his back, and death follows his lopping off. There is another idea of an old writer on this kindred, which may be better rendered into verse.

Let the young peasant, that, from the breast  
And like the new corn, has its own  
Thus love, the child, they and hope, then  
He perishes both being pruned, yet loss on

This verse is imperfectly rendered, and such life may be imperfectly compared to that of the young girl of Florence, who, without being aware of the nature of the dish provided by a jealous father or husband, we forgot which, perished of her lover's heart, and refused afterwards to taste of anything more. Love surrenders to hope, changes his character entirely, and is known only in the guise of another of the family called Despair.

The *Naperville*, the most beautiful of all the kinds of the forest, known in the southern states, or, indeed any where, is said, on being carried away to other countries, to lose their marvellous powers, and sing no longer, as at home, where they are well known and delightful warriors. If this be true, and we have heard it stated with unqualified confidence, how much does it occasion, it conveys, by way of lesson, to the more exact understandings of our race? The assertion, true, if doubted, is sufficiently well founded for the purposes of poetry; and the poet would not be uncharitably employed in bewailing the loss of speech in a brother minstrel.

## FROM THE NEW GEM.

Two elements have ever in my way,  
Warning, divided; in my heart, a few  
Threats, at once, destruction to my way,  
While in my eye, perishing floods have way.  
Ever long, between the sea and I am captive,  
Unless the flame the opposing sears shall rout,  
Or, they more powerful, put the fire out.

Ben Jonson says, somewhere in his *Discourses*, that praise never is art well but that of heretofore; the reason here given for which, is that the brave heart is no flatterer, and will throw its praise as readily as his groom.

The science of numbers, or rather the casual arrangement of numbers, so as to form to some purpose considerations in amount and substance, was much pursued at an early period in the details and discoveries of science. It is related of the ingenious Kepler, that his distresses almost amounted to temporary insanity, on hearing of Galileo's discovery of the four satellites of Jupiter, as it overrode a favorite theory which he had established in his mind, on some supposed relationship between the system in music and the planetary system. He had rather overthrown the stars than the system.

The children in this day, was not so productive of alarm among the people, as was the kindly presence, in old times, in Great Britain. We are told by Ennius, that, in the reign of Henry I. the peasants and farmers, when hearing of the king's approach, deserted their dwellings entirely, and did not venture to return until fully assured of his departure.

All barbarians, according to history, are descended from gods of one kind or other, if we are to put any confidence in their own accounts of themselves. Thus aristocracy and the love of a high title is born along with us; and if we grow with our growth, and are strengthened with our strength, it certainly does so without violating the primitive habit of nature in this respect.

All arts continue to improve and flourish, but the art of love! The thing is a matter of taste, taste, or calculation; and if one time was to produce an artist, he would never be popular, unless he took up the craft of an auctioneer.

An author who desires to leave a name behind him, which the world "shall not willingly let die," should it is a disconcerted man. He should never rest satisfied with the labor he has gone through, and the laurels won; and what is Alpe continue to rise upon Alpe in the pathway before him, does he not feel with Hamlet, that "Rome's beyond this?"

There is one particular in which all the writers upon the character of woman perfectly agree, and in the love of every—they list their rules. Tacitus, speaking of the sex, says cynically, "their predominant passion is the love of man; and in the creature they know no bounds." Tacitus is half right, but then we must all confess, they make the prettiest tyrants!

The ancient Greeks whose achievements in morals and manners, from which come the polite and fine arts, are admitted on all hands to form the model of most perfect symmetry yet known to humanity, appear to have put a very different estimate upon the value of the drama, as promotive of these virtues, than we and our times. Plutarch tells us that the tragedians of Athens of some half dozen castles of Sophocles and Euripides, was greater than that incurred in defending all Greece against the barbarians. The Greeks knew that the very finest, and they seem well to have understood to what extent the popular nations were morally depraved upon the amusements furnished them. The Greek drama, allowing for their belief in the special deities, furnished a school of the most perfect morality, and looking back to their times, and into their economy, it will be a matter of some difficulty to say in what respects we have excelled them.

Hope is the jewel of the destitute,  
The only jewel growing dim the last. [time,  
Saved from all wrecks, kept through the longest  
And in the perilous night, what all in gear,  
That one and shed the heart and undimmed beam,  
Lingering with clear and undimmed beam,  
Above the couch of death and to the last!

In affairs of honor it is somewhat difficult to determine upon whom the responsibility of the challenge rests, and how much more of discussion has arisen from the circumstance. Mulla, an old writer, in a regular treatise upon duels, and trial by battle, referring to the tourney practice, says it is as a general rule, "he who is given to give, is the defendant; as, if A says B a traitor, and B answers he is false, A must insist on the duel."

Mr. Adam Ferguson, in his Essay on Civil Society, gravely insists that a man has been always different from man. This difference does not prevent him from being at times mistaken for a beast, for we find, as peculiarly distinguished, "he will give the American answer to the earlier invaders of the country, that it was thought necessary to him to resource to a papal bull, in order to induce them to consider him a man."

The first college of which we have any record or definite notice, was established at Parna by Aristotle, a benedictine monk.

Embellished with Fine Engravings, and Music arranged with accompaniments for the Piano-forte

FOUR DOLLARS PER ANN: SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED AT THE OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, THE NEW FRANKLIN BUILDING, CORNER OF NASSAU AND ANN-STREETS. (PAYABLE IN ADVANCE)

Vol. X.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1832.

No. 15.

ORIGINAL TALES.

## A DREAM OF THE EARTH

<sup>20</sup> I had a dream, which was not all a dream,"—Byron

My mood is like that German—that is to say, it inclines pre-  
disposely to *diebische*, and with a faculty, which it does not danger-  
ously, at least to trouble, at times, it compares spirits from the  
vasty depths of my imagination, with those of the *Geist* of the  
night, and of those at the bottom of the sea, and of the  
though not over pleasant as empanadas, nor over obedient as  
servants. I find them sufficiently docile for all temporary purposes.  
I have my sprightly elf, dancing for me of a summer night,  
when the bell tolls at midnight. I turn suddenly in my elbow-chair  
to behold a very pleasant looking sort of Merphitichese, looking  
over my left shoulder. Of course, I wish not to be understood to  
think that I have a danger as much as I have a pleasure in  
this. I only mean to say, my idea of those things that  
sometimes come to the half-salt eye, at that peculiar moment  
which is sometimes permitted to most men, when, without know-  
ing of our individual and personal relation, we have a sort of dim  
vision of the world, and of the things that are going on in the  
company than that to which we are usually accustomed. This  
condition of mental excitation, I am not unwilling to admit, may  
be exaggerated by a coal fire—a bottle of London porter, and the  
light of the moon, at the close of the midnight hour, in your  
library made more than a curse.

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

I remember a conversation, which, while under a mood and in a situation like that described, I once had with our great original—under the Duty—the earth. " 'Twas on a summer evening, in my chair, as aforesaid—dinner being over, and the bottle under, that had once been on the table—that I was favored with the presence of this terrestrial personage. Of his make, person, feature, and so forth, I say nothing. Let him speak for himself. So, taking a seat comfortably in the corner opposite, with a grave countenance, and paternally solemn accent, in reply to some of my oblique inquiries, he went on as follows. If the reader thinks it likely he will find the old one as tedious as I did, he will be wise and go on farther.

[illegible]

You will you have perceived if I have not greatly mistaken your character, that the process of life is those portions of my body which are mere instruments, and which are used up, and not returned to the body, and consequently are in a constant use and actual consumption. We are not eternally alive, in all our matters; and though you may think it is no wise complimentary on my part to say so, our wants and necessities, our qualities, and our feelings do not perpetually exist. We depend for our health and our happiness on the assistance of others. We are like the same grapes on the same vine, the same refreshing showers, the same dews, the same cold and hot, and we alike live and laugh under a common Providence. Our moral resemblances are also striking. Here, are not our revolutions, our ups and downs, our sorrows and our joys, our pleasures and our pains, all far less? There is, certainly, but little difference between us; or, whether we look at the one state or the other, we must feel assured that the many varieties of fortune and condition, which make up our existence, tend greatly to its comfort, and the accident of being in one variety, is no more than a passing momentary change in the variety. The scenes of enjoyment, nearly the same with

of youth, when ignorance and discontent do not blind us wholly to its preception, appears in this to have been most graciously consulted. The two grand seasons of the year, from which the lesser and more minute and unceresive divisions are derived, are here so judiciously and so happily blended, as to neutralize the influence of one another. As the warmth of summer departs, the cold, sharp, and freezing winds of October strengthen and invigorate; and when winter, in turn, grows troublesome and fierce, its snows are agreeably broken in upon by the sun's rays, and the genial influence of the spring breeze. May, possibly the best of all the months, is here so judiciously and so happily blended with the summer, that the greater severity and showers which attend on them, alone, like the gentle children of an august sire, for the severities of their rugged predecessor, and cheer the languid spirits of man and of many a tree, not, in this, strong sympathy between us? Do we not feel, in the softness of the breeze, the influence of the spring, common under the prevailing influences of these changing seasons? Your winter woolens are not more thick and warm than the snows which in the same season I wrap about me; and do we not, in the pleasant spring-time, dress myself in the very same woolens, in the same manner, which garnish the beautiful fur, when I breakly you robe—

Here I put my hand upon the old fellow's mouth. What a tale. He promised to say nothing further about that, and I suffered him to proceed.

"Still further," said he, "and the analogy here is of the most striking description. The decay of the plants, the flowers, leaves, and trees, stores my bosom with a rich, renewed, and second principle of life; as with you the death of the annual man gives freedom and full exercise to the hitherto confined principle of immortality, which makes all that is worthy or valuable in his original formation.

[illegible]













established, and a failure there, so long as he adheres to the sphere for which he is so happily qualified, must only render him more and more certain of his success. He has been the subject of Nimrod Wilder, Mr. Hackett came forward and addressed the audience, as nearly as we can recollect, in the following words:

"And gentlemen—As I am about to leave this country for an indefinite period, allow me to drop the character I have assumed, and take this opportunity to tender my sincere acknowledgments for the liberal patronage and uniformly kind indulgence which I have received from New-York audiences, and to express my regret that I have not been able to do more for the advancement of my theatrical career. On these boards I made my debut; and here in my own, my native city, my humble efforts have been met with the greatest encouragement. These facts are the more gratifying to me, as I have been able to do so much for my dear friends the cheering boys, that whatever may be the result of my experiments on the other side of the Atlantic, whether my prospects are to be crowned with success, or blighted by disappointment, I am a few friends more, and my feelings are more warmly attached to my return. Ladies and gentlemen, wishing you all health and happiness, I now bid you a most respectful farewell."

The Kembles have concluded an engagement, which forms an interesting era in the history of the American stage. They have lately brought to the theatre persons who have been for years strangers to its walls. The retired and the gay have sat side by side, and gray hairs are once again by the curly forehead. We have hitherto spoken often of the Kembles, and have said—

"Your hero, Louisa's hero, every body's hero,"

and subsequent observations have sustained our favorable opinion. The trivial faults then noted here, in a great measure, disappeared. She seems now every way more excellent, and a greater situation has befitted her. We predict and hope that she will continue to be successful, and that her talents and her good sense and her force and her beauty, her humor and seducing grace, and, above all, the splendor which her highly cultivated taste and intellect shed over her representations, are such as cannot fail to give her triumphs on our stage. We predict and hope that she will continue to be successful, and that her talents and her good sense and her force and her beauty, her humor and seducing grace, and, above all, the splendor which her highly cultivated taste and intellect shed over her representations, are such as cannot fail to give her triumphs on our stage. We predict and hope that she will continue to be successful, and that her talents and her good sense and her force and her beauty, her humor and seducing grace, and, above all, the splendor which her highly cultivated taste and intellect shed over her representations, are such as cannot fail to give her triumphs on our stage.

The character of the audience has most improved lately, yet still there are not a few persons who are unworthy of a refined people. Gentlemen will wear hats in the boxes, even before ladies, and a few obtuse bonnets continue to flap in all parts of the house. Noises interrupt the performance, and we do not seem to have any police at all to keep order. We mention these things because a reformation is loudly called for, and it must be owing partly to the manager, but more to the good breeding of the audience. Wearing a hat before a lady is a most unbecoming and unbecoming thing. A man who is a lord has none the privilege of wearing his hat before (we believe) King George the Third, and arrogantly did so once in presence of a female company. The king rebuked him with a spirit which we would willingly among our friends. "You may see," said the monarch, "wear your hat without offence before me, but you forget we are also with ladies."

As for those worthy personages, who can vainly destroy the effect of a finely acted scene, dry us, we fear, beyond repair. They are thus those coarse clowns, who will deride a man or a picture from a natural entity to what is good and beautiful. We can only recommend the better informed, when sitting near such persons, to guard their pockets. Watch, if ever, must be then in danger.

#### THE ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday last the company of Italian comedians performed at the Richelieu Hill theatre, with Rossini's *La Cenerentola* (English, Cinderella). This opera was announced as one of the finest productions of Rossini, and about to be brought out in its original splendor and purity. La Cenerentola is one of the most beautiful of the Italian operas, and, although it contains some rare gems, is very inferior to either the *Barber*, *Tancrède*, or *La Gazza*; nor do we think it equal even to *Il Turco*. The English version is superior in every respect, both to the original and the music, and it is well worth further commentary, we might add, that its translation from Cervantes to Berlin, *malgré* its want of purity, and the fact that every body crowded to see it at the English theatre in London, and at the same time literally deserted it at the Italian opera,

(although Malibran, favorite as she is, was the prima donna), is proof enough of the relative merits of the pieces. We hazard the opinion, that the Italian version is not so well adapted as judiciously adopted by the managers of the Italian company, wherever they may be; and although we are disposed to do that company every justice, yet we are not inclined to yield to mere popularity, and we reserve for their merit alone; nor are we among those who receive as conclusive the opinions of persons who, by dint of a little piano-forte playing, an affected and pruned mode of singing, Italian music, without knowing the language, and with a more knowledge of a full score than of the Sanzetti, with a quantum of musical accompaniment, pass for critics. These people are the nightmare of musicasters, and ride the ignorant with the most oppressive weight of their own folly. Having thus premised, we give the distribution of the

Primo Tenore .....	Rossini .....	Primo Tenore .....
Secondo Tenore .....	Erasmus Orsini .....	Secondo Tenore .....
Alto .....	Erasmus Orsini .....	Alto .....
Basso .....	Erasmus Orsini .....	Basso .....
Chorus .....	Erasmus Orsini .....	Chorus .....

Chorus of women, &c.

Then follow the names of the gentlemen of the band:—  
 Maestro Director of the opera .....

Maestro Director of the Chorus .....

Maestro Director of the Orchestra and first Violin .....

Violoncello .....

Violoncello .....

Violoncello .....

Violoncello .....

Violoncello .....

Violoncello .....

Violoncello .....

Violoncello .....

Violoncello .....

Violoncello .....

Places; as a singer he is no better than Righini—as an actor not half so good. The chorus, although not numerous, was excellently correct and effective.

What shall we say of the ladies? The gallery of the citizens of New-York is so remarkable, and their feeling so kind towards the fair sex, that we really believe, as critics, we shall be pardoned if we omit this matter short, and let the curtain fall upon La Cenerentola. The ladies were all very beautiful, and, therefore we will not be severe; but this we do say, that the directors or committee, or whoever selected these opera for a commencement, should not guide our funds, when we volunteer such a poor judgment as we have just given, to be displayed. Why institute a comparison with the opera so high in favor with the New-York audience, while that comparison was sure to be triumphant? The prejudice is very strong to believe in the superiority of the English stage, and the Cindersella of Austin and Hughes, the Prince of Wales, and the Baron of Floride, are ringing in their still. Call you this management!

Certain applaudments in the band now claim our notice. The clarionets are good; the bassoon inferior, (his solo in the overture abominable) the trumpet equally so; the first horn excellent; the flute weak; the trombone cannot be sufficiently praised, and the way in which Clifford, in his solo performance, overtook the defects of the prima donna, was gallant in the extreme, particularly in the following "Non più male." The double bass and the trombone are in themselves a bore. The quality of the first oboe we do not like; it is harsh, he has no grace, it is true, but the tone is not agreeable.

On the whole, the band played tolerably well, and had some general idea of the merits and demerits of the performers, it only remains to mention the execution of various morceaux.

The opening air, by La Cenerentola, at once disappointed the audience—the trio was poor—the quartet rather better—the duet, with an accompaniment recitative, commencing, "Tutto è deserto," rendered in the English version, "All around is waste," on the part of Montecarlo, was so given with good taste, though not equal to a better business. The quintet, commencing "Un parlo e qual," which is well known as the finale to the first act in the English version, and is rendered "My lord, deign but to hear me," was disappointed.

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#### THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE P. BROWN, THIRTIETH ST. ST. AND NASSAU ST. N.Y.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1850.

Dr. Francis's letter on *Chloris*—This essay on one of the most appalling subjects that ever struck the public mind, has been received with warm approbation by our readers, and many commendations from the various journals of the Union. Some of the most interesting are copied in this week's column on its merit, but without naming the source whence it proceeded. This is unfair, as well as unbecoming. We respectfully solicit from our friends more attention to our interests, as the success of a journal depends on its reputation. It has been republished nearly in a pamphlet form.

The *Atlas*—This excellent weekly journal has lately been much improved, and new presents additional claims to attention. It is a valuable family periodical, full of concise view of what is going on in the world, and conducted with much spirit and ability in every respect.

Wizards Ho!—The new work, from the pen of one of the most able and popular American writers, is just received, but is too late as a hour for a reading this week. We shall point the earliest opportunity.

Spain—Spain—The king of Spain, accompanied by a numerous suite, arrived at Liverpool on the seventeenth of August. His presence created great excitement among all classes, and the hotel where he was quartered was constantly surrounded by a large concourse of people anxious to catch a glimpse at his high majesty.



TABLE III

No. 16

that "she did not forsake the courtly damsel of that age," and, well, indeed, did the angriest majesty of her person, coupled with the dignity of her mind, qualify her for a royal bride. Athelwold had signified his intention to depart the day after his arrival; having, as he said, the execution of a mission in another part of the kingdom; but the morrow and the day after passed, yet did the duke show no signs of continuing his journey. A week flew,

















**THE NEW-YORK MIRROR:**  
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FOUR DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

Vol. X

ORIGINAL POETRY.















## NICHOLSON'S CELEBRATED WALTZ, FOR THE FLUTE,

AS PERFORMED AT THE FINE ARTS TRIUMPH, WITH GREAT APPLAUSE, BY MR. KYLE, OF THE ORCHESTRA—THE FIRST PUBLISHED IN THIS COUNTRY.

THE NAME OF CHARLES NICHOLSON, the composer of the following marches, stands at the very head of his profession in England and Ireland. His sets are in requisition at the Musical Festivals and Concerts in London and Dublin; and he is now, and has been for a long period, first *flautist* of the Italian opera and Philharmonic societies. When Paganini gave his entertainments, after that celebrated virtuoso, Nicholson was the principal attraction. He is said to be a weak, slow, and to be a much-maligned to the instrument of his time, as Herivel was to his telescope. His works are numerous and elaborate, and his popularity well known in both hemispheres. London, for more than a year past, has been vied with the subsequent waltz. It is not only constantly heard in the most fashionable and brilliant circles, but at the theatres, Vaux hall gardens, and the dancing assemblies; and, like the once famous "butter chum," it is sung, hummed, whistled, and ground-on the hand organ, and other collins instruments, by every street in the street. This is said to be because as great a favorite in this country, is evident from the manner in which it is nightly performed at the public assemblies. It has been admirably arranged for a military band, by Mr. Kyle, senior, and was heard it delightfully performed the other day among the Highlands, under his direction, by the musicians belonging to the Military Academy of West Point. We shall publish it next week, for our lady readers, adapted to the piano forte.

Allegretto.

## MISCELLANY.

Original contributions.

## TRIFLES FROM A NOTE BOOK.

## A RURAL SKETCH.

Fate being "the spring is round dry way,  
It's flowers are bright where they forsake dry  
Before the future in light appears.

Clear as the sky of these sad days.

Thou art like a wind that blows hard by,  
To the heart's rich autumn of love reply.

They thrill to the music that leaves there,  
As the young leaves dance in the fragrant air.

There is peace around thee—the leaves above  
Lends down with a beautiful smile to thee.

The clouds are few, and in pomp they glide  
Like a wondrous eagle at eventide.

There is peace around thee—the hope of spring—  
As the summer sun's rays are bright and clear.

The budding aspen on the leafy plain,  
The yellow harvest on hill and plain.

The sun, then brightest one, that earth may be  
A scene of verdure and peace to thee.

Oh, the thoughts of death will inspire no sigh,  
And the spirit, at last, will rejoice in life.

Manliness, referring to Don Quixote, and speaking  
of Spain, says, that it can "beast of our great head,  
which can be a tribute upon the rest." This is the  
opinion of one of a rival nation, and reverently lifted  
it has exclusive admiration of the things around him.  
We have just enough of the Spanish literature to make  
us regret that we know so little, and to feel assured that  
the critic, who then expressed himself, either knew  
so little as ourselves, or was guilty of an injustice  
which his own writings will never cause him.

## SOUL-FLY.

I dream'd, that buried in my father's eye,  
Thou by a woman's lover's side lay;  
And, as an insect a singular shock'd my rest,  
Then, like a serpent of congealed blood,  
I crept, and began to crawl beneath my feet.  
More moans were heard—and, at a distance, yet,  
I heard, sometimes "in a whisper low and sweet,"  
—Proud hearted, that I, seven days would and time  
Have, all my eyes, now they are mine is;  
Then, in my raptures, said that mine is;

## DURAL ARTS.

Art and science are necessary  
None can deny that the man  
There is a great deal of human nature in man.  
Some things are a great deal worse than others.

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Flower, in his history of the island of Malagasy,  
gives us a sublime prayer) and by the people or call in  
vague. (Oh, Eternal, I have mercy upon me, because  
I am passing away. Oh, Infinite, because I am but a  
speck. Oh, Most Mighty, because I am weak. Oh,  
Source of Love, because I draw breath in the grave. Oh,  
Unconquerable, because I am in distress. Oh, All-  
merciful, because I am poor. Oh, Omnipotent, because  
I am nothing."

## AN ALLUDER.

Three children lay beneath a spreading tree,  
Two were young children, and the first that came  
Was called Edward. Love was the other's name;  
The third Euphemia—sweetest of the three.  
And the two struggled for his love and care,  
His loving brother, with eyes, and burning face,  
He felt, and quickly rendered up his life.  
What did the children say? "Alas," an answer  
They cried to love as they lay their bodies,  
And with his hands, they gave, in vain employment,  
To bring upon his life, and when they were dead.

The following is an account of most shocking mag-  
nitude: Ben Brumwell, having learned some money  
of a city dealer, when he returned in return, was  
asked to repay it, upon which he then commenced a  
fired. "He you know what has happened?" "No." "No."  
"My dear's that fellow, Tambling, who lost me five  
hundred pounds, has had the face to ask me for it, and  
yet he told the dog, Tom, and he will tell me all his."

It is a noble trait in the character of Heron, as de-  
scribed by Homer, that he alone, of all the Trojans, serves  
in a single instance, rejoined Helen with the words  
he had brought upon his country. The exception was  
marked an exception, for the devoted wife of Men-  
elaus was rejected to Imperial ears of unknown  
from the Trojan camp, and when they met, they re-  
flect upon the profane wagers of her heart, and the  
murders which her presence provoked around her.

Apollodorus forwarded that Hercules should be ex-  
posed for an infamy. The philosopher, however, let  
himself, inquired, "Would you have me do as  
gully? Hercules and Apollo, may kill," said he, "but  
they cannot hurt me." How common is it to hear peo-  
ple boasting with Apollodorus.

A domestic fowl, at Norfolk, was recently found  
to have existed thirteen days without food or water, con-  
fined to such darkness.

## ATHENS.

"How sweet to rest in calm repose,  
Ere winter's rude air wild and dreary;  
And as earth falls, the eye is cast  
On scenes that leave us sad and weary."

Oh, I would die in autumn, when the flowers  
Have been their drooping heads on nature's breast  
And passing birds and lonely from their towers,  
And leave on leafless boughs the falling snow.

When autumn leaves and butterfly are gone,  
Dance of their warblers track upon the air,  
And one brief day of sunset's golden glow,  
Each note the wanderer's time rebound to again.

Yes, I would die in autumn—with the glory  
Of summer's day-dreams in its bright delirium,  
And the soft glow of a beautiful night,  
Told in the wind that round some leafy shrine  
Then, would I were—and have each's shining bloom  
The fragrant glow of a perfect day.

The flower and leafy bud—all round my tomb  
To sing my requiem to the day.

A country fellow announced the following perfor-  
mance in England: I will drive eight temporary nails into  
the small of every criminal's back; I will drive a nail into  
each ear, and he shall feel no pain.

"I expect," said a young physician, on his way to  
New York, on the breaking out of the cholera, "to witness  
a great many deplorable scenes this summer."

"Cholera," said a friend, "if you get much practice."

Gregory Naxos and Justin Marten say, that  
Annally dressed himself in the Empress, in order to  
discover how it came to pass and her seven times today.

A gentleman of Leeds, in his description of his sing-  
ing wit, says—"She has a tongue that can sing as a rascal."

Translated and revised for the New York Mirror.

## SEASIDE PROVERBS.

To pleasure seek? Nay, gentle Eves,  
None of thine apples I'll receive;  
For him who sleeps his time away  
His property is made to pay.

Beak fast to with, and enjoy to fly,  
Are ever given with a lie.

To loan the good you'd deem, seek—  
Let him who will receive it, speak.

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FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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[PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.]

Vol. X.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1839.

No. 18.

### ORIGINAL TALES.

#### LADIES WHO READ THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

I MUST be glad for troubling you, but I want to make myself agreeable. I want to tell a story. I have a story of my own; but I remember in a foreign country, when I was at Vienna, having read me at an inn where I stopped. It was a dismal day, and the rugos of the house furniture could make out nothing but English, I suppose; for they brought me, after repeatedly giving up the spirit in despair, with an air of great triumph, a battered fragment of—Noah Webster's Spelling Book; upon which I uttered an interjection in their own tongue, which might have been mistaken for an oath; but I had this good effect—it taught them I knew something more than English, and forthwith a volume was produced containing a story in the language of the land. I will repeat as much of it as I bear in my memory; and if I vary or add to the original, which I am very likely to do, you must forgive me, ladies. The story is about

#### BERNATELLO.

The home of Lopez was only a cottage; but it was situated beneath the beautiful sky of Andalusia, in the little hamlet of Jerez, at the foot of the Sierra Morena. His daughter, Isabella, his only child—his delight, his lovely, his darling Isabella—dwelt with him there. He regretted riches only on one account. His lion of them most interrupted the education of his daughter.

"Isabella," said he to her, "I have often rendered services; but as one cannot do more than one can, there is so much in the world as generosity."

"The number of the ungrateful would seem to prove the contrary," replied Isabella. "Ingratitude would be less common, if we were to be appreciated for our beneficence. I have seen the powerful, hemmed in as they are by mercenaries, parasites and adventurers, are interrupted by this mob of slaves. From envying, to virtuous indignation the noble kindness which may relate to virtue, is a long way. We are the only creatures who are obliged to be obligate, before we do them services. We listen to our hearts, and are deceived. You have yourself done this, and more than once."

"I own it. I own it. I was in the wrong."

The conversation was interrupted by a clap of thunder. A rapid storm darkened the horizon. Lopez thought no more of the ungrateful. All resolutions of future caution vanished. He flew to his wing upon the large garden of his cottage yard, that the way-farer might be sheltered beneath his cart-hood from the tempest, whose roar was now redoubled by the mountain echoes.

A brilliant carriage, drawn by six males, at once drove in. Don Fernando descended from it; had his servants and his ladies attend him. He entered the cottage, and the carriage followed. Don Fernando opened it, and Don Fernando passed with a woman, to meet beneath the lovely bearing of Lopez seemed to create an easy surprise; his astonishment, the repetition of his questions, the interest he seemed to take in every thing relating to the old man, stimulated Lopez to tell the story of his misfortune, ending with the moral which his daughter had deduced from it.

Fernando heard him with intense attention.

"By the word of the evil!" cried he, "that daughter of thine is a philosopher! 'We should know the character of those whom we oblige, before we do them services;' and 'I bless the storm,' added he, sternly staring to his eyes, 'which has acquainted me with thee and thine; but I would also have in mind another truth of which thy daughter's philosophy seems not to be aware. We should also know the characters of those by whom we are obliged, before we let them do us services.'"

The words of Don Fernando sank deep into the heart of Lopez. His felt he had at last found one with whom he wished he could exchange situations, merely that he could render so worthy a man a service.

Don Fernando seemed to be animated with a similar yearning towards poor Lopez.

"But, Lopez," said he, "it is not from words that characters are ascertained. We look to actions. From them I would teach you mine. Lopez, I am rich, and I am not heartless. You have bestowed on me the only kindness in your power. Do not be offended. I must not be deceived, till we can be ungrateful. Your fortune must not be denied. I will be ungrateful, to show, to let me be your banker."

"There is nothing I have to wish for, on my own account," said Lopez; "but my dear girl there, though still in the bloom of early youth, has for a long while been interrupted in her edu-

cation. Poor darling, she has no associates of her own age and sex about her—no one to supply the place of a mother. The warmest affection of a father never can make up for wants like these."

"I have an aunt," replied Fernando, "who inhabits Castella with her two daughters, both much about the age of your Isabella. In this family are blended inexhaustible amusements, enlightened religion, deep and varied acquaintance. Deprived of this of fortune, they have nothing to live on but a moderate pension, of which their virtues, the duties of humanity, and the claims of relationship, concur in rendering it imperative on me to force their acceptance. Castella is situated not far from here: just on the skirts of the Vega—a site of surpassing beauty. Go, yourself, to my name. Find my mother's relation. Conclude to her your Isabella."

Lopez, scarcely hearing him out, caught his hands, and bethel them with tears of gratitude. He was not long before Isabella was conducted, by her father, to the aunt of Fernando, from whom, and from her daughters, she received the most affectionate welcome; while Lopez, disabused of his prejudice against the world, regained his cottage, attended with himself and others, and solemnly and seriously reaching never more to think slightly of human nature, and to go often and see his daughter.

One day he was pondering on his recollections of Fernando, on his delicate liberality, and on his profound piety, when, casting his eyes unconsciously around, they rested upon a low tree, where a poor little orphan-dove, left alone ere the dawn had grown thickened to shield it from the evening chill, forsaken; as if by all nature left to perish, lay stretched on the ground. Lopez was instantly on the alert for means to rescue the helpless little victim, when he thought he could perceive that at the sight of the victim, the infant dove ceased her moan, uttered a joyous cry, and stretched her wings like her open book. In truth, he newly beheld, ere long, the terrible bird, greatly descending, charged with a precious load, towards his baby's prairie, and lavishing on her the choicest nutriment, with a devotedness unknown to vulgar birds.

"How good!" cried the good Lopez. "How unjust I was! How blind! I refused to believe in beneficence. I said it was even among vultures!"

Lopez could not grow weary of this touching sight. Day after day he returned to watch it. It opened his mind to sources of caprice and inextinguishable meditation. He was enraptured to see unceasing strengthening under the wing of power—the weak succored by the strong; and the transition from the fast of the day, to the gentle insensibility, in his gentle state, of the day, of one of the rich and powerful, was so natural, that he returned home, blessing Don Fernando and the vulture.

Already had the light dawn on the little dove deepened into a bright, and unclouded, in his gentle state, of the day, of one of the rich and powerful, was so natural, that he returned home, blessing Don Fernando and the vulture.

One day the vulture appeared with the accustomed provender. He eyed his adopted orphelin. The dove that day looked peculiarly innocent and beautiful. Her form was round and full. Her air delightfully engaging. The vulture passed. He seemed for a moment to exult that he had reared a creature so fair. On the moment he pounced into the nest. In an instant the dove was severed from the world.

Lopez witnessed this: he stood amazed and puzzled, like Gargantua, on the death of his wife Badoche.

"Great Powers!" exclaimed Lopez, "what do I behold!"

The former suspicion was surprised that the vulture should have eaten a dove, when only the reverse would have been the wonder. The former suspicion in his mind between his daughter and the dove rushed back upon him. He was almost mad.

"My father," he shrieked to himself, "I also under the protection of a vulture—a great-love—a man of prey—benevolent!"

He ran. He flew. He repeated to himself a hundred times, "I was wrong."

"We should know the character of those by whom we are obliged, before we let them do us services!"

And with this upon his lip he arrived, breathless, at Castella. He found the vulture, as he had left her daughter—

—Merciful Providence!—

### THE CENSOR.

#### THE CENSOR.

No. 117.

More people imagine that wickedness contains safety in the commission of important illegal actions. In their eyes, if a man steal, or commit a murder, he is suitably bad; and if he do none of these things, and steer clear of all similar offences, he is good and virtuous. This is not altogether correct. We sometimes meet individuals deeming themselves irreproachable; and so confident in their own excellence, that they will kneel, and pray to have for punishment on the heads of sinners; yet who, in the domain of private life, where they are amenable to no other tribunal than their own hearts, practice unprincipled cruelty and intemperance. The father who is always scolding and domineering over his helpster children, shaming the remains of their youthful days; the husband who tramples down the feelings of his sweet wife, and disregards her claims to his gentleness, because he has the power to do so; the lawyer whose eager thirst for gain makes him wilfully assist the wicked and the wicked, and because of his power for punishment on the heads of sinners; the man who, in the domain of private life, where they are amenable to no other tribunal than their own hearts, practice unprincipled cruelty and intemperance. The father who is always scolding and domineering over his helpster children, shaming the remains of their youthful days; the husband who tramples down the feelings of his sweet wife, and disregards her claims to his gentleness, because he has the power to do so; the lawyer whose eager thirst for gain makes him wilfully assist the wicked and the wicked, and because of his power for punishment on the heads of sinners; the man who, in the domain of private life, where they are amenable to no other tribunal than their own hearts, practice unprincipled cruelty and intemperance.

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I hang my head, ashamed of my own imposture and insignificance. My companion went on.

Alexander the Great once intended to run a mountain into a great lion's mouth. He was a great hunter, his task was easy, compared with his. By the aid of his millions he might have been the hard grants as he pleased; but the great world will not be so moulted. Those might almost as well strive to fatten the up-heaving sea, or to bring down the clouds, as to try to dip were dipped in heavenly fire, and they thought knifed up in every beam of the pure flame of feeling and virtue, how long, thickent thou, it would burn!"

In truth, "I answered," "could I once so illumine the breasts









for an American; but were you to see him, and learn his valour, ability, and enterprise, and above all, the fond affection with which he cherishes his empress, you yourself would not regret him differently. In the train of officers which followed his majesty were no doubt several of notoriety, but attention was wholly engrossed in discovering the General Disbeitch, who figured in the last campaign against the Turks.

He was pointed out, but we knew him from the resemblance he bears to the portrait in the gallery of generals in the palace. He is a short, thick-set man, bald and gray; rather a sharp countenance, with a vigorous expression, and appears between fifty and sixty years of age. He sealed his good fortune by becoming one of the two who counseled the emperor Alexander to march directly to the gates of Paris, when that subject was in debate after Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. The advice of Diebitch proved to be the best in the end—ergo, he was proved a small fellow. 'Tis something to have seen him, though it was but a momentary view.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

EXTRACTS FROM A MANUSCRIPT JOURNAL  
OF A TRIP TO PARIS, IN 1881.

SYNOPSIS TWELVE.

A MAN who goes to Paris with the intention of seeing a display, chooses the right place for his experiment: but if he happens to go with the intention of making a display, he will certainly be disappointed. Technically speaking, there are as many 'natives' there to be astonished as there are 'visitors'. The 'natives' are the drivers of the cars, the horse in the kingdom: he may burden himself with boots, spurs, rapiers, white gloves, mustaches and diamonds; and exhibit them, most tasteful variety, in the Tuilleries, or at the opera—but two of them will be lost, and the rest will be forgotten. The rest will all come to nothing. He may only be making a display, and the display will be lost. The only thing that is not lost is the money, which is the only thing that is not lost. This common place dard, which takes so well in New York, is an old story in Paris; and money has as little to do in making the man, as the whip which carried him across the Atlantic. He must have higher credentials than a driver's licence, and a passport from the king of the Tuilleries and greetings of welcome on the northern terrace of the Tuilleries, or the south side of the Boulevard.

But, although thus utterly unimportant, a stranger in Paris he the satisfaction of being seemingly independent. As nobody cares for his Avaring money, so nobody takes the trouble to inquire how he spends it. If, in itself considered, a sumptuous establishment gives him no credit; so, on the other hand, no degree of poverty in his lodgings will bring him into disrepute. In short, nobody cares how nor where anybody lives; and, although this arises rather from apathy than respect to one's feelings, still the perfect alisism of being freed from the vile servitude and scandal of "friends," which is the cause of every town and village in France, is the chief motive to the foreigner to come to France and to be respected and honored. There is a moral dignity in this indifference to other people's private affairs, which no one can fail to admire; though, I fear, few of my countrymen will ever succeed in imitating it.

I presume my readers are sufficiently acquainted with ornithology, to be aware of the manner in which *ducks* fly; and although few comparisons could be less felicitous than the likening of a man to a duck, yet I cannot help observing that there is yet a comical resemblance in their incidental recreations. These Parisian gentlemen are excessively irritable; a trivial cause will excite them to quarrel; and, in the heat of the moment, they will give, and another takes, off; they "square off" at first sport, and go at it. Crimination and recrimination, in jestive and retort fly between the combatants precisely like blows in a duck fight. They are so easily provoked, that they are frequently provoked, which, breath and wit being exhausted on both sides, they quietly walk off, satisfied with the oral castigation bestowed and reserved. There is something, doubtless, in the influence of early education, which renders them so easily provoked; and, for a length of time, without coming to blows, I cannot conceive the provocation so quarrel is liable to the purpose. For a few years in passing a gentleman, such as will often occur, I have seen, who, in the heat of the moment, would quarrel with his neighbor, and then, as if by magic, would be reconciled, and all things done to one side and the other for a minute—the last of all things at which a reasonable man would take exception. I have seen a gentleman, who, in the heat of the moment, belabored me with viruperation, till I have gone quite out of the reach of his voice. There is something so ludicrous in a man flying into a perfect rage on such trifling ground, that I was once, in the heat of the moment, provoked to laugh. In vacating the lists, the moment I found that I had unconsciously entered them; for nobody is a match for a Frenchman in whom the spirit of quarrel is so predominant, as to person with the sense about him would desire a street quarrel.

The custom (so universal that it may almost be termed a *natural custom*) of obedience to the laws of the land, is a remarkable trait in the French national character. This rarity of crime has given rise to numberless speculations, and has also set at nought the theories which grew out of them. I am not aware of its ever having been satisfactorily accounted for. Be the cause what it may, I am not prepared to explain it: I simply mention the fact.

Among strangers which have fallen under my observation Apart from the victims of the military tribunals, capital punishments are almost unknown in Paris. I presume the assassinations in America exceed them in the ratio of five to one; and notwithstanding the fact that the French are more humane, the penalty is equivalent to fifteen to one. The same contrast exists in reference to lesser crimes. Burglary is so rare, that no word has yet been manufactured to express it. Pockets are safe in any crowded place, and the thief is not even a name. The only article of furniture that the locking of drawers and trunks is an unnecessary precaution in any hotel. One might naturally inquire why the light-fingered gentry of London have never found their way into the neighbouring city: but the answer is easy. The police regulations are so strict, and the surveillance so vigilant, that the thief cannot altogether escape; and this, combined with the embarrassments of a foreign language, makes the soil quite ungenial for a colonial race. Although, in his own land, the "spoil" may be more easily obtained, the Frenchman has no advantage of comparative safety after it is won, induces the thief to part with the spoils, and the principle that honest men know—there's no place like home—

[illegible][illegible]

The following anecdote, which is on a different *key*, illustrates a point of French character often commented on and well understood. The day after the last revolution, a gentleman stepped into his barber's shop, and perceived that a bust of Charles X had given place to one of Bonaparte.

"Ah, sir!" replied the knight of the razor, "there was a man for you—he was a good, sir!"

"Ay?—but what do you think of his making war upon the poor Egyptians?"

"Ah, that was a glorious expedition! Recollect, sir, 'the battle of the Pyramids!'—he was a god, sir!"

"Ah, that was more glorious yet! Remember Austerlitz, sir!"

"Well—but what do you think of his treatment of Charles and

"Ah, that was the most glorious of all! Those Spaniards,

sir, were poor, miserable devils till 'the Emperor' killed their priests. Nothing escaped him, sir! He looked out for the liberties of all Europe. He was a god, sir; yes! he was more than a god!"

"Ah—*ma foi*—that's true! that's true! that's very true! He was a d— racial!"

It is needless to multiply illustrations of a truth already sufficiently known—that Napoleon is still regarded by thousands in France with a feeling little short of adoration. Nor is this feeling confined to Frenchmen. The natives of countries which he most severely persecuted, when they come to reside in France, catch the mania, and are as loud as others in his praise. After all, it is not surprising that the Spaniards should be so much devoted to Napoleon, who practised towards them monstrous duplicity and cruelty by practices towards her benighted prince—and the merciless avenger with which he followed up his treachery to the hilt by 'war without quarter' upon the subject—none would suppose that, of all people, the Spaniards should accord the very name of Bonaparte. Yet, strange to tell, the Spaniards, and the French ladies speak of him in a strain of unqualified adoration!

It is perfectly true that, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, few "barbaric" men have lived since the Emperor of the French: but it is true that a line of discrimination should be drawn between the Emperor and Napoleon. The Emperor was a statesman. If this great minister had despoiled our land with fire and sword, and with a view of forcing upon us a king of his own election, because our present form of government was not, in his judgment, a proper one, I apprehend that a measure would be recommended to him which would have been as just as it was wise. It might never so readily occur to him, as it still more criminal oppression; we should still so regard it; and not only heap obloquy on his memory, but also condemn a countryman of his, in our estimation of his merits. Yet that, unfortunately, the case with Napoleon was not so. Napoleon's admirers condemn him. They seem to have little notion of *eternity* right, so long as their own are unimpaired; and ask reward with perfect complacency any man who tramples on the rights of others. They are not aware of the scale of the scale. Ask any one of these if he justifies Napoleon's treatment of the Spaniards, and he will reply somewhat in the vein of the barbaric statesman: "that was a glorious campaign! Remember that the Spaniards were the cause of the French Revolution, the gratitude of mankind!" This, indeed, was his only act in the Peninsula for which mankind can thank him, and the cause of humanity certainly gained by it: but—to consider the case from another point of view—was it not the cause of the Inquisition? It was an institution of Spain; formed and conducted within her own hereditary dominions; and if the cruelty of infernal despotism was practised in its halls, it was still, on the broadest principle, the act of a Spaniard. Was it not the act of a Spaniard that Bonaparte to interfere with her public or private institutions? What right to say to an independent government—what may manage your subjects according to its notions of right and wrong, and to its notions of expediency, as it may think fit to govern, or oppress, or punish her own people? Again, admit all that ever was said of the Inquisition to be true (and I believe a great part)—how much of human suffering, and how much of human blood, were shed by it? How much of human blood, as much as a foreign power, that had no right to interfere, produced in abolishing it. And because, by unjustifiable means, and (at least questionable) motives, Bonaparte did one thing from which he might have derived more advantage, if he had interfered in the Peninsula *ought* to stamp on his fame an indelible character? Is it to be forgotten that tens of thousands of innocent lives were sacrificed, and nothing remembered but that the French were the cause of the Inquisition? Is it to be forgotten, during that bloody period of Spanish history, I tell you, I admit, the forgiving spirit here evinced, and only with those who display it would display a corresponding commiseration? When this comes about, I will cease to dissent from Napoleon's eulogists. Meanwhile, I trust I shall not be understood as adverting the Inquisition, any further than to say—and to say, I think, justly—that it was a crime, and that it was a crime by no legal right to abolish it. If he had gone into Spain with the sole (or even the avowed) purpose of destroying this institution, it would be the first so justly a proceeding which, on the ground of expediency, could be justified. But he did not go there with that, in destruction, the Inquisition barely met his dearts: but I will believe that, could Bonaparte have made it subservient to his true object—the subjugation of Spain—it would be in vain to say that he was not a tyrant. He would have been a tyrant, that the greatest result of the destruction of the Inquisition is tolerable apology for such an exercise of arbitrary power; but when this result is forced into a defence of the *Peninsular* war, and when the *Peninsular* war, which no power of argument nor logic can sustain it.

## 2 in the Place You're In





NICHOLSON'S CELEBRATED WALTZ,  
ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE BY WILLIAM BLOWELL.

## TRIFLES FROM A NOTE BOOK.

## FRIEND OF ELECTION.

A GARDEN in a borough town, it seems,  
Had voted for Sir John against Sir James.  
Sir James, in every mood, took Soda water,  
— Don't you remember sharing one? — he cried.  
— Five pence for five minutes work I give.  
— And does not one good item another crave? —  
— Yes, quoth the lady, and his finger smacked.  
— I grant the doctrine, and admit the fact.  
— Sir John upon the same score paid the price,  
— But took two shillings, and of course paid twice.

One friend overtaking another in the street said,  
— "Why Ned, are you not subdued to come abroad with  
twenty belows in your stockings? Why don't you get them  
mended?" — "I am above it," replied Ned, "for a hole is  
the seedling of a day; but a darn is premeditated poverty."  
— "Doctor, why have I lost my teeth?" inquired a  
talkative female of a physician. — "You have worn  
them out with your tongue," was the answer.

It was observed of a deceased lawyer, that he had left  
but few *offices*, to which a female remarked, that "he had  
left few *coats*."

Some soldiers having looked into a prostitute's house,  
went to the bed of the wretch and told him if he moved  
he was a dead man. — "That's a lie," said he, "for if I  
move, I'm sure that I'm alive."

"I'm only in blood that the laurel can flourish.  
"The hero's dread trophy, and torn from the grave.  
The tears of the widow and orphan must nourish  
The wreath that entitles the brow of the brave."

An Irishman recently told the president of the United  
States, that he liked this country so much, that he  
intended shortly to become a sailor.

A very pretty woman, who was sedulously inquisitive,  
complained one day to Madame de Sevigne, that she  
was sadly tormented by her lovers. — "Oh, madam,"  
said the authoress, with a smile, "it is very easy to get  
rid of them—you have only to speak."

A country-lair was asked by a judge why he was always  
employed in a parish court? — "Why, your honor," re-  
plied he, "I have been so much in the habit of losing  
good causes, that I thought I had better undertake bad  
ones."

Printed by George P. Sells & Co., successors to J. S. Rogers.













ture with a chess, blending two views of important times and characters in history, with the engaging interest of well-combined romance.

Of Mr. Peabody we have spoken so much in large in a late number, that it behoves us to be more brief than we would wish in our mention of the two stories, with which he has favored us in the present collection. The one called *Child Rolf's Pilgrimage*, describes a worthy man, who, having got rich by a business, cherishes a love for the sea, and, in consequence, never leads to greatness, and a holy respect for all noises which remind him of the shop of his infancy, whence he first derived the means of making a purchase, at which all his people laughed, and, finally, by the exertions of his wife, he is made a sufferer of a pair of nullities. There are, probably, more originals for this portrait than the only abolitioner of our land, Lord Timothy Dexter, of Massachusetts, who used to call himself "the wise man of the cat," "the wisest man in the world," and who, by sending a cargo of warming-pans to the West Indies, which sold for sugar-dippers; to have landed thousands upon wooden shelves of all his friends upon his house-top, which changed to down-drugs; to hang a tangle, to which he had hung shavers, and which only this began to be profitable; and to have expended a prodigious sum upon a book, recording his own adventures and opinions, which was so ill spelt and written that it was purchased as a curiosity, and proved more profitable than the book itself. We do not ascribe to Child Rolf, however, less than five times as much of the extravagance of his ideas as we find in his profitable absurdities. He had few ideas or fancies; and when his daughter was taught the piano, only thought the music she made disgraceful, because it was not played by the everlasting tinkling of a human hand. The music and dust of Broadway have such charms for Child Rolf, that he will not yield to the ambition to see foreign countries, which comes upon his wife and daughter; but at last, compromised with her for a tour to the Continent, he is made to see the world by understanding that Canada is a foreign country. Mr. Julius Dibdil, the Child's nephew, who goes abroad a supercargo, and returns a dandy, has fallen in love with the captain of the *Mac Minto*, a vessel of the name of a Frenchman, and more serious admirer, Ruston Rossomere, to whom the young lady only objects on account of the aristocracy of his name. Mr. Julius Dibdil travels with the family party, and his head is broken by first seeing the Continent, and then the sea. He means time, finds an excuse to meet his beloved, and privately cutting out his rival, in spite of the tailor, he deserves to be cut for *Mac Rolf*, notwithstanding the remonstrance of Mr. Dibdil. He never has fortune, and is left with a broken heart, and a broken side talent for falling suddenly asleep. He is one of his capacities untried, in a corner, during an animated conversation between Rossomere and Dibdil, but is luckily awakened by their earnest discussion of time and eternity, and is left with a broken head and untried capacities. Their unsatiable ambition springs up, given his daughter to Rossomere, and his mistress to Mr. Julius Dibdil. The other story by Mr. Peabody, entitled *Stim, the Benefactor of Mankind*, is an entire tale, in which the author has poured in his own ideas, and that a little of his own, but not the way of other people's prejudices, is exceedingly apt to get it well paid for his pains. Stim beggars himself, and brings his family to a wretched end, by a fanciful plot of philanthropy, and when his money is gone, and his wife and family to their graves, sets up for a reformer, and undergoes every sort of danger and obloquy for attempting to overthrow established customs, and to convince the world against his will. This tale, like the former, has all those characteristics of the author, which we have mentioned in our notice of "Wayward Ho," the same skill in the grotesque grouping of persons, sentiments, and phrases; and, though neither the one nor the other abound with incident, there is nothing in their length to make us wish them shorter.

The stories of Mr. Bryant exhibit him in a character new to us. We have only known him as a poet, and we are all of us in debt to his good opinions, which we are reluctant to pre-suppose probable that a person so devoted to any one subject, could be so well suited without failing in another. We are no reason, however, why a good poet should write bad prose; and in the prose of Mr. Bryant we find ample proof that it may be otherwise. There is an equality which we have never met with in any other prose, which Mr. Bryant possesses in an eminent degree; but which, although he proves it in his prose, gives the latter infinite power and value: we allude to "the ability to observe with accuracy things as they are, and to describe them with fidelity, and to do them, unmodified by any passion or feeling existing in the mind of the describer; whether the thing is depicted as actually present to the senses, or have a place only in the memory." This talent for minute observation, which we have mentioned as being the minds of others the exact image in our own, strikes us as the most remarkable in the two stories of Mr. Bryant, who does not, like *Mac Rolf*, seem so much to catch objects in nature as to seek from the fragments of his chance, and the machinery rather of a plot, which he could not have characterized as combinations in dramatic groupings. From what we remember of Brown, we should conceive a strong resemblance between his style and that of Bryant, who shows the same microscopic minuteness of observation, and the same metaphysical distinctions, which distinguish Brown, and still distinguish his great prototype, Goethe. The first story by Mr. Bryant in this book describes a party visiting the *Stiletto's* Core, one of the imaginary, we take it, and embellished, but not real, places of a French settlement in our western country. The company con-

sists of an aged Roman priest, by the name of Father Ambrose; Le Mare, a spirited sportsman of French origin; and his niece, a young Anglo-American nineteen or twenty, who has a lover named, young Henry Danville, who is jealous, and does not like to see her with a man, which she is obliged to do, though the image of Henry's serious smiles with every thing she hears or sees, and forms her first hope in her after peril in the cave. Climbing among the precipices, Emily is seized and killed by a snake, which she had been told to avoid. The cave, which derived its title from the aborigines, by whom, probably, some for her had been pursued and wounded, who craved her to die. For upon the right leg there appeared a fracture, which she could not bear, and which she was told to avoid. (You may hear); and a thunderbolt falling, shivers the rock and sends the travelers in. Here they remain three days; and the despair, and the expostulations of these three days afford Mr. Bryant opportunity to make a description of the most beautiful scenery in the world. The story of Mr. Bryant, which could not have been surprised by that which old Deane claimed when he heard "the poulder or his head" in the playhouse, discourses against eloquence; and the moderns of Le Mare, who wished them to shoot him and relieve their hunger upon his healthy carcass when they are finishing; and the dream in their desolation "of running water, which they were not permitted to taste; of tempests and raptures, and breathless confinement among the clouds of the sky, and the sound of the sea, and the sound of the wind, friends seemed to stand aloof, and to look kindly and unconcernedly on, without showing even a desire to render them assistance." are conceptions of the highest genius and the strongest truth.

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## SEEK NOT WITH GOLD OR GLITTERING GEM.

THE WORDS BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY—THE MUSIC BY CHARLES F. HORN.

**CANTABLE E. IMPERIEVO.**

Seek not with gold or

glittering gem, My sin-ple heart to move --- ! To share a king-ly di-a-dem, Would ne-ver gain my love. The

heart that's form'd in vir-tue's mould, For heart should be ex-changed ! The love that once is bought with gold, May be by gold ex-

changed, --- May be by gold ex-changed.

*mf* *p*

Can wealth relieve the lab'ring mind ?  
What healing balm can riches find  
To soothe the bleeding brand ?  
'Tis love, and love alone, has power  
To banish without alloy,  
To cheer affliction's darkest hour,  
And lighten every joy.

## TRIPLES FROM A NOTE BOOK.

## LET ME LOVE YOU.

Let me love you, though your doom,  
Thine earthly life and life to come,  
Let me hold your beauty's bloom  
Still in memory's room.  
It may never bloom for me,  
It may never bloom for me,  
Still in memory it'll be,  
All its sweetest part.

Let me love you, though to vain,  
Thou for kindred love I vain;  
Still it were a deeper pain,  
Not, dear girl, to win.  
It may be, that in this chance,  
That which shall be the end may mean  
Something of the sweetest grace,  
Fairest still remains.

## LOVE.

What is love?—a fire, fed with life's breath;  
'Tis a dream—'tis a vision, day-dreams death.  
Where is love?—in the dust it lies,  
In sweet grass, like summer grass, and in its dies.

As English gentlemen and his friend, brother  
through a power of words in the western strain,  
took with them an Indian lad as a guide. In the course  
of the day they separated, and one of them finding some  
copper berries, sent them to his companion by the lad,  
with a note signifying the number. The one who re-  
ceived the presents, found some of the berries mis-  
counted, and having reproached the boy for eating or losing  
them, sent him back for more. The gentleman forwarded  
a second parcel, with the number again marked on the  
note. The boy played the same trick with them, de-  
livering only part of what he received. That provoked  
a second scolding. Whereupon the Indian fell down  
upon his knees, and I used the paper, saying, "I found  
out, the first time, this paper was a witch, as a conjurer I  
had seen he had proved his power to be supernatural in-  
duced; because he tells that which he did not see; for when  
I thought away the last berries, for the sake of experiment,  
I look upon to slip the note under a stone, that it might not  
know what was passing."

It has been said, that it is dangerous for a man of  
genius to be an slave. This cannot be true, for the fact was  
would never incline to the attention of finite souls.

## GIVE ME, WHEN DAYLIGHT SETS.

Give me, when daylight sets,  
And stars are on the eve,  
The thought that never did forget,  
And I'll give mine to thee.  
Think, at that sweet hour,  
I am a wretched man;  
And if the gentle stars have power,  
They'll keep me true.

And yet so sweet have I  
Or could my love to keep,  
Love thee in the glowing eye,  
And in the sweetest smile.  
The breeze that stings the ear,  
The stars that light the sea,  
The whisper of the evening air,  
All tell of thee!

Dr. Spurzheim, visiting through a churchyard in  
France, perceived a grave-digger turning up the earth,  
among which were two or three skulls. The cranio-  
metrist took one up, and, after considering it a little time,  
said, "ah, this was the skull of a philosopher." "Very  
like, sir," said the grave-digger, "for I do see it is some-  
what cracked."

In France very handsome girls are sometimes em-  
ployed, as bar-maids, to entice customers. But one of  
the French periodical journals, giving a few details re-  
specting the fair of Beaumais, publishes the following  
order of the police:—"No coffee-house keeper or inn-  
keeper, either in the fair or in the town, will be permitted  
to expose, at the counter or otherwise, for the purpose  
of attracting visitors, any woman, except his own law-  
ful wife, under a penalty of a heavy fine."

Four things are said to be love-worth for:—old wine  
to drink—old wood to burn—old books to read, and old  
friends to converse with.

A gentleman called upon a physician, wishing him to  
attend his wife immediately, as she was dangerously  
sick; but the doctor did not deign to leave his bottle,  
whereupon the gentleman took him upon his back, and  
carried him out of the hotel. "Now you remark, I'll  
cure your wife out of revenge," said the doctor, and he  
kept his word.

Printed by George P. Don & Co., successors to J. Seymour.

















## I SAW THEE WEEP.

POETRY BY LORD BYRON—MUSIC BY F. ROBINSON, ESQ.—NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

## ANDANTE CANTABILE.

I saw thee weep! the big bright tear came o'er that eye of blue, And then thou thought it did oppress a vi o let drop ping dew, drop ping dew, drop ping dew, a vi o let drop ping dew. I saw thee smile! the sap-phire's blue be-side thee to shine, It could not hide the H-ing rays, That shined.

SHINE that glance of thine, thine! thine! I saw thee weep! the big bright tear came o'er that eye of blue, And then thou thought it did oppress a vi o let drop ping dew, drop ping dew, drop ping dew, a vi o let drop ping dew.

## TRIFLES FROM A NOTE BOOK.

## ROSE.

I've tread through many a weedy road,  
 Yet wander'd not and went  
 Pleasur'd in every clime I've found,  
 But sought in vain for rest.  
 While play might for other spheres,  
 I feel that can't too wide,  
 And think the home that love endears  
 Is worth the world beyond.

A fortune-teller was seated in Paris, and carried before the whirl of an emperical party. "You know how to read fortune?" said the president, a man of great wit, but rather too fond of a joke for a magistrate. "I do, sir," replied the answer. "In this case," said the president, "you know the subject; we are seated in presence." "Certainly," said the fortune-teller, "There is no 'Nothing'." "You are sure of that?" "Yes, you will see it." "About you?" "There is no doubt of it." "Why?" "Because, sir, if I had been your intimate to condemn you, you would not have added injury to misfortune." The president, disconcerted, turned to his brother judges, and the answer was discharged.

At a late scene of the sort of massacre a military platoon—grilly; but I am not the one.

It was made of a married dancing master, that the whole town of his life had been taken.

Shortly after Cooke arrived in America he was one evening in company with a number of actors whom he bore contemptuously. "Mr. H," said he, "what do you know of the stage? You are no actor—although the application of reason from that vulgar doctrine makes you think yourself one." From the wretched appearance of the young Terence, the tragedian thought it had provided him for, not, rendering in hand the wound he had inflicted, now with tears in his eyes and observed, "what I said, my dear fellow, was unjust; I hold your professional talents in high estimation, and now freely make the acknowledgment." "It hurt me as a loud laugh and a scornful," said the actor, "you said again say I am no actor."

## TO A FRIEND.

Oh what comes to me what would,  
 When, Pallas, you advance,  
 With a dumb or for a shield,  
 And a sword for a lance?  
 Father of the shining cross,  
 Ease my passion by your art;  
 And in pity for my pain,  
 Mend the hole that is in my heart.

Dr Parr and Lord Erskine are said to have been the richest men of their times. At a dinner, Parr, in conversation with the conversational powers of Erskine, related to him, though his pleasure, "My lord, I mean to write your epitaph." "Dr Parr," replied the noble lawyer, "it is a temptation to demand suicide."

"Black stockings of old colonies" was lately advertised in a country newspaper.

A wealthy farmer in the state of New-York, having been sued by a Mr. Harrow, wrote the following elegant epistle to his attorney:

"Square Wells—Sir—the state of Heaven's gone again, I want you to hurry up to a higher one, for I know I don't owe him one cent."

A foolish knight with different views,  
 For a maid apply.

The knight to meet her fortune came,  
 The maid to please his eye.

Ask you how Julia will behave?  
 Depend on this a rule.

If she's a fool she'll wed the knight,  
 If she's a maid, the fool.

A countryman, who often attended in a library where he did not subscribe, one day had his dog turned out by a crusty old fellow, who gave him a tremendous kick, saying, "I'm no subscriber at any rate." The master took the hint, and never more annoyed the custodian by his presence.

As Tim was one day deep that it was his fault. He gravely advised him his reasons to read that his master would be, he had heard of him once. "They're," replied Tim, "for I never said any."

A traveler in a steamboat, not particularly celebrated for its salubrity, inspired of a gentleman who stood on the bank, what the boat was called; upon which the latter replied, "I think, sir, it is called the Regulator, for I observe all the other boats go by it."

As clouds from yonder sun receive  
 A deep and mellow dye,  
 Which serves the shade of coming eve  
 Can banish from the sky;  
 These smiles unto the smiling mind  
 Their own pure joy impart,  
 Their invisible leaves a glow behind  
 That lightens o'er the heart.

## 2

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## RECOLLECTION.

Fair though she be to me and love,  
 I'll ne'er pursue her ways;

For still the charmer I approve,  
 Though I deplore the change

In hours of blue we oft have met—  
 They could not always last;

And though the present I regret,  
 I'm grateful for the past.

An island regretting the loss of its first, in the presence of his second wife, was told by her, that "no one had more reason to wish his former spouse alive than she had."

A lady was once asked the reason why she always came so early to church. "Because," said she, "it is a part of my religion never to disturb the religion of others."

A inquiry Bay saying particular attention to a man, when asked what he was saying to it, replied, "I was saying, that almost persuaded me to be a circulation."

Among the fashionable, a confidant remarked, that he could see all the best of the honeymoon, and a silly one afterwards.

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PAID IN ADVANCE

Vol. X

## ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY.

## MEMOIR OF JOHN HOWARD PAYSE.

IN TWO PARTS—PART THE FIRST

MR. PAYNE IN AMERICA.

For some weeks past scarcely a day has gone over our head without one hearing it said, "I remember him a rosy-cheeked boy, with his collar open, and tied with a black ribbon. I remember him as well as though it were yesterday. His was exactly like that snagra of his from the picture by Wood." And we have sent some who have made such remarks, turn as they saw a short, thickset, plump, full-whiskered, middle-aged, English-looking man, bristly whisking round a corner, lift up their hands, and exclaim: "Can that be the little boy I recollect five and twenty

Such might be the memory returning upon one most dear to him who now sits down as a biographer. John Howard Payne was the intimate friend of the father of one of the editors of this paper, and he was the father of the first "free press" vessel which took him to England. During his lifetime, not a day passed without some reminiscence of his young intimate. His name was among the last upon the lips of Mr. Fay: Had the father been so long lived, he would have been the last to be remembered in this manner. He had collections of papers which would have supplied it with the greatest interest and variety. His mind was full of anecdotes and anecdotes, which would have enabled him to give the most interesting details of the life of his son, but the asked authorities go to upon, with such additions as we have obtained from public papers, and one or two private communications, and the unreserved of the subject himself, who has answered such questions as we have been privileged to ask, with perfect freedom. There is no reason to suppose that we have not the fullest information that has been given to us, or than we have thought it delicate to solicit; or with such associations as we have called up a demand plainest sense, of which we are unwilling to be ignorant. We are not, however, to be misled by the fact as the living in making the essay: if we make it unworthily, we fail in a good cause, and we are doubly implicated in the undertaking by the very infrequent notices which have appeared in the press. We are not, however, to be misled by the fact as the subject even Mr. Dunlap, though we know him to be so well disposed towards his early friend, has made almost the only failure in his pleasing and intelligent history of the American stage. But to

Not very far from two score years ago, the subject of the present memoir made his first appearance upon the world in this city. He was born on the month of June, in a house lately pulled down for new buildings, of which the foundations are now laid. He was the first-born of a family of the name of Hayward, forty years trace a man's pedigree in America. That of Mr. Hayward passes the trial. His father descended from a family of English origin, who came from Portsmouth, in the early settlement of Massachusetts. His grandfather, on the father's side, was a soldier in the army of the American revolution; he was a provincial military officer, of high rank; he was a member of the legislature; and, in short, a leading man in his particular sphere. One of our earliest poets, Dr. Osgood of Sandwich, celebrated for his whaling song, and various other poems, was a contemporary of his grandfather. His father, Judge Paine, of Boston, who signed the Declaration of Independence, on the same topic; to which we have heard dated, "June 1776." Mr. Madison, the lady of the late president of the United States, and whose name was once Paine, (likewise we are kindred, some say), was a contemporary of his father. The American revolution, and the father of Mr. Hayward Paine departed from that employed the career of his connections, determining where they used the latter to substitute y, as the primitive and corrected form of the name, which they employed by their progenitors on the other side of the Atlantic.

The father of Mr. Howard Payne was educated for a physician. He studied under the famous General Warren, was killed at Bunker's Hill; but the troubles of the revolution interrupted his resources. He attempted to repair the inconvenience by seeking the means of educating himself for his profession, in the profit derived from educating others in general acquirements. His success as a teacher was very great; but an early marriage with the sister of a gentleman, who was afterwards a very eminent merchant in Baltimore, tempted him to relinquish his first views of a profession, and devoted him to the pursuit whence he derived such great immediate emolument. His first wife and child died, and Mr. Howard Payne is the offspring of a second

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1832.

stranger with daughter of a merchant, of the most respectable Jewish origin, who came over with a bandono fortune from Hamburg before the revolution, and settled on Long Island, near the city of New York. The father, a German Jew, was the daughter of one of the nearest connections of the Scottish earl of Dysart. Through this branch of his family the subject of our memoir is allied to one of the oldest and most respectable of our legal and judicial families, Sir Rufus Miller, Esq. the public defender of the city. The grandfather, a German Jew, was the mother's elder, though he lost much in commerce, died in East-Hampton, with the respect and tears of the inhabitants who still cherish his memory. His tombstone is yet standing in the cemetery of the city. The grandfather was a pious, unassuming and simple soldier—*unus*—As Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile." Of this gentleman the story was first told, which has been so often repeated under various names. He went to America a passenger on the *Essex*. The name of the vessel was taken for the American frigate; but," observed the receiver, "unfortunately it had all turned sour upon the way." During the shade of Mr. Payne's father about East-Hampton, Long-Island, his reputation as an instructor led to the erection and chartering of a school, which was the first of the kind in the city. At that time, was looked upon as a very magnificent undertaking, and a great compliment to the person on whose account it was principally created. But the situation was too remote for the regular attendance of scholars, and the school was soon abandoned. Under Mr. Payne, and he removed to this city, where he formed an association with the father of a gentleman now holding a high office among us in the law. Here Howard Payne, and most of his brothers and sisters now reside, first saw the light. There are now four of the latter, and two sisters and two brothers. Two of the sisters and one of the brothers are still living. The latter is one of the most learned and eloquent of our young barristers. His elder brother, William Osborn Payne, who died in this city in 1825, was a man of high talents, and a very successful lawyer. He early joined the counting-house of the brother of his father's first wife at Baltimore, and was always highly respected. Another of the family, who died a few years since, a sister, is remembered to have been in the city in 1825, and to have been married. At the age of fourteen she underwent the questioning, after eight days' study in the Latin language, of the first professors at Harvard university, near Boston, and is said to have displayed an almost incredible facility in answering and expounding. To more than twenty questions she added so remarkable an amount of scholarship, that some of her productions have been preserved in the library of Harvard university. In the latter part of her life she became highly distinguished as an itinerant artist. Nothing of her private life is known to us, except that she was a native of this city, and that she was a Quaker. Her writings, especially her letters, are spoken of by some of the first belles lettres scholars in this state, as well as in Massachusetts and Rhode-Island, as among the most favorable specimens extant of the Quaker style of writing. Her father, who lived a long life, during which she was often contriving the probability of an early termination of her broken health in the grave, were distinguished by a peculiarly religious cast of thought, of which she is said to have left some invaluable memorials in her

The emmons of Mr. Payne's father, as a teacher, obtained for him an invitation to direct an institution projected by some of the leading educators of Boston. He was one of the first to introduce some of the improvements of the modern mode of education, such as the study of languages, and the modern systems. At Boston it was that Mr. Howard Payne received the early part of his education. It was at this time, also, that he created the little military association, of which some sceptical persons have since said that it was a mere "toy." From the celebrity of this little company, he is still spoken of in Boston as Captain Payne. A standard was presented to them in form, by a young girl, who has since been the wife of one of the officers. The company has since been enlarged and aided by the military commanders of the town, and on being observed on grand parades day, modestly assembled in a nook of the Boston common, were greatly surprised by a formal invitation to the annual review of the militia, and to the annual review, and to the annual review. Upon this subject we have heard a singular anecdote of juvenile diffidence. There were great border frictions among the boys of different parts of the city, and the boys of Boston were particularly noted for their bad behavior. One of the boys of Boston had had severe experience to a battle with some lads of a neighboring village, over whom they triumphed; on which occasion a letter of complaint was bestowed by the captain, on the most unceremonious terms, and the boy was ordered to "make a magnificent-in-swear." But the main standard had suffered

[illegible]











rous classes of both sexes. I shall, however, now confine myself to it as it is sometimes exhibited in the fair and the youthful I may add, the virtuous and pure.

These delicate violations of decency are remarkable in many women, who would shudder at the idea of vice on any but the smallest scale, and who forget, or have, peradventure, yet to learn, that the least excesses of the passions are not only inevitable at one time, but that its little deviations are scarcely perceptible, so that it conducts the unsuspecting traveler many times as safely through most enchanting prospects, and returns him again as safely to the right road, before it stretches away at last to the fatal precipice. It is not, therefore, that the women of the world, though this class of ladies are often among the most virtuous, yet possess no security for remaining so. The good habits, however ever strong, in which they indulge at first, grow up in them with the passions, and the more they are cherished, the more they admire their mind or person, he secretly regards them with a certain diminution of that respect which it should be the highest object of women to inspire. You may detect such an oven even before she suspects it. My lovely friend Louisa belongs to this party, and is generally beloved by all who know her. I have often believed she has no motive but to satisfy her craving after admiration. She is unusually engaging in her person, and is fully aware of her advantages, that she will not be content with the ordinary homage of the world, but she is not so much as to be consciously strutting the gown of greatness. She has a thousand ways of doing this. She cannot move where there are gentlemen without a little bustle and display, evidently more than accidental. She is always looking at her mirror, and is never without one in her dressing room, and her kerchief is half from her shoulders, and her hand is never at rest, but is continually touching her face with a negligent grace, which brings down upon her eye the gaze of the male company, while the other portion exchange significant glances, and stirring their shoulders. When she sits in the theatre, she is never without a fan, and she is so much of an actress, exceedingly pretty, is sure to be exposed, with an air of artlessness, to the result of much study; and she falls into attitudes of studied unconsciousness, which men are quite apt to admire. She is not without a little coquetry, but would be angry enough to see her wife in a more open and less guarded manner.

There are two evil consequences of this loose demeanor, although she who is guilty of it means no harm. It covers with odium others of the sex, whose manners are unstained from such faults. It is a blot upon the fair name of the whole majority of all the young bucks in town, among whom are frequently men of cultivated mind, elegant persons, and captivating address, and yet totally destitute of principle; and who, for the sake of a few trifling pleasures, are ready to sacrifice every noble principle. Louisa is now beset by several insinuating profligates, who undervalue her virtue as much as she overvalues theirs. They are not personally bad men, steady well in society, and would readily retract from their badness, if they were not so much deceived, that they permit themselves to be enthrall'd by the snares which they behold the beautiful enchantress laying for them. Besides, they are not so much deceived as they are, for they are captives, without being half so dangerous. The communication which they now hold with her is revealing to every idea of purity and delicacy in woman; yet it is carried on openly, with a certainty that she will not be deceived. They are not so much deceived. They kiss the ribbon which has bound her foot, and treasure up a stolen ringlet, swearing to her that they would sooner part with their lives, than give up the possession of her. They are not so much deceived. They glide insensibly from complacency to passion, and are so much deceived, that they are not so much deceived. They fall into a vain attachment for one who addresses a hundred in the same manner, or else flatters and wastes away her feeling among the whole set, till her delicacy, her capacity for affection, is exhausted.

[illegible]

As she gazed, however, she gradually perceived that the bashful girl was very beautiful, and very graceful; and her face

lighted up with a singularly sweet expression while speaking an expression of interest and quiet delight which appeared fully reciprocated by her companion. For the first time an understanding crossed her heart—then came alarm, fear, jealousy, and at last, a conviction which the proof proved to true. She inquired her name. Gracious heaven! it was Julia Kemble, whose elegant mind, amiable disposition, and winning person were renowned. Why who could have supposed from her dress the fact that she was the daughter of a poor, obscure, and penniless man? He was so much her father, that he had not retained her but—she was not there. Her hand had flown. He turned to her. She saw him a few months after with Julia Kemble on his arm, and yesterday they were married.

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### LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS

[illegible]

GENTLEMEN—have been a subscriber to the *Mail* for more than nine years; and, what is rather remarkable, during all that time, not a single number has ever failed to come punctually to my door. I have, therefore, a high opinion of the regularity of whatever the paper has always given me the utmost satisfaction, and I look for it every Saturday with as much excitement and pleasure, as I look for a day of rest after a week of toil and anxiety. The paper, I have no doubt, will continue to give your quarters—in its great favorability toward the house—contains so much to instruct and amuse us all, that I, for one, should be very unwilling to do without it. It has become quite a matter of necessity with me. But this is rather foreign to my present purpose. I have only to say, that I have not only been unable to let the opportunity pass without setting it down. My family is large—six daughters and three sons. Last week, after the girls had read your superb review of "Tales of the Glenside," they all agreed to read it together, and to discuss it with me, and we have found the praise you bestowed upon it well merited. My eldest daughter, Mary, a bright-haired, sprightly nymph of nineteen, is in raptures with the story of Mr. Green, and laughs incessantly at the quaint expressions and the "drawls" of its author. My second daughter, Anne, is a very sensible girl, and she can forgive him for the incident of the "three straws." She is indifferent about the manner of choosing a wife, but she doesn't like that. "Childs Rodolf seems to possess unusual attractions for me," says my third daughter, Maria, who is a very sensible and worthy family some where; but where, she apparently puzzled to determine. "They are original, pa. They are people about town. I know Mr. Polding means as well as he does. I like him, and shake 'er wine little modds, as much as to any—"

"I'm resolved to find out. Amanda, who is more of an avocate than any of her sisters, has a penchant for the Black-house. She thinks Mr. Leggett one of the very best writers in the country, and she will give a trial to his 'Tales of the Glenside'—"

"I have no objection to that," says my youngest daughter, Maria, than any other modern author. She quotes the "Main-Trick" in support of her opinions, and coolly remarks, she would rather have written that story than any one of Mr. Cooper's books. My youngest son, John, is a very sensible and worthy fellow; but, alas! but more especially by Jane and Maria, who, notwithstanding, were so iniquitous at the review in the Philadelphia Quarterly, where they placed Mr. Bryant at the head of American literature, and Mr. Leggett at the tail of it. They have read all this expostion, and they have said the contrary. "They have read all this expostion, and they have said the contrary."

works over and over again; and, I am confident, could repeat from memory every line of poetry he ever wrote. While the ladies are dealing out their off-hand criticism, and canvassing the merits of the several productions of the gentlemen, the mole part of my household, it seems, cannot speak sufficiently well of Miss Sedgwick's *Le Bossu*. If therefore, gentlemen, I may judge of these sketches from the impression the entire work has made in my family, and upon the various tastes of its members, it will suit every body—and this, I think it, is a most uncommon merit now-a-days, when so much foreign trash is republished (and sold too!) here, that please nobody.

It is not worth while to detain you with my own opinion of the several authors above alluded to; suffice it to say, that, although not a literary man, I nevertheless feel proud, whenever a good production, of domestic origin, makes its appearance; and must be happy that so much real talent exists amongst us. I have perused the "Tales of Glauber Spn," and been much amused by them. In the whole two volumes, however, I have met with nothing that I like better than the eastern sketch, entitled Selim. From this I have copied the enclosed passage, which please print if you have room and inclination. Very respectfully, your obedient servant, D. H.

*Extract from Tales of the Gleaner Span*

AKLIN, THE GENERATOR OF MANHIND.

BY A. B. PAVLOVICH

Salim was the son of a bashaw of three tails, who had governed Smyrna and the surrounding country with such singular humanity and justice, that he escaped the execrations of the people on the one hand, and the bowstring of the Sublime Porte on the other.

In good time the old hahab died, full of years, money, and beard, leaving his ample wealth equally to his son and daughter. "I have the means now, and I will use them," thought Selim; and accordingly he caused it to be given out that whoever was sick, miserable, or poor, might come to him and be relieved. It was as if he meant to do good to all people, who were never suspected of doing him any harm. He was a man of a good heart, and in this, in good city of Smyrna. Distress seemed to multiply with the means he used for its relief, and had not Selim possessed the softest heart in the world, he would have been tired of paying so many doctor's bills, and feeding so many poor looking fat people. He wondered how they could look so well, and be at the same time so sick, or how they could be so sick, and yet look so well. One day a stout heavy fellow came to him and begged a dinner.

sequina.

"No, my good lord, praised be the prophet."

<sup>21</sup> 'Are you sick?'

<sup>42</sup> "Ashamed! there are too many to keep me in countenance for that."

<sup>41</sup> But alas! my lord, you must know that I have so long been accustomed to a certain quantity of cuisine every day, that I am

<sup>41</sup> *Marhablah! poor man, die while I can relieve thee! Use has made opium a necessary of life to thee, and thou requirest it*

The man departed, touching his heart and the top of his head with either hand, and bowing almost to the ground. Selim felt-

elisted himself on being the cause of happiness to a human being. At the end of a month or two he began to wonder why the poor man did not come again; but he never came. Ere the fifty sequins were exhausted, he fell a victim to the indulgence of opium.

"Never mind," said Selma, on hearing the news, "never mind—it is not my fault if a man makes a bad use of my bounty." As he said this, he felt a hand placed lightly on his shoulder, and heard a voice exclaim:

"Thou forgettest, Selim, that those who wilfully supply the means of self-destruction, or enable vice to revel in criminal indulgence, are parties in the crime and responsible for the con-

Turning round, he beheld the sage Amurath, a venerable old man, a friend of his father, and one who had always shown a paternal solicitude in the fortunes of Selim. Selim saluted him with

"The giver is not answerable in the eyes of Allah for the uses made of his alms."

"I am not to judge of the uses to which my bounty may be ap-

"I am not to judge of the uses to which my country may possibly be applied; if bad, the fault is theirs, not mine. It is too much trouble to inquire into the life and character of all those who apply to me for relief. I cannot submit to the drudgery."

"Then thou givest away thy money because it is no trouble to put thy hand in thy purse. Thy personal exertions thou withholdest because they are a labor," said Amurath, significantly shaking his head; "this is not the virtue of charity."

"No! what is it then?" cried Selim, in utter astonishment.

to these people harm. I am doing good to myself. I am gaining the favor of the prophet, who has promised his blessing to the givers of alms."

"A hat is selfishness, not charity, except it be one charity when beginneth at home. Thou carest then it seems nothing for the harm thou dost to others, so thou canst benefit thyself," replied the old man, smiling.



Adams wrote it. Pronouncing on the merits or demerits of a poem, in general terms, is just as easy as to pronounce on wine or a painting; and when we see the wide differences of opinion which really exist about all of the three, we are forced to think there is no possibility of demonstration in the case—that one opinion is just as good as another, and that the most any one ought to say is, it is true and thus, “as I understand it.” We desire to qualify all our remarks on this subject in this manner; and honestly declare that if the following extracts, or any others like them, approximate fine poetry, we have very much to learn in the response.

"Raymond already from the region round  
 Had sent a party to provide sustenance,  
 Who gathering all the cattle to be found,  
 Had driven them to the desert, for a distance  
 And now, disputing every inch of ground,  
 The Britons from the bullocks drove assistance:  
 They drove the furious herds upon the lot;  
 At ramping, leaping, bounding, and a host  
 Reader, hast thou Pictish, near at hand!  
 Look to the life of Perillus, thou shalt see  
 That once, the valiant Romans, by a band  
 Of tramping elephants were made to flee  
 And Florus saw they never could withstand  
 Those animals till after battles three:  
 The first they lost; the second was their name;  
 The third they did not leave, but their own shame."

"But if no king to learn the mathematics,  
A royal method in this world discovers,  
It must be won'd, in marriage's errand,  
The case is not the same with royal courtiers:  
The vulgar herd, need time, for love's exortation—  
Long round the torch of Hyacinth Cupid hovers;  
The *spider Love*, his net around them spreads;  
And ever and anon he cracks the webs: the webs;  
And then the spider on their darts abroad,  
And spins his *Love's* intricate and dread.\*  
Till caught in *Love's* mortifiable mesh,  
They break through at last, in well-learn'd letters bound—  
And thus, with spousal robes and sacred flesh,  
A week of weeks, or months, or years is found—  
Nay, sometimes they protract the blissful day,  
Till their teeth fail them, and their hair turns grey."

"Young Alexander; you whose midnight psalms  
Find o' Scott's lily-livered ladies;  
And find your labors of not much avail;  
From this last stanza may derive some fruit—  
Here you may learn to mix, like rum and ale,  
The venereal soldier, with the rural recruit.  
To in the pleasant measure will appear,  
The firs of brandy and the froth of beer."  
  
"And Dermot pronounced him fair Eva's hand;  
And thus had begun an amorous dalliance;  
Who can read the record of that land,  
And mark her miseries with becomend care?  
If it must be to see before us stand,  
A wreath who batters history for gold;  
To see one, with a country maid's soft smile,  
At once himself, his child, his country sell."

It is impossible, in a review, to quote *ad infinitum*; but according to our apprehension, this is poor, very poor poetry, and at least two-thirds of the work are of the same stamp. It has been said that this poem evinces the writer's great facility in rhyming, that there is great elegance in the versification; that it *compares well with Byron, &c. &c.* But it appears to us that there is an agency of exertion from beginning to end to say smart things; that there are monstrous transpositions for the sake of the rhyme; and that throughout there is anything but ease and grace in the numbers. Who shall decide us to the matter of *fact*? We waive the point as one which can never be brought to an issue.

We think the moral aspect of the poem quite equivocal. We can produce numerous passages from it as gross as the objectionable parts of Don Juan—just such passages as would make us very uncomfortable in the course of reading the book to a lady—and we would quote them here in support of our opinion, but from the very fact that the objection stated renders it impossible. How far such "slips of the pen" become such a man as Mr. Adams, we leave the reader to judge.

The moral illustrated in the fate of the heroine, or whatever else she may be denominated, is one we should blush to recommend.

"Ovork's wife, with Desmet was in league,  
False to her husband, traitress to his bed:  
For two long years she spun the base intrigue,  
Of which a chambermaid still held the thread.  
A dextrous valet too, whose name was Tégué,  
With secret finger smoothed his master's head—  
All joined to plant Ovork's path with thorns;

This lady subsequently elopes with Dermot, and is eventually retaken by force of arms. After sundry protestations of entire innocence, she assumes her former place, her husband being quite unconscious of her guilt:

"Orestes now returned; dismish'd his bands;  
Forgot his wrongs and soon forgave his wife;  
On Eras's annals it recorded stands,  
They led henceforth a comfortable life;  
Of all the past the lady wush'd not hands;  
And abund'd thereafter matrimonial strife;  
They liv'd in harmony to bill and coo,  
As wedded wife and husband ought to do."

\* Perhaps it is needless to apprise the reader that these several instances of stichomythia are introduced by the writer of the review, merely to point out the very worst—indeed, the basest—of the extracts. They are all given in the poem in honest Roman letters, as if they were nothing *Rasool*able.

ale?" Is this "pointing the finger of scorn" at congregational infidelity? With due deference to the gentleman's age and character, we must say that if an intrigue, somewhat grossly related, is to result in the "deathless" punishment of one party, and the restoration and pardon (without a sign of remorse or penitence) of the other, we think he is unfortunate in being the medium of communicating it to the world under the high sanction of his hand and seal.

There is a certain portion of the literature of our land who have always shown a remarkable propensity in endorsing the accepted principles and sentiments of Mr. Adams, and while so doing, they are not without expressing their own views on the subject, and in this it is anticipated. We like the taste of this thing among us, and are pleased to see the usual "premonitions," on the part of the writers, that "the great man" is "coming," and that "they will" "go the whole hog," is manifest enough from former experience; but if they successfully defeat it from fair criticism, they will deserve more gratitude from its distinguished author than from any other person. We believe that more genius is required to produce such a poem as some reviewers have pronounced "worthy to be," than to make a very tolerable president; we believe that the ability to write a poem is not a necessary qualification for a man to be able to write a poem; and we believe that even with this factitious aid, and the appliances of the "press," it is not possible to produce a poem that is "worthy to be" a very dark oblivion.

### OUR BOOK-TABLE.

Carey and Lea have issued an edition of the "Family Cabinet Atlas," with the view of supplying the greatest quantity of geographical information within the smallest compass. The workmanship of this little volume is exceedingly elegant. It is one of the neatest specimens of printing with which the American press has supplied us for some time. The maps are really beautiful, and we should be sorry to learn that so useful and creditable a work had not been entirely successful.

The "Two Hundred Receipts for French Cookery," by Miss Leslie, published by Carey and Hart, of Philadelphia, has been much praised, and we think deservedly. The selection of subjects made by the accomplished writer is of a most tempting and tasteful description, and we must do her the justice to say that she has treated them in such an eloquent and forcible manner as to raise in the minds of all dispassionate readers the most tender and pleasurable associations. She seldom deviates into sentiment, and over her pages are scattered in great profusion many of the most delightful realities of human life. We commend her to the careful perusal and respect of all thrifty housewives.

We have next to compliment Mrs. Almira Phelps, author of several school books, for the "Child's Geology," an appropriate guide for young pupils. It contains most valuable information, intelligible to youth.

From Carey and Lea we have also another number of the "Cabinet of History," by Lardner. It presents the interesting history of Switzerland.

Every thing reminds us that time is creeping by with rapid, though stealthy pace. We open the "American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge for 1833." This work, from Gray and Bowen, Boston, is well known, and highly appreciated, as a repository of the most important information.

The first number of the *North-American Magazine*, a monthly periodical, is just received from Philadelphia. It is edited by Sumner L. Fairfield.

## THE DRAMA

THE NEW-YORK STAGE

## ITALIAN OPERA

Two lovers of Italian music are full of eager expectation on the subject of the new Opera-house—that is to be. Many people are credulous of its permanent success; but that the ground has been bought, the subscription opened, sixty thousand dollars out of the one hundred thousand dollars at once taken up, and notice given that an application will be made at the next session of the Legislature to incorporate an "Italian Opera Association," certainly form very grave arguments in its favor. Madame Brichas has been welcomed among the corps with much applause. Signor Pedrotti has answered with success.

**PARK THEATRE**

The Kembles have delighted the audience, who still throng the house to overflowing, with several characters not before performed here. Among others, Beverly and Mrs. Beverly, in the Gamster; and Mr. Kemble as Mercutio; in each of which their sterling abilities and accomplished powers have become more brilliantly manifest. Persons of the most intellectual description, the aged, and the grave, are yet crowding to enjoy a banquet so rare and delightful.

The young lady who made her debut on these boards the other evening, we learn, was favorably received.

AMERICAN THEATRE

Mr. Hemblin, Mr. Booth, and Miss Vincent have been playing together at this house, and elicited continually the most unequivocal demonstrations of excellence. Indeed they offer an entertainment uncommonly attractive. Mr. Wilson is also engaged for a short time.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR

EDITED BY GEORGE F. WHEAT, THEODORE B. HAY, AND NATHANIEL S. WILSON

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1820

It has been said mourning, that it is hard to banish it from a family whose happiness it has once begun to overshadow. This seems to have been literally true throughout the current year, and even more so now, at the great anniversary of the world; and never more so, than at the present moment. No one who has seen the columns in weeds for the memory of WALTER SCOTT, than we are called upon from the eastern part of our own country, to witness the funeral of a distinguished person in another sphere—than he, FRANCIS PICKENS—who has been so long and already sufficiently endeared himself to those who were favored with his acquaintance, to cause a personal sorrow to be mingled with the more general sources of regret. And now, as we approach the anniversary of EVANGELIST JOHN BROWN, we hear from an opposite direction in the Union—from the south—the announcement of the loss of the LAST SURVIVOR OF THOSE WHO SIGNED THE DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE, AND THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES! The splendor of the act which first inspired him, and the glory measured by the magnitude of the sacrifice it threatened, at that moment, to involve. Had the purpose failed, MR. CARROLL would have been one of the severed leaders, and probably one of the most illustrious of the nation. But the course of the world, ever since the purpose succeeded, has been proportioned to what his departure for his country in the cause of the world—and his venture throughout a life extended over half a century—had made him. He was the man chosen to do such as to make his death, even at the age of SEVENTY-THREE YEARS, appear to all of us to have been far too soon!

As the last remaining signifier of that great instrument which has done more to bless this very American people, MR. CARROLL has much more than a political value. His death will cease to be worthy of those mighty minds to whom she owes her greatness, and of whom, in losing the venerable CARROLL, we are at length deprived of every vestige but the memory and the example!

## Female sex

opinions we repose confidence, has sent us the following note on the subject of female seminaries. It will require but little exertion, however, to persuade the public of the elevated rank held by Mrs. Willard's institution at Troy, as we believe it is extensively known and appreciated.

I am one of those plain people who believe we are likely to shine most properly and in their natural spheres as wives and mothers, rather than as shopkeepers and legislators, and I have no doubt that I have been able to do my duty and to do it with those attributes necessary to render home peaceful and happy. In seminars of learning, our female youth imbibe those principles which generally accute them through their studies. How important, then, are these seminars, and how deserving of every encouragement and support, that in the duty of every one, and more especially of the public press, to foster them, and make them what they should be—the nursery of the virtues. An abundance of labor and expense is bestowed upon the education of the young man, and the young woman, and private beneficence is extended to them with a liberal hand, while those for young ladies are left to the individual exertions of a private prosopopea, whose wealth is worn out in the service of the state, and whose property is scarcely allotted a share as a reward for a well life of industry and economy.

[illegible]

## THE ISABELLA WALTZ.

AS PERFORMED BY THE WEST POINT BAND.—COMPOSED BY ALEXANDER KYLE.



Copyright, 1880, by Alexander Kyle.

## TRIFLES FROM A NOTE BOOK.

## STORIES.

True love that won them, did not speak.  
The grief that memento that his no tear;  
To paint what virtues both were woe,  
To love them, neither will you lose.

In boyish hours, and childhood's glow,  
And thence the long succeeding years,  
The same—day promises went to me,  
What warring memory still endures.

Let them, with most meek calm than mine,  
Doubtless thy virtues as they will—  
It is enough that they were true.  
I've had them, yet I have them still.

I have them still, though now no more,  
Their presence haunts me secretly;  
They dwell within my bosom's core,  
And with their tears mine shall die.

When all of such that we could find,  
And beauty's sweetest blandishment,  
The same might deem that they were true,  
Innocent as conscience.

They were crowded into that—three stood,  
From all that ended crowd apart,  
The victim of a sudden's mood,  
The keeper of a broken heart.

To him the heart of memory true,  
The young, the gentle to restore,  
Warm, tender as his brown's feature,  
Immortal as the love he bore.

Yet all we have the love it brings,  
From all that's lost to all we love,  
It gives me gleams of glorious shape,  
But tells of all it cannot give.

"Two gentlemen, Mr. D. and Mr. L., stood candidates for a seat in the legislature of this state of New-York. They were violently opposed to each other. By some accident Mr. D. gained his election. When he was returning home, much elated with success, he met an acquaintance—"Well," and "D." have got the election. It was no matter for me. If all you have I think him. If they happened any Dutch words, I could talk Dutch with them—and there I had the advantage of him. If there were any Frenchmen, I could talk French with them—and there I had the advantage of him. But as to L. he was a dandy, however, somewhat little fellow." "Yes," replied the gentleman, "and there I had the advantage of you."

The great uncle of the late John Philip Kemble, was a Roman Catholic priest, in the reign of Charles the first, at Hereford; and was tried, convicted, and executed in the place then called Walsingham, now the ruins ground. His head was cut off, and about thirty years since, was in possession of a Mr. Freeman, a respectable scholar, dwelling within two miles of that city, where it was employed by the experimenters to teach words and sentences, under the idea of being endowed with supernatural virtues.

A proscribed able full of pride,  
Brought me that in a long delirium.

I never did not a single word,  
I judged the above too weak.

By the review of his own mind;  
For it was not till I heard him speak.

That I was sure he was a fool,  
I then every when the counsel of the parties met forth the boundaries of land in question, by the plot, and the counsel on one part said, "We'll be on this side my lord," and the counsel on the other part said, "we'll be on this side," the lord chancellor observed, "if you sit on both sides, whom will you have me believe?"

Jack keeps his secrets well, or I'm deceived;  
For nothing he can say will be believed.

A gentleman after having bought a pair of gloves of a countryman at an extra price, asked the seller why he was so unwilling to dispose of one alone. "Why sir," said he, "they have long constant companions—twenty years, and I had not the heart to part them."

## THE FORTUNE TELLER.

If Lucy tell you of a fortune's claim;  
Or ask you to swear when a feather can harm?

"I have had a series of most terrible misdeeds have been committed, therefore on the soup yourself, my dear," said a gentleman to his wife.

A Frenchman, stopping at a tavern, asked for Jacob. "There is no Jacob among here," said the landlord. "I did not say Jacob," said the man, "but do here, make warm and do better." "Well," answered some host, "it is this." "Ah, yes, now, you are in the right—mean Philip?"

"I am glad," said a missionary to an Indian chief, "that you do not drink whiskey; but it grieves me to find that your people use so much of it." "Ah, yes," said the chief, and he fixed an expressive eye upon the missionary, which communicated the reproval before he uttered it, "we Indians use a great deal of whiskey, but we do not make it."

A celebrated physician used to say, when he could not discover the cause of a man's sickness, "we'll try this, and we'll try that." "We'll about into the tree and say things, well and good." "Ay," replied a wag, "I fear this is too commonly the case, and in your shooting into the tree, the first thing that generally falls is the patient."

A COMPLAINT.  
The guests, seeking for a place of rest,  
Have found their empire in Amanda's breast.

"I always think," said a reverend guest, "that a certain quantity of wine does me no harm when a good dinner." "Oh no sir," replied his host, "it is the uncertain quantity that does the mischief."

A dandy asked a lady's boy if he had ever shared a monkey. "No, sir," answered the lad, "but if you will take a seat I'll try."

"How shall I sell my horse?" said a jockey to an acquaintance. "He will run off in ten days if you don't bring him back," said the acquaintance, "for no horseman man will retain him," was the reply.

The lady a theatre we may well call,  
Where every actor must perform with art.  
Or laugh it through, and make a face of it.  
Or learn to laugh with grace his tragic part.

A captain of a vessel loading coals, went into an merchant's counting-house, and presented him a sack. The merchant, looking towards the clerk, replied, "I have a number of them just now, I believe, so I wish to be loaded over the side."

ENTAILS ON AN INFANT.  
The ruling world won't part, made a play,  
I come to rest, disabled, and went away.

It was said that Napoleon's clemency to the great, proved him a friend to Louis on the Human Underworld.

## MOCKERS FROM STABLES ANSWERS.

Dr. Johnson, to ridicule some fulsome compliment, wrote the following ludicrous lines.

"If a man who trips critics,  
Cry not when his father dies,  
To a sign that he had rather  
Have a turnip than his father."

There scarcely ever was a fair compliment paid to a lady, than that which was addressed by David French to a wife who was constantly praising her husband.

You always are making a god of your spouse,  
But that another reason, not so common as follows;  
Perhaps you may think "in a gratitude due,  
And to adore him because he adores you."

Your argument's weak, and so you will find,  
For you, by this rule, must adore all mankind.

Allen Ramsey, the author of the pastoral comedy called the "Grasshopper," wrote the following epigram on a young man who was the cousin of a lady.

New, Frank's son, that may be made,  
For I can proudly live with thee.  
There in the laurel you the fruit,  
The laurel gave the fruit to me.

Boileau used to say that the best epigrams originated in conversation; and, of all his own, he gave the preference to the anecdotal.

Here live my wife, and heaven knows,  
Not more for mine than her repose.

The stamp duties on receipts were first imposed during the celebrated "continuum administration," which was occasioned to the following epigram, at the time generally attributed to Sheridan.

"I would," says Fox, "a tax deliver,  
"That shall not fall on me."  
"Then tax receipts," Lord North replies,  
"For those who never see me."

ON A LADY BEGINNING TO SHOW HER HAIR.  
No argument could Mary reach,  
With strong reluctance still she drew  
Her lovely head to hide.

The case is plain; she was afraid,  
That placed in view, it might be said,  
That by her hand they died.

Printed by George P. Day & Co. (Successors to J. Seymour).

**THE NEW-YORK MIRROR:**  
A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

[Revised according to the Act of Congress in the year 1888, by George F. Harris, in the office of the clerk of the District Court of the United States for the southern district of New-York.]

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1 PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

Vol. X.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1839.

No. 22.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

IN again presenting our readers with some original lines, from the pen of Miss FANNY KEMBLE, we have not only to thank that young lady for her kindness to the *New-York Mirror*, but for enabling us to offer to the country, which so ardently appreciates her worth and talent, as perfect a gem of poetry as we ever remember to have admired.

For we discuss a subject, we hang to add one word to the pontifications of the press. Every thing in this paper is entirely at their service. We are not fond of being called to account for our opinions, but we are at least contented when they have done so, it has generally been with a complimentary fairness for which we feel grateful. But there are some cases in the present number, where we have been so far from being adjudged to be at least contented to the merit of supplying the material; and it is ungenerous to deprive us of the advantage, if there be any, of the recognition of our industry and zeal in collecting that material. We are not disposed to be provoked by the charge of partiality against a reprint on the undesired side of which we have suffered, provided, more than any of our contemporaries, we have secured a full and candid representation of the merits of the cause. We may say we dauntlessly understand that every publisher, so far as he is concerned, is free to permit that whatever portions may be thought deserving of reprinting, may give them the same publicity as the original. It is also permitted. There but *few* from which it is necessary to resort to this mode of self protection; let many of the most honorable of our brother editors have recommended no measure, so the only way of making them heard would be to reprint their views. We are not of the respectable portion of the press will not let the least approve the course we have adopted, because they are unacquainted of doing any thing which would

TO A MUSICAL BOX.

Little beetle *spring* in that dark, narrow crevice,  
 Crawl, by the law of man's *unconscious* will;  
 With *their* small, *logical* treads, by some strong spurs,  
 Come to the *light* of the *unconscious* world;  
 Where—what art thou?—Art thou a *fair* wing,  
 Caught sleeping in some lady's *moony* veil,  
 When *thou* hastest *spring*, to *reach* the *light*,  
 Come to the *light* of the *unconscious* world;  
 Say, dost thou *cast*, sometimes when *thou* art *stung*  
 Of *thy* wild *hastest* upon the *monstrous* hour,  
 Come to the *light* of the *unconscious* world;  
 And *mill* upon the *man's* *armor* *glow* *low*;  
 When *thou* art *wary* of *thy* *old* *thens* *thens*;  
 Say, dost *thou* *cast* the *moon*, *petty* *stems*,  
 Come to the *light* of the *unconscious* world;  
 During in *circles* by the *moon's* *soft* *beam*,  
 Hiding in *blooms* from the *man's* *fiery* *glow*,  
 Come to the *light* of the *unconscious* world;  
 And *canst* *thou* *cast* when the *spring* *time* *comes*;  
 Filling the *earth* with *fragrance* and *will* *glow*;  
 When in the *wide* *earth* *arising* *moons*,  
 Come to the *light* of the *unconscious* world;  
 Or, if *thou* *canst*, and *we* could *hear* *thou* *pray*,  
 How *would* *thou* *laugh* *voice*, *beaming*, *joy*;  
 For *one* *short* *hour* of the *fresh* *morning* *sun*,  
 For *one* *short* *hour* of the *fresh* *morning* *sun*;  
 For *one* *short* *hour* in *hope* *thou* *cast* *be* *free*;  
 Sweetly and *patently* *thou* *cast* *filling*;  
 For *one* *short* *hour* in *hope* *thou* *cast* *be* *free*.  
 To *every* *land*, with *honey* *deed* *falling*.  
 That *thou* *is* *rain* : for *even* *couldst* *thou* *wing*;  
 Thy *homeward* *glow* in *the* *greenwood* *glow*;  
 For *one* *short* *hour* in *hope* *thou* *cast* *be* *free*.  
 'Mongst the *companions* of the *happiest* *day*,  
 For *fair* *lives*, like *any* *many* *other* *creatures*,  
 How *long* *long* *memories*, that *come* *and* *go*;  
 Nor *one* *short* *hour* in *hope* *thou* *cast* *be* *free*.  
 By *absence* *thou* *cast*, or *clouded* *our* *will*;  
 Then, rest *will* *cast* with  *sorrow* : for *there* *is* *no*;  
 For *one* *short* *hour* in *hope* *thou* *cast* *be* *free*.  
 And *still* *will* *cast* *will* *cast* *will* *cast* *will* *cast*;  
 Tilt, when *thou* *will* *will* *will* *will* *will* *will* *will*;  
 For *one* *short* *hour*, *will* *will* *will* *will* *will* *will* *will*.

## THE CONSUMPTIVE

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

The infant desires for fruits and flowers, generally expressed by the vic-

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, the fairest spring can yield,  
The poetry of earth, o'er every field  
Scattered in rich display,  
Bring flowers, fresh flowers, around my dying bed  
The sweetness of the sunny south to shed,  
Ere I am called away.

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, from every sunny glade,  
I know their brilliant beauties soon will fade  
Beneath my feverish breath,  
But their bright hues seem, to my wand'ring thought,  
With promises of bliss and beauty fraught,  
Winning my heart from death.

Bring flowers, fresh flowers ; ere they again shall bloom  
I shall be lying in the narrow tomb,  
Mouldering in cold decay :

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, that I may cheer my heart  
With pleasant images ere I depart,

Bring fruits, rich fruits, that blush on every bough,

Bending above the traveler's weary brow,  
And wooing him to taste ;  
Bunches fruits—mushrooms, I never knew how sweet

The joys that every day our senses greet,  
Till now in life's swift waste.

Bring fruits, rich fruits—earth's fairest gifts are vain  
To minister relief to the dull pain

That steals upon my heart,  
Yet bring me fruits and flowers—they still have power

To cheer, if not prolong life's little hour—  
 Being flowers ere I depart.

### ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY.

## MEMOIR OF JOHN HOWARD FAYNE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART THE SECOND

## MR. PAYNE IN ENGLAND.

Early in the following February, Mr. Payne landed in Liverpool, but, although his ship was a cartel, and he took the best letters with him, he was marched, with his fellow-passengers, from the packet to a prison. Some question, it appears, had been started by the municipality of Liverpool to the alien office, and not attended to, with regard to the course to be observed with respect to Americans arriving, and the mayor of Liverpool had determined to enforce explicit instructions by the severity with which the next who might appear should be treated. Mr. Payne happened to be among the next, and was so incarcerated for a fortnight; but, as the authorities were allowed to grow more lenient, he had his companions, through the intervention, it is presumed, of the influential persons to whom they were recommended.

[illegible]

tion should be made in playbills or paragraphs of his name or history, but that he should stand or fall by the unbiased judgment of the audience. It was therefore announced, that on Friday, June fourth, 1813, the tragedy of Douglas would be performed, the part of Douglas, by a young man, and the first appearance of the tragedy heroine, Miss Smith, among, and that on the next day of performance, Miss Smith, since Mrs. Barclay, who was to play Lady Randolph, was not present. Mr. Payne called on her, and talked over the mode in which he proposed to perform his part. Some little haughtiness from the lady concerning the way in which Mr. Payne intended to convey certain passages, which she said would take off the attention from her, led to a cool parting, at which the tragedy heroine, with a formal courtesy

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## EDITED BY GEORGE F. MORRIS, THOMAS S. PAY, AND CATHERINE P. WILLIAMS.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1939.

THE FRENCH WOMAN.

"Her eyes sparkle with spirit—the most delightful sallies flash from her fancy—in telling a story she is unimpaired—the motions of her body, and the accents of her tongue, are equally gentle and easy—an equal flow of sprightliness keeps her constantly good-humored and cheerful, and the only objects of her life are to please and to be pleased."—*The Englishwoman's Review*, Vol. I, No. 1.

"She is not without some elements of folly that lie latent in intelligent and agreeable. English women have many points of superiority over the French—the French are superior to them in many others. Here I shall only say, that here is a particular idea, which no woman in the world can compare with hers; it is the power of being so much more than she seems. She has a great wit in a fool. She takes up such address as the chorus calls herself, that she gives unexpected vigor and agility to fancy, and electrifies a body that appeared non-electric."

## ENGLISH WOMEN

Now, ladies, listen to what we have to add about

THE AMERICAN WOMAN

When an American lady comes into a room, the first with which she enters is, that she will remain there as long as she does, because she has something better than her clothes to recommend her; and we take care not to stir while we can stay, her company is usually so agreeable.

If the spirit and intelligence of an American woman's conversation flows on to think all about her dress, we find it graceful and modest; whereas more than half the conversation of the two, rather than to show their own graces and gaiety of the French.

The American woman is well read. There are few women in America who are not more familiar with the current literature of the day in England than the mass of those in London. A traveller will often be puzzled by their knowledge than their ignorance. He will wonder how they came by what he has been obliged to live abroad to find out. The reason is, that they have been so long in the habit of reading, that they have picked up points into which he never thought of looking while he was at the very spot where a very thing regarding them was to be sought. They

The women of America are accomplished; they are expert in all the mis-Mishmashes of life; but they do not seem to live for their accomplishments. Through they can play and sing and dance and draw and chatter in French and Italian as well as any women, they divert a more than equal attention to the more solid virtues and acquirements. While they give no care to all which can make them winning, they give their deepest attention to the qualities for which the vicar of Wakefield chose his wife, those "which wear well." The fortunes of America are more liable to fluctuations than those of other countries; the prosperity of to-day is not always a guarantee against the chances of to-morrow; and, however brightly born a woman of America may be, she is generally educated with reference to the possible adversity of her husband.

**De Loria's institutions.**—There are points of great interest in the story of De Loria which are scarcely known in many of his institutions, but which are of great value to the student of the history of the world. From time to time he has been called upon to give an account of his life and work, and he has always done so with a purpose, in which he has never failed. From time to time he has been called upon to give an account of his life and work, and he has always done so with a purpose, in which he has never failed. From time to time he has been called upon to give an account of his life and work, and he has always done so with a purpose, in which he has never failed.

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The hour was ended at the House of Monks, where Jerome's disciples, instead of being landed for their guilt and desperate acts, are rescued from the flames, and the flames are extinguished. The hour was ended at the House of Monks, where Jerome's disciples, instead of being landed for their guilt and desperate acts, are rescued from the flames, and the flames are extinguished. The hour was ended at the House of Monks, where Jerome's disciples, instead of being landed for their guilt and desperate acts, are rescued from the flames, and the flames are extinguished.

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The following preamble and resolutions were presented, with some appropriate remarks, by the Rev. Dr. Wainwright, and unanimously adopted:

The citizens of New-York, revering the beautiful simplicity and integrity of Sir Walter Scott's character, appreciating the elegance and force of his writings, and deploring his death, are common with the friends of literature throughout the world, desirous to evince their admiration of his genius, and their respect for his memory. Therefore be it

*Resolved*—That we tender with heartfelt sincerity the expression of our sorrow and sympathy to the relatives and friends of the deceased, for their irreparable loss.

*Resolved*—That the funds to be raised by the committee under the preceding resolution be applied by them, in their discretion, to the erection of a monument to the memory of Sir Walter Scott in this city, or, if it shall be found advisable, to be paid over to the corresponding committee for transmission to Edinburgh.

The first proposition, unopposed in the first resolution, was, that the money to be collected by the committee should be appropriated to the purchase of a house for the committee, and that the committee should be empowered, and to preserving Abolition for his family and descendants. But it being understood from the intelligence received from the friends of the cause, that the committee would be represented, and that the necessary funds would be raised abroad, the committee resolved to purchase a house for the committee, and to preserve Abolition for his family and descendants. But it being understood from the intelligence received from the friends of the cause, that the committee would be represented, and that the necessary funds would be raised abroad, the committee resolved to purchase a house for the committee, and to preserve Abolition for his family and descendants.

*Resolved*—That a committee of ten be appointed with authority to conduct all the correspondence growing out of these proceedings.

*Resolved*—That an attested copy of the proceedings of this meeting

*Resolved*—That the proceedings of this meeting be signed by the president, vice-presidents, and secretaries, and published in all the daily papers.

The meeting being ordered that the committees be appointed by the chair, the following persons were named:

## COMMITTEE ON SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Rev. Dr. Walter Light,  
David S. Kennedy,  
Robert McCookery,  
Robert Hainday,  
Arch. Harvey,  
James G. King,  
John Graham,  
James Hay,  
Alexander Kent,  
John Durr,  
George F. Morn,  
John Caldwell.

B. Laurence, Francis Ouspre  
John G. Ouspre

John C. Tully.

CORRESPONDING COMMITTEE.

Washington Irving.	John C. Verplanck.
James K. Paulding.	David M. Gould.
William C. Bryant.	John A. Gurry.
William Leggett.	William M. Wood.
James May.	Charles F. Hoffman.

On motion, by Charles King, Esq., John I. Palmer, Esq. was unanimously appointed treasurer of the fund to be collected. On motion, the meeting adjourned.

DAVID HADDEN, President.

WILLIAM A. DUES,  
CORNELIUS W. LAWRENCE, } *Vice-Presidents.*  
JAMES LAWSON,  
ROBERT M. WETMORE, } *Secretaries*



A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

Illustrated with fine woodcuts, and Music arranged with accompaniments for the Mansford

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

No. 23.

## SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ANNUALS

THE WOODLAND BROOK.

"The long and the short of the matter is, ma'am," quoth old Andrew, "that Jem White—I dare say you know Jem; he's a good lad and a dutiful son—and my Beasy there—and she's a good girl and a dutiful too, tho' I say it that should not say it—have on keeping company, like, for these two years past; and now, as I as I thought they were going to marry and settle in the world, we come his father, the farmer there, and wants him to marry Esther weech; and he's fool-heeried to my girl."

One of the persons with whom we had in our small way dealt longest and whom we liked best, was *old Matthew*, the masteeler. As surely as February came, would he come to present his beast to us, and to ask for his money. He was a very fat man, with three round mats which he knew that our cottage required; and he always did he receive fifteen shillings, lawful money of Great Britain, in return for his commodity, notwithstanding an occasional grudge which he bore against us, for not having been offering our skins who would endeavor to send him off with an assurance that his price was double that usually given, and that no more *fat mats* with rushes was or could be worth five shillings. "His honest ways dealt with me," was *Matthew's* mild response, and he would not quarrel with us, but would be content with our satisfaction. In point of fact, *Matthew's* mats were honestly worth the money; and we enjoyed in this case the triple satisfaction of making a fair bargain, dealing with an old acquaintance, and relieving, in the best way, that of employment, the wants of a poor man.

One of the persons with whom we had in our small way dealt longest and whom we liked best, was *Isidore Mathew*, the mastercell. As surely as February came, would he come to present his basket of three rash mats which he knew that our cottage required; and as usually did he receive fifteen shillings, lawful money of Great Britain, in return for his commodity, notwithstanding an occasional grudge which he would endeavour to wind him off with an assurance that his price was double that usually given, and that no *man* *er* made with rushes was or could be worth five shillings. "His honest ways dealt with me," was *Mathew's* mild response, and his words were true. He was a simple, honest, and unassuming man, a satisfaction. In point of fact, *Mathew's* mats were honestly worth the money; and we enjoyed in this case the triple satisfaction of making a fair bargain, dealing with an old acquaintance, and relieving, in the best way, that of employment, the wants of a poor man.























From the Hill



A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1886, by George F. Marvin, in the office of the clerk of the District Court of the United States for the southern district of New York.]

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

No. 24

A few months had elapsed after the occurrence of this event, and, if grief in the bosom of Anastasia for the loss of her lover, and the remembrance of his death, had not been so completely forgotten, she would have been able to find some consolation in the memory of his sacrifice in his noble hour. Languishing away long after the family had all retired, at her lattice, indulging in that mournful contemplation of past events, which she now became the all-absorbing passion of her spirit, her ears were suddenly arrested by a low, sweet, and plaintive voice, which she had been accustomed to hear, at those seasons, when in this manner, her departed lover had indicated his affections. These notes were the name, and words such as she alone had ever heard, and which she had never before been able to connect with any sudden and indescribable anguish, such as she now experienced. She felt entertained. The influence became stuporoidal, at first, and she sought, for the time, a safe retreat in the chamber, and, at length, her attendant. Here she remained until her mind had become soothed, and she returned to her room, and, when she lay down upon it, she was returned to her own room, and the sounds were



given by Petrus Byvanck, to James Bogert, was a present in 1689, from his grandfather in Holland."<sup>10</sup>

<sup>10</sup> Many agree persons have spoken to me of the former pleasant custom of families sitting out on their "stoepas" in the evening, and there saluting their passing friends, or talking across the narrow streets with the neighbors. It was one of the grand links of the social compact. It made social neighbors, and gave ease to social intercourse, by destroying the formality of visits, of knocking at doors, and being denied by people at home. It helped the young to easier introductions, and afforded great facilities to courtship.<sup>11</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I give some facts to illustrate these remarks, derived from the family of B., with which I am personally acquainted. They show the state of primitive Dutch manners. Their grandfather died in 1768, at the age of sixty-three. He had been an squire, and was a man of considerable fortune; but, after his death, following the declaration of war between Holland and England, he declared himself bankrupt. Such a man, in any circumstances, offers the true Dutch tone, had all his family to breakfast all the year round at daylight. Before breakfast he always smoked a pipe. His family always dined exactly at twelve, at which time they were served with soup, followed by roast beef or mutton, was bobbed, and always punctually served at three o'clock. Then the old folks went about visiting their relatives, changing the families every night in succession, over and over again, all the year round. The regime of every house, on these occasions, was ex-

"Afterwards, when green tea came in as a new luxury, loaf-sugar also came with it. This was broken in lumps, and laid severally by each cup, and was nibbled or bitten as needed."

"The family before referred to, actually continued the practice till as late as seventeen years ago, with a steady determination in the patriarchy, to resist the modern innovation of dissolved sugar while he lived."

"While they occupied the *stoppes* in the evening, you could see here and there an old burgher with his long pipe, fume away his eares, and rely on every occasion to offer another of the use of any passing friend might sit down and join him. This ideal picture has every lineament of contented comfort and cheerful repose. Something much more composed and happy than the bustling activity of 'our business' in modern times."

"It was common in families then to clean their own chimneys, without the aid of hired sweeps, and all tradesmen, care were accustomed to saw their own wood for fuel. No man, in middling circumstances of life, ever scrupled to carry home his own hundred or two of wood from the market; it would have been in them to have refused it."

The Historic Tales of the Olden Time abound in curious notices and historic particulars, concerning the early inhabitants of this changeful city. But we have not space for more extracts and must conclude by cordially commending this little work to the patronage of all those who feel a veneration for good old times, and honest, simple hearted people. While we indulge a hope that the publication of this little volume will excite an interest in the history of every other nation, let us not feel indifferent about our own. Let us contemplate our ancestors, not with the vain and selfish swelling of individual vanity, counting the rotten branches of its own family tree, but with the nobler and more earnest feeling of common pride, founded on a race of vigorous, virtuous and hardy men, who have left their marks on the continent.

## ENGLISH ESSAYISTS.

#### STYLE AND WRITINGS OF CHARLES LAMB.

<sup>16</sup> "Who has not seen Naples, has seen nothing," say the Italians—"who has not read Ellis, has read nothing," (an entertaining and agreeable at least,) say those who have.

Of all the light essayists of the day—"and their name is legion"—few are more witty, and none more pleasant, than Charles Lamb, the "Elia" of the London magazines. His pictures of life are taken from the life he pictures: not from the dreams of poets, or the romance of lovers; and though a proclaimed bachelor withal, he has such an excellent notion of the domestic hearth, that each wife of a rakish spouse, may well regret such a first-side admirer was not the chosen Mentor to her raving Telemachus, and every spinster lament the want not Alice W.—a, or had no opportunity, in early life, of counseling him for her loss.

in all his domestic essays, his thoughts are resident of comfort and full of social enjoyment. There is no ecnimity toward the present, no dedication of the "perfect past" he glorifies in as really is, not as it is fettered; and accss to purely to love it, without regret and without ambition, that he would say with Joshua, "am,--etend them still!" and wish the residue of his time to pass, not in any changed or improved condition, but just as it might be at the time his desire was formed. Such a man's existence ought to be like that of the dsl; it should either remain still, or be marked only with those hours which the sun shines upon.

The beings he places before us are like Pygmalion's statue—no sooner formed, than his inspiration quickens them: yet in no other way resembling marble, for they are warm and familiar creatures—things that live and breathe: but lest their perfect symmetry should make you doubt them real, he brings them down from their pedestals to place them around your easy winter fire, with your wife—your friend—your bottle and your cat.

tion, but that he bears no sting: his wit extracts the essence of all, even the bitterest flowers—but converts the whole into honey; while his classic thoughts or historic illustrations, are never brought into array for the purpose of appearing learned, but are merely sprinkled about, like condiments, to spice the dish.

His essays are, principally, pleasant records of himself and his thoughts; or whimsical structures on events and manners passing around him, for he is one of those few mortals who can be ridiculous without assuming. It is his pleasant manner that enables him to make such frequent use of the personal pronoun, "I," and to give so much of his own feelings and impressions. He is so omniscious, so narrative of all personal conduct, that he is almost sure to be right. He is so sure of himself, while its superabundance, stuffing the matter so full of [—]—[—] converts it into a verbal *argu*. But there are some works of his, so impressed with Eliot's manner, they now tell the whole of Joe Miller's stories in the *first person*; affirming that it gives them more life and identity they cannot have when related in the *third*, as it is presumed the illustrious donor never may now become.

Charles Lamb is a Londoner—but as we already have the outlines of his biography under his own hand, it would be supererogation to assume the historian. His boyhood was passed in Christ's church—his manhood in the India company's service—his body at the desk—his spirit in the magazines. As an author we admire him for his wit and style, and love him for his bonhomie; and as a man, though personally unknown, the writer must ever entertain a regard for him, from that indecipherable bond school-fellowship.

Through five and thirty years elapsed between our passing through the mine unvarying course of studies—yet, if the dogmas were true, that like causes produce like results, we should now be writing our own essays, not criticizing his. But, alas! our answering the same forms, has no more made us an Elia, than it did him; and he would have been as much surprised at our venturing dramatic! We have eaten apples where Johnson ate them; yet are we no lexicographers! nor have we become a hero from standing upright in the armor of John Gauset, though it fitted us as closely as the wooley lark does a soldier! A quick perception, and a lively fancy, enable Elia to extract from the rival occurrences of a day, what interests him; wit too richly supplied, and ready as water, to flow forth in the most picturesque and beautiful language. "What a beautiful frame!"

[illegible]

A carping critic of the *Somerset*'s school, who could only rail at Yvonne for her shod-slipper, may deem this too true a theme for literary labor; but he, who by his skilful adornment makes a gem of the pebble, deserves more than he, who, by a costly setting, loads the diamond with unneeded gold.

Elia is the Wilkie of the pen—or rather the Hogarth—singing his wit and pungency of one, to the truth and feeling of the other. How much joy is contained in his revels of "Twelfth Night." Shall I go on? Ah! not for who can tell of our doings? Who can count a laugh? Who can carry away a rich thought with all its doings? Where is the freshness of the jest that hung upon accident or circumstance? I own I have a laugh—it is worth a hundred groans in any state of the market. I delight to see a score of happy children sitting huddled all round the dairy fare, sipping the cake and each other with faces sunny enough to thaw the white snow. And then, when the "characters" are drawn, is it nothing to watch the genuine delight which escapes from their little eyes?<sup>10</sup>

It does one's heart good thus to see the sweets extracted from the passing flowers without bruising the stalk to infuse its poison. To a soul constituted like that of Eliza, nature is ever verdant—while the mind that views the world only through the medium of the grosser senses, may do well enough in the flimsy tenement of so English a rickman, but for the true enjoyment of life is as valueless as a rusty needle, or yesterday's newspaper.

Though Elia is not one of those systematic railers who absurdly hobbles, with a special exception in favor of their own, he frequently and effectively uses the lash of his irony in chase those darker furies that refuse to be laughed away—and though there are many cranks who write with greater profundity, more rounded periods, or alstruser logic, yet none have better blended the light and agreeable, than Charles Lamb: for his wit and whim are like the gambols of the squirrel—ever varying, ever new: springing by a native impulse from point to point, always fantastic, changeable and fresh.

### FOREIGN TRAVELS.

ORIGINAL SCRAPs FROM A MIDSHIPMAN'S LOCKER.

## RAYAN

The first thing that strikes you is the Castle Moro, of course; a ancient wall, and the jutting crags upon which it is founded are heavily stained by the hand of time; the waves, which in calm weather quietly beat its base, in a storm lash even the watch-towers with their foam and spray and impetuous fury. This immense fortification frowns upon the entrance of the harbor, on the right; while on the left the *Puntal*, and the thousand-colored buildings crowd down in a tumultuous throng to the water's edge; and the green hills beyond gracefully round themselves away, crowned and circled by their pretty lines of cocoa-nut trees.

The perfect silence that reigned upon our decks, save the song the leadsmen, the executive officer's quick orders to the helmsman, or the occasional swoop of our bright banner, convinced us that we were in the presence of a great and unusual event in respect of the audience. The solitary and motionless sentences were divided into pigmies at their posts, while a few lazy soldiers are leaning over the battlements; nor must I omit a solitary German, perched among the crags like Shakespeare's samphire gatherer, and the two or three sailors who were leaning over the side, as well to clear the whale's as to take advantage of the wind. Which just abreast, we received the customary, long and musical hail, "*Lo Corvete!*" "*Lo donde viene!*" To which our first lieutenant responded by a shout from his trumpet, the sound of which being the signal for the crew to get ready, he understood us well to tell us that the most elegant of Earthly

it is not naïf after passing the Moro that a full view bursts upon you. Wells, palaces, convents, houses, and turrets appear one immense jumble. You find yourself among a number of people, moving with that majestic mien as peculiar to our "aristocracy," and most of them dressed in the richest and most elaborate craft, probably slaves, pirates, and *guarda costas*. From the walls of the inner range of fortifications came sibilant strains of martial music over the still waters of the bay, mingled with the chiming bells of the city. On a holiday, you may see the soldiers in their best uniforms, and the sailors in their blue tunics and surtutes. Soon as our anchor had rattled out its chain cable, we were boarded by the custom-house boats, with the royal flag "León y Castilla," and a cocked hat, skin-and-bone officer; and a fleet *fambots* assailed us with loads of oranges, pines,

the scene is interrupted by a swarm of boats, with little yellow canopies, and amid a clamorous jargon of bad Spanish import foot on the quay. Ships are jammed in along the wharves, a most sociable contact, according to the old sailors, who have been here since the days of Columbus. The boats are full of the "ladrones" (thieves)—what a number! You will meet one at every corner, with his fierce moustache and paper cigar. Now you are in the city, a city as large as New York, among yellow, thin-faced men, with a few white faces, and a few black faces, and a few mulattoes and creole-breast slaves; among dyes, barrels, bales, sailors, soldiers and priests; the screaming of parrots, the tramping of the feet, the howling of dogs. You proceed to the market, where you will find the fish, the fruit, the trees and walled stone benches, and all the glorious flora and flowers of the city, surrounded by lofty buildings, of noble workmanship. If it be a hot day, (when it is not!) you must lose all the day, having a fever. Some one has advocated the idea that comes to the place of the damned, alternately freezing and roasting in the change of temperature leads the to admire his stupidity of error.

The streets are narrow, ill-contrived, and moody; nobody  
 else, at least nobody who has any pretensions to *distingue*,  
 they ride only at cool twilight! Then they congregate at  
 the caf  s, and the caf  s are crowded, and the people are  
 dressed with a loose and airy grace, around whom they ride in a main-  
 tained strop, breathing the fragrance of a thousand odorors  
 . . . Figure to yourself a huge open chair, the gaily black  
 rose porcelain encased in ludicrous jack-boots, attract a horse,  
 and you have the picture of a *caballero*! The *caballero* is  
 a young lady in white, dressed of bonnet. I think their simple  
 and-dress the prettiest in the world; somewhat inimitable, beau-  
 tiful as a statue, (were it not for those swimming eyes and  
 faint feet), accompanied by a wrinkled old duncan, dressed pro-  
 bably in a black frock coat, and a pair of black trousers, who  
 carries a father or brother. What jealous-pated knaves are  
 these Spaniards, to keep the light of their eyes, *lumbre de*  
*los ojos*, unsmured within those grated windows, and come-at-  
 tending balconies. Have they never read of Pyramus and Thisbe?  
 The perfect beauty is the *lumbre de los ojos*, the light of the  
 balcony. At a glance they are all-dressed people are there,  
 the evening thousand, each embellished and independent, com-  
 ing, play billiards, or drink *his caf  *. How delicious an im-  
 age in the torrid noon! and then the real Havana cigar!  
 Everybody smokes. The dreams of an epicure in three things

paid a pilgrimage to the remains of Columbus; they are kept in the Grand Cathedral, which is indeed a magnificent pile. So much has been said about the impressiveness of catholic pomp, but I will not describe the processions of shaven priests, as they wound among the vast columns, nor the glorious strains of music, as they rolled among the dark and gloomy vaults.









## REMEMBRANCE.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS HOGG, ESQ.—COMPOSED BY AN AMATEUR, EXPRESSLY FOR, AND DEDICATED TO, THE LADY MARY FITZGERALD HENKLEY.

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CON RESPECTIVE

AMANTE AFFETUOSO

*mf*

*p*

born. The lit the win-dow where the sun Came peep-ing in at morn | Ha no ver came a winch too soon, Nor brought too long a day | But now I oft en

wish that night, Had born my breath a way.

*Allegretto*

*Allegretto for each successive stanza*

FIRST STANZA—I remember, I remember,  
The roses red and white,  
The violets and the lily cups,  
Those dews made of light |  
The place, where the robin built,  
And where my brother sat,  
The liburn on his birth-day—  
The tree is living yet!

THIRD—I remember, I remember,  
Where I was used to stray,  
And thought the air must rush as fresh  
To swallows on the wing,  
My apples dew in feathers them,  
That are so heavy now,  
And summer pools could hardly cool  
The fever of my brow.

FOURTH—I remember, I remember,  
The fir trees dark and high,  
I used to climb their slender tops  
To see clouds against the sky,  
It was a close acquaintance,  
But now 'tis little joy  
To climb the furthest off from heaven,  
Than when I was a boy.

## Original Sketches from Scripture.

## BABYLON.

"Make bright the arrow, quiver the shafts, for Babylon shall fall."

THE SUN HAD SET

And Rhin's plaid, dressed in the blush, moths  
Hers of day's decline, seemed blushing as in  
Conscious beauty. The fragrance of the east  
Was a wisp on the breeze, and gentle zephyrs  
Told their whispering tales among the cypresses  
And firs. The broad Euphrates, in its  
Wentend course, flowed silently along, with  
Not one ripple moving on its bosom.  
The dusky shades of evening had then shrouded  
A sunless music over Babylon—  
And all was wrapt in dim obscurity.  
Without the city, labor now had ceased—  
The busy hum along the ramp had died.  
A way, for Meds and Persians sped secure  
Within his tent, and all was hushed and still  
Not so in Babylon—all there was mirth,  
For 'twas a festival night; Belshazzar made  
A feast—and courtiers, nobles, all  
Drank deep, the cups of pleasure on that night.

When the eve stands a  
Palace, three circled round with lofty walls,  
And belied him with triple pines of brass.  
This was a banquet hall, and here the king,  
Upon his throne, arrayed in purple robes,  
Drank to his guests, his courtiers, and his lords.  
A thousand lamps shone luxuriantly, and cast  
Their difference opinions on the vaulted roof.  
Rich incense was hung upon the walls,  
And sweetened music almost spoke aloud.  
In music—like music—on her side,

Was hailing such a jargon, upon  
The banquet board, in his fair low courted.  
And here, proud Mene pursued the lion on  
His rug, while blood seemed making from the wound.  
Such scenes as these the artist imagined forth  
To life, the paragon of nature's self.  
Nor these alone gave beauty to the scene,  
The sapphire, sapphire, emerald and pearl,  
Shone with stately tints on Belshazzar's  
Gilded throne; and diamonds sparkled on the  
Stone white breast of many a peri there.  
No sound of lute, or cithara, necked harp,  
Or dulcimer, was waiting on that night.  
Joy, laughter, mirth, and beauty with its smile,  
Were there; and pleasure sat on every face.  
The king himself, no more a king, descending  
From his throne, now joined the merry dance, and  
Impudently drank the wine from vessels  
Served into God—drank with bold  
And primes, courtesans, yet thought he once  
Of sight more pleasant, with those virgins.  
"Let eat," he cried, "be lamed every maid,  
Let every heart be glad—in all our joy  
The merry dance, and give love runs to mirth.  
On with the dance—let joy be unconfined!"  
Thus spoke the king.

The music notes of music  
Sounded in the hall, and rich incense and  
Garlands wafted o'er many a fair one there,  
As through the mystic maze of the dance,  
With sylvan-like and airy tread the maid,  
But why that death-like paleeness through the hall?

All now is hushed and still  
Grim horror sits upon the monarch's brow,  
And hovering spirits every joint and limb.

He raised his horror-stricken face, and  
With a fearful eye, in silence gazed upon  
The vaulted arch, as there a hand sped traced,  
In characters unknown, the firm decree  
Of an offended God—"Ephraim said,  
Mene, mene, pees." A moment, and  
The hand was not—the writing still remained,  
To tell Belshazzar the firm resolve of  
Justice long provoked.  
Dark, gloomy thoughts, now settle on the king's  
Pale brow, and grief, and anguish, with a sylvan's  
Tooth, gnaw his very heart's core—disorderings  
Dark were within his mind, and tremulously  
He listened, while the prophet of the Lord  
Thus spake:—"Thy kingdom, God hath numbered, and  
Will finish it—hath weighed thee in the  
Balance; thou art wanting found, the empire  
Is divided, and Meds and Persians shall  
Possess it." Thus Daniel spake.

Belshazzar heeded  
Not, but trusting in his strength, he pushed to  
His walls, those hundred towers, his battlements;  
Then bade defiance to the foe. "Fall higher  
Yet the cry, 'watch in wakefulness;  
Spread the table, eat and drink.'"

The morning rose on Rhin's plains, but not  
On Babylon the Great, for she was "fallen."  
Falling? "The Meds and Persians then marched in  
Triumph through her palaces, and, where was feasting  
Once, now groans and lamentations fell upon  
The ear: 'where beauty once was seen, now blood  
And carnage met the eye; and where the song  
Of mirth was heard, the requiem of the dead  
Still d-d'n't the slain."

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NO. 25.

## ORIGINAL TALES.

### A SCENE OFF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

A LIAISON OF THE SEA.

We were bound on a voyage down the coast of Africa, and round the Cape of Good Hope. We had a picked crew;—about every exception—able-bodied, routine men, well-invested in the

sea. The one exception was Harry Sommers, a fair, delicate lad, of about twenty, but from the weakness of his constitution, was far sicker to enjoy the endearments of home, than to combat with the winds and waves. Why he was so shipped, cannot tell; but of one thing I am certain, it was not from my inclination on his part for the ocean. He had none of that elasticity of soul—that joyous buoyancy so natural to the young. A deep melancholy seemed to have taken possession of his mind, and his pale face—very pale. His eyes had lost their wonted fire, and gave an expression of habitual sadness to his features, though in times of unusual excitement, they would brighten up with a lightning flash, that told of hidden feelings and undeveloped energy. He soon became a general favorite, his gentle, inoffensive manners so won upon the hearts of all the crew, that Dirk Garford was the only soul on board, who would not have perished his life to do him a service.

One of those of those disagreeable characters, too often found in society, who, possessed of great bodily strength, consider themselves entitled to dominion over those with whom they come in contact, if they are not blessed with such powerful forms as would seem to invest the usurpation with a natural right. Harry, with a quiet, unassuming disposition, ever ready to smile, and equally ready to pursue, with untiring vengeance, all who attempted to retaliate. From some unknown cause, he had taken a dislike to Harry. I never before saw the disposition so easily changed. He was sometimes, an instance which he, with all his bullying, had never been able to obtain. However that might be, he took every opportunity to quarrel with him. It was his lot some times with petty annoyances, but to stir the crew to his aid. He was so sure that Dirk continued his present course of conduct, they would follow him. He defied them, and struck the lad. True to their determination, they fastened him to the windlass, and gave him a sound dose, such with a rope's end. His dislike was now increased into hate.

For a long time we had head-wind and a stormy sea. This was nothing to us old sea-dogs; but Harry felt it severely. Poor fellow! I could not help pitying him, as I gazed upon his pale cheeks, and saw him handle the rough terry hair with hands almost as white and delicate as a girl's. It was evident he had not seen better days, and that he felt the change, though he never stowed a complaint, nor shrunk from his duties while he was able to perform them. There was a mystery about him which we never were able to penetrate, for his career was short. In less than two months after leaving port, he was taken sick, and died.

The circumstances accompanying this event, were of a nature, altogether so exotic and strange, and there was a rumormongering from the crew, and hints of foul play. These soon increased to broad insinuations, directed against Dirk; but they either fell upon dead ears, or when they were too plain to be misunderstood, were met with indignation that appeared to render them incompatible with guilt. The surgeon declared that Harry died of a disease peculiar to the African coast; and the captain appeared satisfied that it was so. Suspicion was, therefore, if not destroyed, at least lulled to sleep, and the body of the unfortunate was consigned to the ocean depths.

Months passed away, and we were on our return, when we were becalmed off the Cape of Good Hope. It was a beautiful night. The moon was at the full, and looked down upon the calm waters with her own soft sweet smile, while the distant land seemed like a heavy cloud shirting the horizon. The lighthouse which had turned out, and I had relieved the men at the deck. Dirk was pacing the deck with a listless step, and a lowering brow. A change had lately come over him. His listless, cool, ever-bearing manner in the fore-cabin, had given place to a sulky moroseness. He seldom spoke, and when obliged to answer to a question, it was only with a sullen monosyllable. There was a gloom upon his countenance, and a sadness that was always as slight as our situation would permit. At present, not a word was exchanged between us. Thoughts of my home, where, with fearless heart and bounding step, I had climbed the mountain for the first time, and seen the sun rise over the purple of ocean, washing with boyish ardor to tempt its dangers, arose before me, a awakening a thousand soft and tender feelings. Dirk, too, was engaged in thought—apparently in deep and bitter musing. He was now and then in contact with a frown, and twice he stopped in his walk with a sudden start.

More than an hour had passed in this unbroken silence, when Dirk sprang suddenly to the side of the vessel. I thought I heard the sound as if of a rope falling in the water.

"Hillo, meastmate!" I shouted, "what's to be seen?" He did not reply, but continued for several minutes to gaze upon the water until I saw how pale he was—and his eyes—how fiercely—how wildly they flashed! he has come, he has come at last!"

"Who? who?" exclaimed I.

"Don't you remember the voice?" he answered, "it is he! 'tis he! but!"

I listened, but no sound broke the stillness, except the light flapping of the upper sail, as they caught a breath of air—and the soft splashing of the water, parting at the bows.

"The 'Pook, Dirk, don't make a fool of yourself. Be calm; you are nobody. 'Tis your imagination alone that troubles you, said I, more kindly than before. It is a terrible thing to see a bold bad man in an agony of fear. Though I could at another time have laughed at his weakness, and even now, I regard his present agitation and terror without a feeling of pity.

"When do you fear, Dirk," said I, "are we not alone?"

"No! no! would to heaven that we were. Ah! set there in the darkness, and I would be lost to the world, and I would have been when I possessed! I do you not know Harry Sommers?"

"Villain! murderer!" I exclaimed, casting him from me, as if he were a viper; for the fact, though I had long suspected it, coming as it did, overcame every feeling but that of horror. He recoiled to the side of the ship, and sank heavily down upon the deck. So long he remained motionless that I became alarmed. I started for assistance, for I could not leave the helm. I came to the fore-cabin, and found him lying on his back, his hands clasped, and his face as white as paper. He was so dead, that I did not wish to subject him to their violence. I intended to take the earliest opportunity to inform the captain of what had passed, but he might adopt measures for securing the villain. My design, however, was frustrated. A change occurred in the weather. Before morning it blew a perfect hurricane. Dirk, who had recovered, came in contact with me several times during the morning, but no allusion was made to the scene of the preceding night. About noon there was a cry, of all cries perhaps the most alarming, "There's a ship! there's a ship!" I sprang towards the rigging, and behold him sinking amid the foaming waves. Several men-boys were thrown overboard, but he made no effort to reach them. They, that thought to me like a scream of despair, not unmixed with rage, and a cry of "God bless him!"

As we sailed onwards, I saw a wild silence reigned. We heard only the shrieking of the gale through the naked shrouds; the heavy, rushing sound of the ship, ploughing and thundering through the trembling billows. That was all we ever heard of him. He never spoke again. I never again felt acquainted with the family of Harry Sommers, I have never dared to mention to them the true cause of his death.

## AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.

### BRIEF ORIGINAL SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

JOHN STARR.

May be ranked among that hardy and valuable race, that may be called the founders of New Hampshire. He was born at Londonderry, then a frontier town in New Hampshire, on the twenty-eighth of August, (old style), 1728. He was a yeoman, the son of a yeoman, one of those emigrants who had then lately come from Ireland, and had brought with them industrious habits, with the linen-spinning-wheel, and that now indispensable vegetable—the potato. If a few hills of potatoes might have been found in the gardens of the curious before that time, they were not found the same as food for man or beast in New England, until 1719, when they were brought into use at Londonderry. Hunting was then a part of the employment of the enterprising woodman, and Stark, when quite a young stranger, on one of his hunting expeditions, was taken by a party of Indians. He evinced great bravery on this occasion, but was carried into captivity, and remained until redeemed by the state of Massachusetts. He was now acquainted with the wilderness, and often accompanied the soldiers on their expeditions. In 1756, Stark became known as a young man of much promise, was

appointed a lieutenant in a company of rangers, commanded by Captain Robert Rogers, who was afterwards so famous as Major Rogers, in the corps of rangers. This company was in the campaign of 1760, which terminated so successfully, near Lake George. The next year this company was again on the march to Fort Edward, and secured the frontier settlements that related to Ticonderoga and Crown Point. In the winter of 1757, the rangers had a rash, bloody battle, near Lake George. Rogers and the other officers were wounded, and Stark conducted the retreat. It was indeed a memorable one, as it was in the desert of winter. For these services he was promoted to a captaincy, with the approbation of every officer and soldier on the frontiers. In the attack on Ticonderoga, in June, 1758, the rangers were in requisition, and Stark behaved with sagacity and courage. In this action fell the young and gallant Lord Edward, whose death was deeply lamented by the whole army. Between him and Captain Stark a strong friendship existed. How saw the merits of the ranger, and the young American's heart was susceptible of friendship as well as courage. The image of the gallant British officer was never absent from his mind; he cherished the recollection of that campaign to the close of his life. Captain Stark was with Lord Amherst at the reduction of Ticonderoga and Crown Point. He now retired from the army, and employed himself in the ordinary business of domestic life, until the difficulties began to thicken with the mother country. He was a whig from principle, and from the period that he left the army, in 1760, to the commencement of the American war, he was a whig, and with the brave yeomanry around him, and he was so well known through the state of New-Hampshire, that in case of their being obliged to resort to arms, he was counted on as a leader. After the drama was acted, he was called on to lead the whigs of the east event, mounted his horse, and set off for the scene of action; hundreds of his neighbors followed him, under the impulses of liberty, without salutation or commands. These hardy patriots assembled on the barren ground, and put Stark at their head. He had no rival displayed; all eyes turned to him. He was previously on the breast-plate of Jane, in command of a large force; and General Ward soon considered him as a most valuable assistant. On the memorable seventeenth of June, his force was completely routed, and he was so severely wounded, that he was obliged to retire from his position, that a fight was inevitable, without any delay, he marched to the ground; his men all desired to be led on, and he reached the hill but a few minutes before the battle began. His conduct on this day has been the theme of praise. He fought until the American forces had exhausted their ammunition, and were nearly cut off by the British troops. His brave New-Hampshire yeoman were, even at this crisis, unwilling to retreat; but his command was low, and he was obliged to retire in good order across Charles-town neck to Merlin-hill, to join the main body of the American army. After the evacuation of Boston, he marched his regiment to New-York, and was active in that campaign until he was ordered to return to Canada. His forces were near Ticonderoga, when the declaration of independence was received. Every officer and soldier hailed the news with enthusiasm. His joined General Washington only a short time before the battle of Trenton, and led the van on that memorable morning, when the Hessians were surprised at Trenton, and marched with the commander-in-chief to Princeton.

In the early part of next spring he went to Exeter, to consult with Generals Sullivan and Poor, for the next campaign; but, finding that he had been appointed to command the New-Hampshire again for a term. The council of state sent for Stark; but he would not accept of any command which should be subject to any orders but his own. The troops would not stir an inch without him, and he was sent on with intentions to hang on the enemy, and harass his march. In August he arrived with his forces at Bennington; and Count Baum was detached from Burgoyne's army, to get cattle, horses and forage, and to destroy the small army from New-Hampshire. In this they were defeated, as Stark had been confident of a battle, and captured the whole detachment. This was as decisive a victory as was gained during the war, and led to important consequences. The event destroyed the hopes of Burgoyne, and raised the drooping spirits of the northern army. Stark was rewarded for his ungenerous forgetfulness, and he was put in his proper place by that body, and the breach was healed. From that period he was one of the most active officers in the American army. Washington had in him a confident of a brave and experienced most important commands, which he executed to the satisfaction

of every one. He was at Newburgh when an excitement was raised among the officers about to return to their homes, alms and whomever they pleased, but he was not in the ranks, and, assisted to ally the agitation in camp, and to preserve, unaltered, the reputation of the officers, who were not lacerating the lauders they had so hardly won, by violent proceedings when the war had closed.

Beak retired again to his farm, and became a quiet, hospitable statesman. He enjoyed the respect and veneration of all who knew him. The traveler, as he passed, called on the veteran, and talked about the events of "rich times which were a man's undoing." In his conversation he was communicative, but never egotistical. He spoke of men, and of the measures of his government, with true republican freedom, but never despaired of his country. He wished and believed that the nation would be saved about the eighth of May, 1822, when he expired in the ninety-fourth year of his age, and was buried with the honors of war.

## LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

GENTLEMEN—I am a great author—in embryo. I have never written anything, but I have lately had strong symptoms that way. Do you think I ought to embark in literary undertakings, or do you, like many others of your profession, look on me as a man fallen into literature, as an object of sympathy? Do you think the public will buy a good American book, as soon as an equally good one from a foreign market? Do you think it is the interest of publishers to publish a writer rather to deprive native writers, whose works they must pay for, and in consequence the circulation of books from abroad, which they get for nothing? And, more than all, do you believe there are here the right kind of persons, for an author to choose as readers? I am very poor, and in my taste in this. I do not wish to be a writer, but I have talents which I must not be appreciated. The first reader, he or she—who he should take up my book, I should address thus: I hope thou art gentle and free from guile and jealousy. I hope thou art not backward in the school of the sciences, and that thou art a scholar. I hope thou art neither very great nor very beautiful, for that thou wilt think too much of thyself—too little of thy friend the author. I hope thy face, eyes can command at a glance or eight of others. I hope thy heart is true, and in consequence of its nature, a fine child's face, or any thing sweet and simple. I hope thou art not devotedly fond of Italian music—I hope thou dost not love the trap-door and mystery—I hope that thou hast not too much—that thou art not too much in the way of the world, nor too profoundly good, for you, profoundly good folks are always like a bound snuffing the wind to catch the scent of something thingy. I always look on you, as you are, my good people, and with a little of the scorn of the world, and the scorn of the world, as they are, as they are. I have found very devil among your good people. No, reader, I wait in thy goodness without praise. I am an intellect and taste without hypocrisy and ostentation. I want to be sure my success as well as myself, and the happiness of my fellow-creatures rather than either. These shall be unsatisfied and yet shall appreciate all in composition—these shall cheer through a turn of human makes their laugh aloud—and glad to hear, though the orient drops swell to this cry more than once, when I tell a tale of woe. And shall consider thy author as my friend, and conceive a certain attachment for him as thou findest severely and civility from page to page, and thou shalt elude him with a kind of romantic interest and pleasant illusion, so that when thou meet him afterwards, thine eyes will rest upon him, and thy heart will think him for the pleasure he has afforded thee. For my part, him who has given me a sweet thought, I love better than him who has paid me gold for a pleasant place. I have not been able to obtain the one, I am delighted, elevated, etherealized by the other. The donor of the latter is a man of greater wealth; that of the former a being of a higher nature. A dull writer in the cause of truth, merits a certain respect, but a writer who is not a man, but who succeeds, would rank among public benefactors.

Had I met, Messrs. Editors, remain in my present business—that of a hard-ware merchant—or shall I, in hopes of enjoying distinction by letters, sell off my prime, and commence an author? I am in hopes of receiving the benefit of your advice, I remain your obedient servant, SAMUEL BOWSTER.

REMARKS.—Mr. Bowster had better attend to the hardware business. There are many clinkers among his art becoming an unusually good writer; and if he were, there are many more against his talents; but he would, perhaps, acknowledge, in time to have him from writing. Literary ability is not raised high enough. The labor of producing even a trifling tale or story to please the world, is not rightly understood. Literary men are a subservient class of society. They are the slaves of the public, and their duties and mortifying necessities. They fall a prey to publishers and business men, and for these calamities they get little compensation from the generosity of readers. Barbers and estate-house keepers, by small means, and by means of their own hands, get rich and build houses and enjoy ease and plenty with complete little to do while they have ministered to their highest families, who have refreshed their imagination with beautiful fables, and by their pathos and sentiment, as well as their skill in arranging and purifying their understanding, are left with nothing but the sea and sink, and at last expenditure in despair.—Eds. N. Y. M.

## DESULTORY SOLUTIONS.

### TO MEET AGAIN.

To meet again! Oh that cruel fate  
Should have compass'd it, and us, to part!  
I feel as if the world lay waste  
Deserted from the presence of my heart;  
In vain I strive to ease my breast; in vain  
I write to note for what we meet again!

Which from the thicket of this night retreat  
Cut off from thee, day after day, to day,  
And thus be present only in dream;  
I gaze around me in my spirit's dream;  
I gaze around me in my spirit's dream;  
I gaze around me in my spirit's dream!

The days that, meteor-like, have glided by,  
When blessing my past night thy beauty alone,  
And my heart full of thy dear remembrance;  
And when the music of thy voice, rich voice,  
To my heart all my thoughts to melody, thy voice.

Michaela I love thee, in thy green retreat,  
Where the glow of the dahlia summer flowers;  
Or where the staidest murex at its feet,  
And where some level bed of green flowers;  
And leading to the green and fields and above,  
Deserted from the sight of the sea eyes.

Ah! changing, like the flowers, thus change,  
Some while stay, and with the golden sun,  
And then be present only in dream;  
Less for the love of thee than thou shouldst love,  
But if I will live in hope—cannot be!

Yes, I will live in hope—cannot be!  
(Oh, if I could, before that fatal day,  
I could have written to thee in my heart;  
That thou from thence, to the mountains away,  
Not nature need me to be kind,  
As I wish to live in hope—cannot be!

I'll think of thee, I'll think, when you would come  
To meet me lonely and desponding heart,  
And then be present only in dream;  
And then be present only in dream;  
And then be present only in dream;  
And then be present only in dream!

My a perpetual sunshine still fills me  
The very thought—and not a word or hour  
From the dear heart of my beloved;  
Or when the silent richness of thy hair  
And when I dream deep sleep, and then be present only in dream;  
And then be present only in dream!

Thy smile alone has a celestial light;  
None in the world like thee! Oh, that I were  
In thy arms, my heart, my heart;  
And then be present only in dream;  
And then be present only in dream;  
And then be present only in dream!

None in the world like thee! Oh, that I were  
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And then be present only in dream;  
And then be present only in dream;  
And then be present only in dream!

## A CHAPTER ON BACHELORS.

WRITTEN BY G. B.

Many are the roads that lead to the same end. It is inconceivable the variety of causes which are equally well to produce the same results of all sorts. Let me produce the history of some of my contemporaries.

K— was the son of a respectable shopkeeper in —. When a boy he was able remarkable for something odd, and as he grew in height, and for a great deal of oddity. He was the favorite of all the old folks, but he was always a delving, even the flowers of the garden, and he was very early in life, a red relation in London, who presented him with a great deal of money. His protector he was kept several years in the school of France, to learn thoroughly the mysteries of the branch of mercantile science, in which he was afterwards to be a great deal of time. He attended constantly in London. He had become native in the alphabet. Scotch, or saw the waters of the Ganges, or the Nile. He speaks pure, though not offensive, correctly; a neat and precise in his dress, and in his manners, and in his conversation than if he had never been out of hearing of his school. During his annual and round the coast of Kent, or his more quiet in his relations north of the Tweed, he increased and quickened in his inquiries. There is something so infantile in his conversation, that one could suspect him of being—what he really is, the most simple and correct merchant you ever saw. He is courteous and gentle to all, but can say a very, and to return, every body likes, but nobody loves him. I do not believe that he ever felt the necessity of passing by him for any other man, but a general complacency. He has no motive to marry, besides, it would put him out of his way. K— was born a bachelor.

Y— was a being of a very different character. He was of a low stature, but family and compactly built; had been a soldier in his youth, and mixed with the best society. His character was decided and made up of his own. He was a very early in life, a red relation in London, who presented him with a great deal of money. He was the favorite of all the old folks, but he was always a delving, even the flowers of the garden, and he was very early in life, a red relation in London, who presented him with a great deal of money. His protector he was kept several years in the school of France, to learn thoroughly the mysteries of the branch of mercantile science, in which he was afterwards to be a great deal of time. He attended constantly in London. He had become native in the alphabet. Scotch, or saw the waters of the Ganges, or the Nile. He speaks pure, though not offensive, correctly; a neat and precise in his dress, and in his manners, and in his conversation than if he had never been out of hearing of his school. During his annual and round the coast of Kent, or his more quiet in his relations north of the Tweed, he increased and quickened in his inquiries. There is something so infantile in his conversation, that one could suspect him of being—what he really is, the most simple and correct merchant you ever saw. He is courteous and gentle to all, but can say a very, and to return, every body likes, but nobody loves him. I do not believe that he ever felt the necessity of passing by him for any other man, but a general complacency. He has no motive to marry, besides, it would put him out of his way. K— was born a bachelor.

These two were happy, but poor G's was a melancholy fate. To a solitary life he inherited the most daring and lively genius. He was not of low birth, but his parents had died while he was an infant, leaving him dependent. He was used, on the whole, not unkindly, but was frequently the subject of his usual neglect. He had no companions of his own age, and the respectful distance he was taught to keep, regarded as a sign of his superior excellence. He was a very early in life, a red relation in London, who presented him with a great deal of money. He was the favorite of all the old folks, but he was always a delving, even the flowers of the garden, and he was very early in life, a red relation in London, who presented him with a great deal of money. His protector he was kept several years in the school of France, to learn thoroughly the mysteries of the branch of mercantile science, in which he was afterwards to be a great deal of time. He attended constantly in London. He had become native in the alphabet. Scotch, or saw the waters of the Ganges, or the Nile. He speaks pure, though not offensive, correctly; a neat and precise in his dress, and in his manners, and in his conversation than if he had never been out of hearing of his school. During his annual and round the coast of Kent, or his more quiet in his relations north of the Tweed, he increased and quickened in his inquiries. There is something so infantile in his conversation, that one could suspect him of being—what he really is, the most simple and correct merchant you ever saw. He is courteous and gentle to all, but can say a very, and to return, every body likes, but nobody loves him. I do not believe that he ever felt the necessity of passing by him for any other man, but a general complacency. He has no motive to marry, besides, it would put him out of his way. K— was born a bachelor.

You would have thought him the most reckless and callous of the lot, yet withal with him he forced. But this was empty boasting—when he was in the habit of his usual neglect. He was a very early in life, a red relation in London, who presented him with a great deal of money. He was the favorite of all the old folks, but he was always a delving, even the flowers of the garden, and he was very early in life, a red relation in London, who presented him with a great deal of money. His protector he was kept several years in the school of France, to learn thoroughly the mysteries of the branch of mercantile science, in which he was afterwards to be a great deal of time. He attended constantly in London. He had become native in the alphabet. Scotch, or saw the waters of the Ganges, or the Nile. He speaks pure, though not offensive, correctly; a neat and precise in his dress, and in his manners, and in his conversation than if he had never been out of hearing of his school. During his annual and round the coast of Kent, or his more quiet in his relations north of the Tweed, he increased and quickened in his inquiries. There is something so infantile in his conversation, that one could suspect him of being—what he really is, the most simple and correct merchant you ever saw. He is courteous and gentle to all, but can say a very, and to return, every body likes, but nobody loves him. I do not believe that he ever felt the necessity of passing by him for any other man, but a general complacency. He has no motive to marry, besides, it would put him out of his way. K— was born a bachelor.

For myself, though I prattle of the secrets of others, I can keep my own. Edinburgh Literary Society.





which it was so founded. And it is possible, exclaimed I, that this is the promised land, to the possession of which I have looked with so much eagerness? I Am, I after all, to enter the lists, and dispute the palm with Ignorance! Have I wasted days, and consumed my strength, to be thus disappointed? Have I sacrificed my spirit, in the untiring pursuit of knowledge, for no higher object than to be placed upon a level with the unlettered and the indolent! Is the parchment which admits me to the privileges and honors of the learned, a mere form, which I might have obtained without any previous preparation? Is the distinction I have made so dearly bought? Is the law indeed a *learned* profession, and yet is it not borne down and disgraced by ignorance? It is dignified with the epithet of *liberal*, and yet is it not on all sides beset with craft, and guile, and dissimulation? Is it not a warfare, and yet is it not too strong, for my truth has been painfully—indolently—impressed upon my mind. Our profession, of all others, is not one where an individual can at once place himself at the summit and select his ground. You cannot choose your field, and embrace your own soil; you are bound to the common soil, and to common trials and perplexities, and vexations, until the goal has at length been won. These I anticipated, and for these I was prepared. But I anticipated the embarrassments only of an honorable contention: I prepared myself for a contest of intellect with Ignorance, and not for a contest of endurance, as I look back, still believe I had a right to expect, success.

"How grievous was I disappointed! My first suit was before a justice of the peace, and my first antagonist was a constable. I soon found myself deficient in the only requisite which seemed to be of the least avail. I reasoned law—the constable was a layman, and I was a lawyer; but I forgot that the constable was the favorite, and my appeal was in vain! I stumbled on, mortified and stung beyond endurance, to find myself the sport of an ignorant and brutal rabble, whose satisfaction at the low jests of the constable at my expense, drove me to the very heart of the matter. I was now in the hands of the law, the verdict of the jury announced my defeat, I broke from the court, literally maddened by the scandalous exhibition in which I had been made to bear so conspicuous a part. Never shall I forget the sentences of suffering which I experienced. I was now a felon, and I was now a criminal. I was now a laughing stock of a gentleman, I found myself held up to the derision of an ignorant crowd, and playing second to a blustering bully.

"My next adventure was little more auspicious than my first. I was retained to defend a suitor for an intimate friend, in a higher court, the common place of ——— county. The counsel opposed to me had been, for some time, in the possession of the case. The town of ——— Having become intensely and extravagantly religious, his business had fallen behind, and he had been compelled to apply for the benefit of the insolvent act. He was discharged under the direction of my legal instructor. From that time to the present I have not been able to get a case, and I have been obliged to go up to open the case to the jury. I could scarcely believe my senses, and, as if to satisfy myself that I was awake, I hurried to the clerk's desk, to ascertain whether he was admitted to the bar. It was not until I had been admitted, that I was permitted to go on. In point of poiteness and impudence, my opponent was not a whit behind the constable. By his ignorance he effectually succeeded in embarrassing my case. I found him at every turn, obstinately impeding my efforts, and I was once

"From this point commenced an insupportable disgust on my part to the further pursuit of my profession. I beheld on every side me mortification and shame. I had not had the good fortune of a facitious introduction to business. I was alone in the world. I saw no other prospect before me than a recurrence for years of the same scenes,—and anticipated no other result than the overthrow of my ambition and my hope. I might indeed have dragged on in the acquisition of a living as a laborious attorney, but beyond this I felt that I never could aspire. A fall such as this my pride could not brook—and I resolved to quit the profession at once and forever."

I never can forget the earnestness of manner with which my friend related the story! he has thus briefly and imperfectly sketched, I can only regret that he never consummated his intention of re-narrating these incidents himself. The fascination of his pen, which although he was unknown, has been long acknowledged by the literary world, could not but have lent them a deep and lasting interest. But to have written a glowing sketch, and then to have been lost to the notice of all estimations—so that ambition such as he possessed should have been doomed to fade and leave a disappointment. He lived but three years after his retirement from the bar. From that moment his spirits drooped, withered, and finally sank under the pressure of his extraordinary sensibility,—and a constitution already broken by the incessant exertions of an aspiring mind, could not stand as it did in the bitter disappointment which his ambition was doomed to endure.

### NEUTRALIZED MEDICATION

An apothecary in the country sent a lady three draughts, and on being asked what effect they were intended to produce, said—  
"The first, madam, is to warm you, the second to cool you, and the third to prevent the excessive effects of either."

SCRAPS FROM A NOTE BOOK.

**PANTAS.**

How much of all that's beautiful  
In sky or dimmer earth,  
To fancy's pencil owes alone  
Its being and its birth?  
How many of those hues and tones,  
Which bless the soul and sight,  
Catch not from aught that this world owns,  
Their music or their light?

They say that the bright stars rejoice  
In their watch in night's blue sky,  
And breathe an accent and a voice  
Of living melody.

They say that there is truth too,  
In the young thoughts of the heart,  
When hope is high and life is new,  
Ere care hath played its part.

I gazed upon the laughing eye,  
And on the wreathed lip,  
That with a free and joyous grace  
Beem'd pleasure's cup to sip ;  
I looked within—the heart was sad,  
And swelling with a sigh,  
I turned away in grief, and said,  
" Alas ! it's all my eye."

I've watched the livelong night to hear  
The music of the spheres,  
In hopes some far off note might cheer  
And soothe my listening ears;  
I caught a cold for all my pains,  
And heard no sound at all,  
Save unromantic fiddle strains  
From the Masonic hall.

Away? 'Tis all an idle tale,  
The coinage of the brain,  
Which leaves us only to bewail  
The hopes we've found so vain.  
Away! with all that poets dream,  
This is a world of facts,  
Where fiction's limited by steam,  
And poetry by tracts.

ments when we are unfit for strict application for rational discourse. Meditation becomes frivolous, or the mind may become good nor bad. Against such sloth, an antidote—it possesses an absolute

gulated by taste and judgment, it is capable of producing emotions nearly approaching to the sublimity of moral and heroic actions. It is capable of softening the heart to pity, or of elevating it with dignity; it can command the tears of sympathy and kindle the flames of indignation; it can soothe the passions, and recall, and exhilarate the heart that beats with gladness. It can recall to memory events that have passed long since; and it connects itself with those moments of our existence, which we remember with pleasure, or wish to recollect with a solemn reverence. It is the power that connects the feelings of the soul with an air that we first heard—perhaps, in the company of those we love, and who are absent, can never be heard without exciting those affections which purify the heart. And of music, too, may be averred, that can be said of few human pleasures, that while it delights, it never irritates: we rise from the imagination to the intellect, and are left with a susceptible heart, benevolent and amiable feelings.

**GOOD OLD CUSTOMS**

It is an old Dutch custom to call and exchange good wishes on the first day of the year, not only with present friends, but those between whom and the visitor there had been any coldness or estrangement. I have never seen this custom observed in America. He who can sit down by his fire on the last night of the year, and look back as he must on the track of his personal feelings, and remember the offences he has given and taken—how perhaps he has been deceived, how perhaps he has deceived—how perhaps, that his enemy were there to sit down with him and exchange pleasant regrets, and renew the old and familiar intercourse, must step on the threshold of the new year with little more than a sigh, and a prayer for the coming year. I have often expressed differences we have had with our friends and neighbors—not the most aggravated provocations, which came up as the thickset and are the most difficult to forgive. It is the slighted opportunity of kindness, the doubtful and unreasonable injury—the thousand touches which our pride and self-interest got in the unavowed survey and the unavowed insult, which are the most difficult to drop from the heart. It is not less a magnanimous duty, still, to a deep calm all at the year's close and calmly dismiss them. And, it is no less a pleasure than the forgiving a great wrong—for the heart is not so easily satisfied with the mere pardon of the wrong, namelessly in the heart at the call of its perpetual associations, trouble its peace continually. Why should not the affections be reckoned with like duties! Why should they not waste and begetherness, and the year's end, we should inquire whom and how much we loved and hate, and whether these more responsible transactions than gold and silver, are fully repaid or withheld. The dutiful affectionate friend, the dutiful neighbor, the dutiful parent, the dutiful husband, we feel secure of them, for they are planted by nature. But in the busy forgetfulness of care or pleasure, they are often sacrificed to the cruel selfishness of the moment. And it is as premeditated to be cruel as a perfect charity. And it is as premeditated

For what on earth sinks so deeply into the heart, as the ready, delicate, anticipating love of a son or a brother? It would be well spent hour between two years that should be devoted to the ceaseless reckoning with the daily and familiar feelings. The passions will take care of their own, for though called generous and warm, they exact too nice a return not to enlist the most wakeful selfishness in their service. But of these silent-working and accustomed ministers to our love within us, we are often far too secure. They and all our preferences and aversions should be jealously kept upright and free from unworthy mixture, and if there is a time of all others fitted for the recurrence of such vigilance, it is this.

The custom of presenting gifts at this season, brings from the same causal feeling. There is a warmth of heart belonging to the season itself which is universal, and this is one of its promptings. How could the year be better begun than by adding a new link to friendship! To children particularly, the new year's holidays are sources of the most benevolent and genial feelings. Nothing is so cheaply bought as the love of a child and few things are so delightful. An inconsiderable gift pleasantly presented, gives you a lasting place in the memory of a human being in one of its most beautiful stages.

**LAW LATIN.**

The low Latin is a language *re-græciz*. It is a singular compound, chiefly of the Gothic, the French and Latin, and occasionally improved in this mosaic compendium by introductions from the Greek. The language is so mixed, that it is not, therefore, that such an *elis peridia* was matter of frequent mirth for the classic. The early dramatists found it at times, a language so difficult to be understood, that they were obliged to be extremely severe upon both bench and bar; the members of which, by statute, were compelled to travel through, and were bound down to *enact* other than this barbarous slang. The play was so full of such words, that the audience, who were becoming, in a comparative sense, general throughout the realm, by its satire, led to some statutory enactments in relation to and for the amendment of the legal habit in this particular. The language of the law, which was the language of the Court of Beasmont, himself brought up in the temple and the son of a judge,—May they know no language but that which gibberish they prattle in their parole, unless it be the Gothic Latin they write

**NEW MEDIA**

Prude, cold and cruel, tell me why  
Do you the harmless girl deny?  
What loss you by a simple kin,  
Compared with what I gain in bliss?  
Come, never part, dear girl, but say  
Why thus you shrink and dart away!  
The nothing dangerous, or frightful;  
But warm, sweet, innocent, delightful!  
Come, kinder, come, my never spurning,  
Like untamed bird upon the wing,  
Although thy soft voice murmurs "no."  
When I those tempting lips would press  
Thy gentle eyes are beaming on,  
I swear I think they whisper "yes."  
Those saucer eyes bewitch me well—  
But times I scorn them for this token—  
Oh, do you look but on bright, a spell,  
Of softness, sweet, but but but but

Hesiod, in his celebrated distribution of mankind, divides them into three orders of intellect. "The first place," says he, "belongs to him that can by his own power discern what is right and fit, and penetrate to the remoter motives of action. The second is claimed by him that is willing to hear instruction, and can perceive right and wrong when they are shewn him by another. but he that has neither acuteness nor docility, who can neither find the way by himself, nor will be led by others, is a wretch without use or value."

"Let not sleep," says Pythagoras, "fall upon thy eyes till thou hast twice reviewed the transactions of the past day. Where have I turned aside from rectitude? What have I been doing? What have I left undone, which I ought to have done? Begin this from the first act, and proceed, and, in conclusion, at the ill which thou hast done be troubled, and rejoice for the good."

It is recorded of Sir Matthew Hale, that he for a long time concealed the consecration of himself to the stricter duties of religion, lest by some flagitious and shameful action, he should bring piety into disgrace. For the same reason it may be prudent for a writer, who apprehends that he shall not enforce his own maxims by his domestic character, to conceal his name, that he may not injure them.

#### MILES AND YEARS

Thou smilest— a purer light  
 Ne'er bless'd the day,  
 When, like a benedict, the night  
 Nigher brings a way.  
 I pray'd— a mighty stream—  
 That my life's stream  
 Should flow beneath the noon  
 Of that rich beam.  
 Thou wept'st— ah, me! the tear  
 Thy summer shed.  
 When, o'er the flower's kiss,  
 She hangs her head.  
 "Give me," "my fancy cried,  
 "That smile so dear!"  
 "Oh, no!" my heart replied,  
 "The tear, the tear."



wishes inward joy, confined to his own bosom, exempted from the ridicule of envy, and which renders and gives grace countenance, and singularity. But the history of a picture is perhaps more glaring to others, than to ourselves. The most amiable among our friends, are scarcely ever wholly destitute of a certain grain of unkindness, which makes them prone to dwell upon such trivial matters, although at the expense of our feelings, and the contrast is unseemly to the English, who, however indifferent his philosophy may have rendered him to the possession of so frail a flower as beauty, will, nevertheless, be displeased to have his ugliness made the theme of particular observation.

We will not, however, any longer keep our correspondent from the reader, but let him speak for himself.

[illegible]

I must say, however, that I never had my career permanently obstructed by my ugliness. On the contrary, it has never been to me a trial disadvantage. My course through this world has been always upward. I have been married twice, and have had two children, a daughter and a son. My first wife, and one who possesses beauty enough for this whole family. My children are all good looking, like their mother, and, although I take no satisfaction in dwelling upon my personal appearance, I do not allow it to be a subject of conversation. I have never been particularly susceptible to the ravages of age, and I have been so long in the world, that I finally yielded to the wishes of my family and employed a good artist to paint my miniature. I became once more a handsome man, and I have been told that I have been more naturally taken for a woman, the beautiful rosy of Helene, who became enamored of her own image reflected in a stream. When I was exhibited to our friends, whenever I did I might possibly have entertained the idea of being painted. I have been painted by several artists. I have heard that in a hundred different forms. I have seen myself reproduced with a half-suppressed sense of individuality. People think me handsome, and I have been told that I have been painted by several artists, that to employ another artist to paint me is a sin. The second picture is now nearly finished, and when my wife and children exhibit the other, I shall, of course, profess this, and assert my opinion of

"Be pleased, *Messrs. Editors*, to advise flustering artists of their folly, and that by doing such evident violence to truth, they not only betray their own want of confidence in our good sense, but also expose us to innumerable mortifications. Your obedient servant. H. B."

**Orthography.**—There is something extremely unpleasant in not knowing almost how to spell. After sealing a letter and sending it off by mail, to find accidentally that a conspicuous word has been misspelled, is no joke. Willis, in one of his entertaining prose sketches, has a well-studied story of a great luck and fortune-hunter, who was prevented from running away with a sum considerable before, by sending her a note, concerning the information that the "horrible" word was really in it. There are many of those fellows abroad. We have seen them, and when any question is raised, they are invariably the most noisy and dogmatical persons in the company.

A mis-spelling has in it always something particularly awkward. A gentleman may be as graceful, witty, and sweet as you please, but if he mis-spells, he sinks in your estimation. We remember a very decent fellow, who once wrote us that he was "happy to hear," &c., and afterwards he was always in our estimation overproud with a ludicrous association.

It is most probable that the English language is peculiarly calculated to mislead in this particular. There is much a variety of conflicting authorities upon many words, that knowledge sometimes passes off for ignorance, and so *vice versa*. Webster spells "travel" with one *t*, and we copy his examples, for which, it is said, we are not unfrequently arraigned at little family tribunals, who are reclusive disciples of Walker, and tried and condemned, without even a hearing.

And so, in more instances than one, we suffer unmerited opprobrium. As etymology, however, is dependent on the memory, and as that of every mortal is both difficult and arbitrary, the best educated people may define find themselves at a loss. Definite rules do not exist for every word or class, and those which do exist people do not often carry in their minds. Then the strength of the memory is unequal. We sometimes forget both the origin and class of words, and sometimes another. For example, we cannot tell whether *buried* has roots *r* or *t*, and neither you nor I can tell whether *conscience* has roots *s* or *p*. Some excellent people write always with *r*, and we ourselves remember having greatly offended the editor of a newspaper in consequence of having turned him into an abstraction, by calling him the *principal* instead of the *proposed*.

There are hundreds who know how to spell a word till they are asked. Some, if in doubt, write it, and examine it in different attitudes and positions, to see if it looks natural. There is also something in the art of composition unfavorable to orthography. The imagination is developed at the expense of the memory. They write themselves out of all technical and common-place recollections. In sitting with such one at his desk, his pen runs on scratch—scratch—scratch. All suddenly, he stops, lifts his head, and asks you how you spell *fall* or whether

[illegible]

<sup>46</sup> And that it is not possible——

[illegible]

Contradictions passed from these informants who can always speak of their own past in the present, and repeat the same words, in the same calm, rapid, smiling, business persona, who know exactly what they are saying. They can always tell you where the double *g's* and double *t's* come. They are never at a loss. They are what the data phoneticist Mr. James Coomer's "Treasury of Knowledge" is to be "invaluable as a book of reference." We never find. They are happy to be asked to repeat a word or phrase, and they repeat it with the same aplomb and preserve a distinct and ready facility. They are never forced to write and wide into the thoughts and actions of their ordinary lives. Their accounts are as clear as their orthography. They have no problem estimating, rambling halves. They attend to what they are about. Indeed, the man who is so firmly a correct speaker, will probably sound

*De poetis grauius* among the lower classes.—In our remarks to correspondents some weeks ago we glanced at a collection of manuscript poems, received from an anonymous land, and purporting to be the production of an uneducated common soldier, J. Whitman. They came to us in the shape of two small volumes, called the "Bouquet." The personship is very great and legible, but apparently by one unpractised in the art, and number of pieces are about fifty.

the person or that the work is not by no means free without interest; the contrary, we were impetuously drawn by the influence of the chaotic writing into many reflections which, although not novel, were curious and instructive. In taking up the works of so accomplished a well-known poet, we are, of course, edified and delighted by his poems and reflections. We sympathize with him. He expresses by a power of language which we have not, feelings which are common to us all, and the reformer we are delighted. We could not have painted them in our bosoms they were powerful impressions, idle reveries, tender wishes to enlighten our own souls. We lacked the spell to give them the

"A consistency diving  
above the surface of nature's confusion."

[illegible]

sedimentary human sympathies. Although their emotions comprehended elements of all the rest, there is yet another class. The low, grovelling, poor; those who have never mingled by contact with a purer mind; who have never drunk inspiration from the van of human progress; who have never been able to feel that the capacity for positive emotion is here left behind them; that, while they are not able to feel the noblest emotions, they are yet capable of high employments, not cut out from all the light and force of knowledge, but as it were spontaneously in their own hearts. Into such a class I would place the poor. We are curious to find how moral would affect them. How they receive the good.

Was one of them, led by some beautiful, secret master, venturing into his thoughts to see, it signifies nothing that he delivers himself up to the most beautiful and noblest of all emotions, or that he knows ignorance and temperance are not always of the proper order, or that he knows and experiences that the noblest of all ways. The poems to which we alluded in the commencement of this article, are full of superlatives, but they cannot conceal of existence, and they are not the least of the noblest of all emotions, are pillars of superior natural abilities. Generous, emphatic and noble aspirations issue through them, like light through a mist, and are more powerful from its struggles through so thick a cloud, than if they were not.

[illegible][illegible]

"A ruined place of nature? This great world

*Mr Scott's debts*—It is stated in the *Literary Gazette*, that the of Sir Walter Scott's debts have been paid. The creditors met together, on the twenty-ninth of October, when the remaining sum of three thousand pounds was settled.



## LISTEN, DEAR FANNY.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS HAYNES BAILEY—COMPOSED BY S. NELSON.

GOON ANIMA

of - fers his love song to thee. He - ten to me, Thy sol - dier lad of - fers his love song to thee: He throws by his sword and scabbard

to him of war, And wanders by night with his peace - ful gun - bar, Lis - ten I dear Fan - ny, oh! he - ten to me, Thy sol - dier lad

of - fers his love song to thee.

Listen, dear Fanny, though many there be,  
Preferring to love thee—none love thee like me.  
Many there be,  
Preferring to love thee—none love thee like me,  
Beware of the jealous, oh, lady! beware,  
Their given word is fabled to all that is true.  
Listen, dear Fanny, oh, listen to me,  
Thy soldier lad offers his love song to thee.

## SELECTED MISCELLANY.

## THE ACCEPTED

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAILEY.

I thank you for that dearest look,  
And for that blushing cheek,  
I would not have you raise your eyes,  
I would not have you speak,  
Though mine I down you eloquent,  
Ask no other sign,  
While thus your little hand remains  
Candidly in mine.

I know you fair would hide from me  
Those tell-tale tears, that cruel  
Whispering folk, and half betray  
The anxious fears you feel.  
From friends long tried and daily loved,  
The plighted bride must part.  
Then freely weep—I could not love  
A cold unfeeling heart.

I know you love your cottage home,  
Warm in the summer time,  
Your hand has taught the elements  
Around the porch to climb;  
You earnest with the wild-roose screen,  
You little garden too,

## How many fond remembrances

Foster them all to you.

You ought to leave your mother's roof,  
Though on my wit she smiled,  
And opening every selfish thought,  
Gave up her darling child;  
Reth out far—like the new may claim,  
Kind deeds from none than me,  
She'll gaze upon her daughter's smiles,  
Supported by her son!

I thank you for that look—it speaks  
Reliance on my truth;  
And never shall unfeeling wound  
Your unsuspecting youth;  
If fate should frown, and anxious thoughts  
Oppress your husband's mind,  
Oh, I never fear to cling to me—  
I could not be unkind.

Come, look upon this golden ring—  
You have no cause to shrink,  
Though off 'ye pulling to the slave's  
Indelicate link!  
And look upon your church, the place  
Of blessings and of prayer,  
Before the altar bear my vows—  
Who could dissuade them?

## Come to my home; your feet shall have

As tranquil a rest;

Your dog shall find a resting-place,  
And slumber at your feet,  
And while you turn your smiling cheek,  
Oh! let me hear you sing,  
Oh! I shall thank you come to love  
Your little golden ring.

## AN EDITOR'S RECEIPT BOOK.

1. To make a "prosperity." Take equal parts of love of country—support of American system—banking—commercial agriculture—literature and poetry—mix these well together, season them with a due quantity of promises of close attention, well earned disapproval and penitence; add, as a relish, the sentiments of universal talent, and serve the whole up on a large sheet, with a garnish of new type.
2. To make "success." Take a handful each of glowing wit, rousing gains, dispoled cheeks, boundless, detestable eyes and half-broiled naps; season the mixture with adoration and prostration. If it should make too sweet a syrup, throw in a little domestic felicity, and then pour the whole into about six jelly glasses. Be sure to put a Maria, or Harpasia, or Clarence at the bottom of the sixth glass.
3. To make a "criticism." Cull the best of talent

thrown away, (the younger the better), cut it up with delicacy of style, and a total failure in unimpaired position. You must do this thing in a devoted manner, as though you were an old hand at it. But it will take over a week's loss of foolish waste of time to read it, deny its worth of its features, and abundance of juvenile efforts; gradually reduce the heat to hopes of better person in another department, reports at the dispensary—sorrow that the edition should remain unsold, &c.

4. For a "mysterious circumstance." This is a beautiful last. Take a young lady with a beautiful child—dark night—pale the tell house—eyelids agitated—diligent search—no trace—unaccountable, &c. these stirred together need no cooking.
- Another—Take a girl going home—sings and sings—stopping plainer and stiller screams—faintness—sweeps—eyes prominent; if there is a possible end spread it over with a probable suspicion of the medical faculty.

## MR. FINE'S LATE.

Why is the tragedy of Orestes like the scene of the woods?—Because it is the action of a Bird who had through a forest.

## PUBLISHED BY THE WHOLESALE.

Picking up a volume belonging to another person, and forgetting to lay it down again.



Embellished with Fine Engravings, and Music arranged with accompaniments for the Piano-forte.

**PAYABLE IN ADVANCE**

No. 20.

then only in the daytime, while enjoying those luxuries, and that exemption from toil, which to thee and such as thee appears the perfection of happiness. But didst thou know, as I do, that the labors of thy busy days are repaid by nights of such light, such balmy, such delicious rest, as never falls to the lot of the idle, that thou art not only more than repaid for all that thou hast toiled ten times more to digest a dinner than thou dost to awaken; that what taste of exercise, and excess of sensual delights, thou hast, thou hast also the power to turn to thyself, and awaken the very springs of life, and take from existence its healthful vivacity of enjoyment; didst thou know that abstinence from a thousand inducements makes the single one thou enjoyest more than equivalent to all the rest; and that thou, and such as thou, crowdest into one single year of relaxation more than the idle crowd do in a whole year of dissipation; didst thou and such as thou know all this, wouldst thou not have been a teacher of wisdom, and a philosopher by experience, which alone is the teacher of true wisdom.







most as loud as the thunder the resounding knocker "buck" the door, and peal after peal sent the news of my arrival and distress not only through the dwelling into which it was my desire and also my intention, to gain entrance, but into the mansion next to it and opposite. I heard one or two windows raised, and at one appeared dimly by a sickening light a sleepy-head, interested with a nightcap; but the deluging rain soon beat them back from their attempt to gratify their curiosity. One after another the windows slammed down. The nightcap retreated, the light went out, the thunder rolled, not a star nor a wraithman was to be seen. My bachelor's blood was up, and so was my foot.

After one peal might almost have disturbed the sleeper of a churchyard, and a farworn ring at the bell, such as I venture to say that new unavailing instrument had never before favored with before, I prepared to put my heel to a stone which I had placed in the path of the door, and to open the door with my right foot. I was not dressed, and, in another instant—if my reasoning powers may be trusted—physical force would have discovered a remedy for unwarrantable insolence: when a faint gleam of light, and a step creaking on the stairs, arrested me. I saw a woman in a nightgown, and I yielded to surrender. The latter was the case. A sleepy servant, with an old clock hung lazily about her person, withdrew the bolt which kept me from my house—which I at ways deem a castle, and, after a brief rebuke to her, which was answered by a mutter, she opened the door and I stepped out. I saw a clock, I saw a way to my chamber, and, without the aid of a candle, retired at length to rest.

This incident among the various members of my family, occasioned not a little commotion; and some revolutionary flashes appeared through the smoke. A tall, timid gentleman, who was a captain in the militia, observed that he had ever thought of the possibility of a similar occurrence, and that he had been coming into his house at any hour. This sudden and extraordinary display of courage and metaphysical reasoning, drew our similar remarks from others among the bolder spirits; and although I myself, after a slight verbal skirmish, concluded it best to leave the subject, yet I was not able to suppress my feelings fully, that not only were night-lights the glorious consequence, but one gentleman—with the heart of a lion—when John came the next night to put out the lights at ten, ordered him out of the room with a threat so facilitating his egress, therefore, as to leave no room for a rejoinder. I was not, however, able to suppress my feelings. John assured him that he was only obeying the commands of his mistress; but the hero, with a daring which struck terror into the hearts of all the by-standers, told him, in a loud voice distinctly, that his mistress "might go to—"

#### LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

We give below an invaluable letter from our venerable and esteemed friend and fellow-citizen—we trust there is no harm in mentioning his name—JOHN PINYARD, Esq. It is full of sterling comments, and we commend it to the especial attention of the reader.—*Eds. N. Y. Mr.*

本行于2016年12月31日及2017年6月30日，在境内及境外均无分支机构。

<sup>41</sup> *Illos fugere—labatur enim.*"

Mr. Missou—Some two years past, your venerable correspondent, "The last of the cocked hats," announced an unhallooed combination of modern fashionables to put down the observance of new-year's day, a custom derived from our Dutch forefathers and which has existed in this city from time immemorial.

In the early days of the original settlers of *New Amsterdam* (when the extent of the city was comprised within very narrow bounds, proceeding from the Battery along the shore of the East river on the south, through William-street on the east, Wall-street on the north, and the bank of the Hudson on the west, new-year's day was celebrated with boisterous mirth, that literally made "the welkin ring" with happy new-year. Every fey within the above precincts was visited, and kindly greeted. The customary new-year's beverage, <sup>1</sup> and sugar and honey were lavishly distributed. After the conquest of the *Nieuw Nederland* by the English, Dutch customs and usages, mellowed by time and foreign intermixture, still predominated and retained their influence upon the *ways of independence*.

On the new year's eve, the church was opened, and as at present, for divine worship; and the congregation attended to render thanks to God, for the mercies of the past, to supplicate his blessing for the future. Afterwards, visits were paid to the *d-miners*, relations, friends and acquaintances, and kindly greetings reciprocally interchanged. The new-year's drink and cookies landed the tables, (sideboards were then unknown), and none went empty away. It is related of dominie Du Ronde, that he returned home, a half-dozen times, at least, to search his pockets of their contents, and which were of no small use to him, although at the same time equally useful to the Governor Wouter Van T'willer's *eyde lercer* *wroot*, as de

\* The recent introduction of coffee on New Year's day, is a great improvement on the old custom. When prepared in genuine old Mocha or Java coffee, as in France, it is the most reviving, exhilarating beverage that can be taken; but none of your rapid, snowball slops, that would disgrace a country inn. Consider, indeed, that in this extensive city, your friends make large errors to pay you the homage of their respects, on this auspicious day, and to wish you a **happy new-year**. The best, therefore, is not too good to be far from you.

scribed by the immortal Knickerbocker, in his delectable history, the weight of which was counterpoised by a huge book of ponderous keys, such as our ancestors did use, which gave a circumference to the natural roundness of this august personage, that might vie with the dimensions of the inflated balloon-bellies of the present time.

New Year's day was always a season of cheerful hilarity and kind-hearted greetings among all classes of citizens. Masonic animosity was extinguished, and many a friendship renewed on this auspicious anniversary. It was customary to send, under the care of their nurses, the younger branch to be introduced to their kindred, and thereby to become acquainted, to maintain and unite the links of family relations. The silvering of the cookies, and the blessings were liberally bestowed to gladden the hearts of the youngsters.

Still sacrilegious hands, then, attempt to prostrate this ancient landmark of our simple ancestors, without a solitary effort to preserve it! Descendants of the Dutch! emulate the example of the bold British barons, who, resisting the encroachments of their pusillanimous King John, snatching their formidable weapons, and striking their iron-brook hilts on the massive oaken council table, which made the hall resound, exclaimed—*"Notumus leges Angliæ mutari"*—("we will not suffer the laws of England to be changed.") In like manner do you indignantly aver—*"Notumus morem Batavorum mutari"*—("we will not permit the customs of Holland to be obliterated.")

Indulge the natural propensity for story-telling, of one "falling into the acre and yellow leaf," to conclude these remarks with an anecdote, for the authenticity of which he pledges his veracity.

General Washington, in the first year of his presidency at the new capitulation, 1789, resided in the Franklin-house, at the head of Cherry-street. On New-year's day, 1780, he was at the house of a friend, by the name of Mrs. M., who was uncommonly mild and pleasant. After being severally introduced, and paying the usual compliments of the season, the guests mutually interchanged their kind greetings and wishes, and then the conversation began to turn upon the subject, in which he was personally a stranger. In the evening Mrs. Washington held her levee. It was about full-moon, and the stars shone brightly by the aid of the moon. The company was mered shades. Introduced by the aids and gentlemen in waiting, after being seated, tea, coffee, plain and plum-cake, were handed round. Familiar and friendly conversation ensued, and kind inquiries were made after the health of the friends of the exiles, with whom she had been acquainted during the revolutionary war, and who always received marked attention from her. In the evening, Mrs. Washington, who was present nearly every day, Mrs. Washington, she remarked, "Of all the incidents of the day come so pleased the general," by which title she always designated him, "as the friendly greetings of the gentlemen and ladies of the city, and the expressions of respect, whether it was casual or customary, he was answered that it was an annual custom, derived from our Dutch forefathers, which had always been observed in this city, and which she thought highly of. The highly-favored situation of New-York was, in present years, attract numerous emigrants, who will gradually change this ancient customs and manners; but let us cherish the memory of the day, and let us all unite in the observance of NEW-YEAR'S DAY." The words made an indelible impression on my mind, and, at this distance of time, are recorded in the collection of the New-York Mirror, to preserve them from loss and oblivion.

And the old chieft-chieft of the company, the hall clock struck six. Mrs. Washington, a small and rather portly personage, again in her steeple, rose with great dignity, and looking around the circle with a complaisant smile, observed, "The guests are all here, and the ladies instantly rose, adjusted their dresses, made their salutations, and retired. What a contrast to the manges of the present day! At the hour when the grand-mothers returned home, their granddaughters were just going out to the ball. The ladies of that period, the brilliancy, their splendid dresses, and to reveal to all the luxuries that the four quarters of the globe can supply. How far health and longevity are consulted, time, premature faded roses, pallid cheeks, and hectic countenances, must disclose the secret of their long life. At that period, were suited to the times in which they lived, and adapted them to sustain the hardships, privations, perils and horrors that ever follow in the train of emancipatory revolutions."

Alas! how very few remain of those, who, in the bloom

How true the pensive Persian adage—

"The remembrance of youth is a sight!"

The existing generation, in the full fruition of peace and prosperity, can but faintly estimate the price of blood and treasure that the achievement of independence cost. Enjoy with moderation the inestimable privileges of civil and religious liberty with grateful thanks to the Giver of all good gifts; and devoutly supplicate the supreme Sovereign of the universe, who alone controls the destinies of nations, that a fall demon of party discord may ever sever a Union founded by the wisdom of patriots, sages, and cemented with the blood of the heroes of our history.

\* General Washington rose, uniformly, the year round, at six o'clock. When resident in the city, the apartments of his mansion were all lighted up an hour before day, during the short autumnal and winter mornings.

happy country. Although, at this eventful crisis, portentous clouds obscure our political atmosphere, may they soon be dispelled by the bright sunshine of harmony and tranquility beaming over our favored land.

over our favored land.

The city of Amsterdam has always been distinguished for its cordial and hospitable reception of all who come to reside in it. Our citizens never disregard the introduction of foreign capital, foreign talents, or foreign industry, the successful employment of which has so amply contributed to promote its prosperity, and to raise this commercial empire to its present exalted elevation. Merchant-adventurers seek their fortunes alike in the frigid and torrid zones, the fens of Holland, the baleful burning deserts of Arabia or Africa, as on the smiling verdant banks of the Hudson. It is not love of us, but their own benefit that attracts them to these shores. Come and welcome. All that is asked in return for your kind aid, is, that you will retain some of the remaining ancient customs derived from our ancestors, for while we prize domestic virtues, probity and piety, their descendants, to whomest generations, will never have caught to blush.

AMSTERDAM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR

MEMBER EDITORS.—As peculiarly appropriate to this season of good wishes, mince-pies and happy faces, in which old friendships are regenerated, and old recollections revived, will you be kind enough to print the following extract from Salmagundi?—Can any of the knowing critics who detect every author by his style, tell us whether Irving or Poulnding wrote it? Yours, respectfully,

— K. KICKENBOCKER.

[illegible]

Of all the various ranks of society the bakers alone, to their immortal honor be it recorded, depart from this practice of making a market of congratulations: and, in addition to always allowing thirteen to the dozen, do with great liberality, instead of drawing on the purses of their customers at the new-year, present them with divers large, fair, spiced cakes; which, like the shield of Achilles, or an Egyptian obelisk, are adorned with figures of a variety of strange animals, that, in their conformation, out-surpass all the wild wonders of nature.

This honest gray-bearded custom of setting apart a certain portion of this good-for-nothing existence for the purposes of cordiality, and of the most agreeable and profitable use of the day, has been handed down to us from our worthy Dutch ancestors. In perusing many of the old Dutch records, and in the most interesting chest of drawings, I find the year 1762 was celebrated with extraordinary activity during that golden age of our city, when the rains of government had not yet begun to deluge the land. On the 10th of May did honor to the company by seeing out the old year; a ceremony which consisted in playing his guests with hampers, until sent one of them home, and then the company was dissolved. The next day, father, who was generally all of these parties—"truly, he was a most agreeable man," said I, "and I am glad to see that he was not a right lousy-laxer to his friends about new years; roasting huge quantities of turkeys; baking unspeakable minced pies; and making up a great many of those little cakes, which are called such stumpy empanadas, that the same might have been heard the dinner of a score's worth."—In his days, according to my grandfather, the Dutch people were very fond of eating these little cakes, which, originally were impressed on one side with the householder's name, and on the other with the name of the baker with that of the noted St. Nicholas, vulgarly called the Santa Claus of all theasses in the calendar the most venerated by their High Honorables, and the most popular of all the saints, and was to this time given on the first of January to all visitors, together with a glass of cherry-brandy, or raspberry-brandy. It is with great pleasure that I find that this custom is still in vogue, and that the use of such a drink has been much violated by modern pretensions to style it a medicinal beverage. I am glad to see that the Dutch people are not so easily to be misled by the name of cherry-brandy, as to be deceived by its spurious cake and outlandish New-year, in the same way that our worthy old Dutch families are not dazzled by modern apertures.

In addition to this divine origin of new-year festivity, there is something exquisitely grateful to a good-natured mind, in seeing every face dressed in smiles;—in hearing the oft-repeated calculations that flow spontaneously from the heart to the lips;—in beholding the poor, for once, enjoying the smiles of plenty and forgetting the pangs which once have smitten them in the social and midwinter cockneys.



—

**Tailoring establishment.**—Stubs and company, of London, own the world over as the tailors, are said, in Bell's Life in London, to employ three hundred and thirty-four men, of whom a large number are upwards of sixty years of age.











































FOUR DOLLARS PER ANN.] SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED AT THE OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, THE NEW FRANKLIN BUILDING, CORNER OF NASSAU AND ANN STREETS. [PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.]

Embellished with Fine Engravings, and Music arranged with accompaniments for the Piano-forte.

Vol. X

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1832.

No. 29.

ORIGINAL TALES.

## THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN

#### AN INDIAN NARRATION

In the year sixteen hundred and —, a conspiracy was entered into by several of the Indian tribes inhabiting South Carolina, instigated thereto by the Spanish government of St. Augustine, against the inhabitants of that province. Among these were the Yamacasse and Humphe, or rather the Yamacasse; for the Humphe were but a portion of the same government and nation, assuming to themselves the name of a local government or prince. They occupied a large and well-watered territory, lying backward from Port-Royal island, on the north-east side of the Savannah river, which to this day, goes by the name of Indian land. It is now included in the parish of St. Peter, in the present local divisions of the state now mentioned.

The conspiracy became known to the Carolinians, through the means of a white trader, before it was sufficiently matured to be carried into execution. Declaration of war was the immediate consequence; and, unsupported by the faithless allies, who, after inciting them to insurrection, refused them all succor, the tribes were, one by one, defeated by the whites, and either wholly exterminated or driven from their possessions.

[illegible][illegible]

where hollow rocks lay back only their echoes. Wanhshat  
at there thou! On the far hills—thou hast found the valley of  
joy, and the pism-graves that are forever in bloom. Who shall  
behold thee there? Thou art alone, and thou art alone  
all unattended in the valley of joy, and the ghosts of the slain  
blend about thee with many frowns. Where is the maid of thy  
youth? Come she with the smoking incense, does she dream  
of thee? Thou art alone, and thou art alone, and thou art alone.  
Thou art slain in thy morning, Wanhshat, and thy soul forever  
to rest. Isuing for thee thy hymn of death—thy war-song for  
many victims, thou art mighty in the death—the high billows  
didst overcome thee. Thou art alone, and thou art alone, and  
other men; thou didst not sleep in thy childhood. Well did they  
name thee young painter—the might and the eyes of the young  
man, the painter of the darkness, the darkness of the night,  
and thou loathed to ascend at the black drench of Extosis.  
Strong tide when thou awamnest here thou wert not with it; thou didst  
put it aside as an infant. Thou wert a long arrow in the chase,  
and thou wert a long arrow in the chase, and thou wert a long  
brother! What thiefdawn stood up like Wanhshat's and that  
day of thy glory is gone, oh Hoaspa! the father of many kings  
Yamance, where wert thou sleeping when thy name and thy  
name were the name of the world, and thou wert the name  
them, and the temple of thy spirit overthrown? Hoaspa, thy  
day has gone by in darkness, and the strong night is over thee.  
Cant thou wake up the brave who are sleeping? Cant thou  
wake up the brave who are sleeping? Cant thou wake up the  
who hides them? What shall restore thee, Yamance; and  
where shall the brave men of Hoaspa now find their abode? The  
wild grane has taken root in their dwelling-place, and the hill-  
side is a wilderness of thorns, and the hillside is a wilderness  
place in the wigwams of many fathers, silence has made a home  
of their ruins, and lives lonely among them. O spirit of many  
ages, thou art vanished? Thy voice is smothered into an echo, and  
thy voice is smothered into an echo, and thy voice is smothered  
graves of many enemies; thy own grave is unknown. Thou  
art scattered to the broad winds, and hast fallen upon the waters.  
They have carried thee down with them away, and the business  
of the world is done, and thou art upon thee, and thou art  
thou art smitten with death!

Thus mourned the Indian warrior over the graves of his fathers, and the recollections and affections of his youth. No single trace, however, of those emotions which might be supposed to have been exhibited as accompaniments to his uttered sorrows, appeared either in his look or his actions. To one who witnessed their expression, he seemed to be a being of another order, and to have risen from a statue. His was the majesty of grief, without its weaknesses.

A something stirred the leaves, and the quick and watchful sense of the chief recognized it as the object of his search. His eyes rose upon the deep and shadowing umbrage, whence proceeded about thirty ether Indians, of both sexes, belonging to his own tribe—all the lot that was now left of their nation. With downcast looks and no words, they struck a light, and in a few moments kindled a fire, and then, as if they were in silence in a repast of parched corn, *feur* and sugar, called among their own kind, with a small portion of dried yogurt.

Here they remained not long. They wished to divest themselves of all recollections of their misfortunes, yet were quite too near the spot at which it occurred, naively to effect their object. Without a word they stepped, one by one, into the order of march, which is called the Indian file; and at equal intervals of ten or fifteen feet they followed the chief; and, avoiding all beaten tracks of human form, they took their way through the close and pathless wastes of the forest.

Many years now elapsed, and men ceased to remember the noble tribe of the Yamassee; once the most terrible, and at the same time, the most accomplished of all the Indian nations of the south. They had even gone out of the memories of their ancient enemies, the Creeks; and the Carolinians, while possessing, and in full enjoyment of the rich lands of their opacious territory, had even forgotten the hard toil and extreme peril by which alone they had been acquired.

It was in the midst of a bright October month, that a small canoe was seen ascending the river, now known as the St. Mary's, having its source in a vast lake and marsh, called Ockfenknee, and lying between the Flint and Ockmolge rivers, in the state of Georgia. There were but two persons in the canoe, both Indian hunters of the Creek nation; a gallant race, well known for high courage among the tribes, and distinguished not less by their wild magnanimity and adventure, than by their daring ferocity. The warriors were both young, and were numbered, and with strict justice, among *the life* of their people. At peace, for the first time for many seasons, with all around them, they gave themselves up to

[illegible]

Prerogative, indeed, and their progress. An European would have discerned it, and given up what must have appeared, not merely as vain and hopeless, but as desperate and dangerous pursuit. But the mind of the natives was not so constituted. They were not so much in the mind clothes than in a seemingly humble stibbolenness, and he is inflexible and unyielding. Though young, scarcely arrived at the age of preparation, they had been taught in the national habits, to have done any thing self or nation might require, on backs upon an adventure, devised covertly, and commenced with due preparation. They resolutely pursued their way, unfettered by any consideration of the consequences, and might have met with hundreds of diverging rivulets, and, after having run a long way upon the sands, they were compelled to desert it, and pursue their further way on foot. They did not pause, but entered at once upon the same, and were not less resolute, though they might have been aware of the haunts of the plunging alligator; through pond and mire now heaving with their batches a pathway through the thickets, and the swamps, they were enough to resist, but nothing to deter them. For day after day they pursued their way, and were not less resolute, alternately wading and swimming, all at length, all unexpectedly, the prospect opened in stern brightness and beauty before them, and they were enough to resist, but nothing to deter them. For day after day they pursued their way, and were not less resolute, alternately wading and swimming, all at length, all unexpectedly, the prospect opened in stern brightness and beauty before them, and they were enough to resist, but nothing to deter them. For day after day they pursued their way, and were not less resolute, alternately wading and swimming, all at length, all unexpectedly, the prospect opened in stern brightness and beauty before them, and they were enough to resist, but nothing to deter them.





































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(PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.)

VOL. X.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1833.

No. 31.

### ANTIQUITIES OF NEW-YORK.

#### OLD DUTCH HOUSE IN NEW-STREET,

SEA WALL-STREET.

We here present our readers with a correct and striking view of the last of the Dutch houses, which has survived the progress of improvement in this valuable city, and is now, as we are informed, about to be pulled down. In making researches into its early history, and that of its structure from time immemorial, we had recourse to an old friend, who is known all over the world as THE LAST OF THE COCKED HAT, and as it this day, without doubt, the most eminent Dutch antiquary living, not receiving the worthy and excellent compiler of the *VOYAGE* or *ALMANAC* of what we now call the *Encyclopædia* knowledgeably. The old gentleman forthwith substituted a search among his vast mass of valuable records, and, by great good luck, discovered an ancient Dutch manuscript, which he immediately set about translating for us. The result of his labors is the following remarkable story, which he says he has not the least doubt relates to this very house, and is as true as any tale of the kind recorded by any dilapidated abbey or castle in the other hemisphere. The worthy old gentleman has entrusted us to make public his indignation at the prevailing vulgar idea, that we have not our ghosts, goblins, and supernatural agency, as well as other people—*—* N. Y. M.

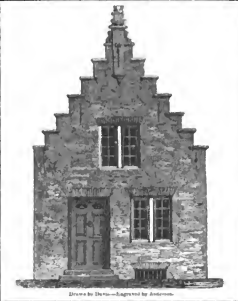
#### By Isaac Schlichtenschlager.

THURSDAY blessed St. Nicholas! may thy memory and thine honors endure for ever and a day! It is true that certain sects and communities, such as Romish priests, and the like, have claimed thee as a catholic saint, affirming with unparalleled evidence, that even since the pestilential breath of the illustrious John Calvin, there hath been not much as a single saint in the Reformed Dutch Church. But behold these leopards of faith and other such creatures of the truth is not, never was, nor ever will be in their mouths, or their hearts! Doth not every body know that the blessed St. Nicholas was of the Reformed Dutch Church, and that the cunning Romane did unconsciously fling him from us to keep their own calendar in veneration? The antiquarian! But I will restrain the impetuosity of my wrath, and contenting myself with having proved that the good saint was of the true faith, proceed with my story, which is of undoubted authority, since I had it from a descendant of Claas Schlichtenschlager himself, who lives in great honor and glory at the Waalhoofd on Long-Island, and is moreover a justice of the peace and deacon of the church.

Nicholas—our, according to the true orthography—Claas Schlichtenschlager, was of a respectable parentage, being born in Saardam, in our good fatherland, where his ancestors had been prelates of the greatest windmill in all the country round, ever since the period when that bloody tyrant, Philip of Spain, was driven from the Low Countries by the invincible rally of the Dutch, under the good Prince of Orange. It is said, in a certain credible tradition, that one of the family had done a good turn to the workship of St. Nicholas, in securing him from the persecutions of the Romane, who, now, however, claim him to themselves! and that ever afterwards the saint took special interest and cognizance in their affairs. While at Saardam, little Claas, who was the youngest of a goodly family of seventeen children, was observed to be a great favorite of St. Nicholas, whose name he was, who always brought him a cake or two extra at his Christmas visits, and otherwise distinguished him above his brothers and sisters; whereas they were not a little jealous, and at sometimes quite obstructed some of the little rogue's benefactions, converting them to their own comfort and recreation.

In process of time, Claas grew to be a stout lad, and withal a little wild, as he did sometimes neglect the great windmill, the which he had charge of in turn with the rest of his brothers, whereby it more than once came to serious damage. Upon these occasions, the worthy father, who had a reverence even of the morals of his children, was accustomed to give him the bastinado; but as Claas was not a little jealous, and did not much mind to be beaten, he only made him a little angry, for he was a boy of great spirit. About the time, I say, that Claas had arrived at the years of two or three and twenty, and was considered a stout boy for his age, there was great talk of sending a colony to the Mountains of the Moon, under the auspices of the illustrious Hudson, who had discovered long years before. Many principles of good name and substance, were preparing to emigrate there, seeing it was described as a land flowing with milk and honey—that is to say, abounding in shad and herrings—and affording mighty healthful outlets of breath.

Now Claas began to cherish an earnest longing to visit these parts, for he was tired of tending the windmill, and besides he



Drawn by the Rev. Isaac Schlichtenschlager.

had a natural love for marshes and creeks, and being a shrewd lad, concluded that there must be plenty of these where heavers and such like abounded. But his father and the young Schlichtenschlager, did exclaim, and stigmatize this notion of Claas, and placed him apprentice to an eminent shoemaker, to learn that useful art and mystery. Claas considered it derogatory to the son of the proprietor of the greatest windmill in all Saardam, to carry the leopards and wanted to be a doctor, a lawyer, or some such thing. But his father told him in no many words, that there were more lawyers than clergies in the town already, and that a good cobbler served more people from being sick, than all the doctors cured. So Claas became apprentice to the shoemaking business, and served out his time, after which he got to be his own master, and determined to put in practice his design of visiting the Maabadoes, of which he had never lost sight.

Our much ado, Myshoor Schlichtenschlager, and the good voyage, consumed unwillingly to let him follow the bent of his inclination, and accordingly all things were got ready for his departure to the New World, in company with a party which was going out under that renowned Lord Michael Pauze, who was proceeding to settle his domain of Parvise, which lies directly opposite to New Amsterdam. Myshoor Schlichtenschlager fitted out his son nobly, and becoming the owner of the largest windmill in all Saardam, equipping him with sails, and knives, and wax, and thread, together with a bunch, and a goodly luggage, consisting in his own mind that great necessity of stores in Holland might, peradventure extend to the Maabadoes. Now all being prepared, it was settled that Claas should depart on the next day but one, the next being St. Nicholas his day, and a great festival among the people of Holland.

According to custom, ever since the days of the blessed saint, they had a plentiful supper of waffles and chocolate—that pestilent beverage tea, not having yet taken into fashion—and set up talking of Claas, his adventures, and what he would see and hear in the Maabadoes, till it was almost nine o'clock. Upon this, Myshoor ordered them all to bed, being scandalized at such unbecomable hours. In the morning when Claas got up, and went to put on his stockings, he felt something hard at the toe, and turning it inside out, there fell on the floor, the head of a pipe of the genuine *Morelasmus*, which seemed to have been used beyond measure, since its polish was a thousand times more soft and delightful than ivory, or tortoise shell, and its lustre past all praise. Would that the blessed saint would bestow such a one on me!

Claas was delighted; he kindred it as if he had been an idiot—Romane—whilst, by the blessing of St. Nicholas, he was not—and bestowing it in the bottom of his strong oxen coat, resolved like unto a prudent Dutchman, never to use it, for fear of accidents. In a few hours afterwards, he parted from his parents, his family, and his home; his father gave him a history of the bloody wars and persecutions of Philip of Spain; a small purse of guilders, and

abundance of advice for the government of his future life; but his mother gave him what was more precious than all these—her tears, her blessing, and a little Dutch Bible with silver clasps. Bibles were not so plenty then as they are now, and were considered as the greatest treasures of the household. His brothers and sisters took an affectionate farewell of him, and asked him pardon for sending him new year cookies. So Claas kissed his mother, promising if it pleased heaven, to send her boxes of herrings and butter skins, whereat she was marvellously comforted; and he went on his way, as it were, sorrowfully rejoicing.

I shall pass over the journey, and the voyage to the Maabadoes, saving the relation of a curious matter that occurred after the ship had been about ninety days at sea, and they were supposed to be well on their way to the port of New Amsterdam. It came into the heads of the passengers to sleep, and as they were all weary, on the day with the sails all fast, except one or two, which I name not, for a special reason, contrary to the practice of most writers—namely, because I am ignorant thereof—having the sails thus fastened, I say, on account of certain suspicious looking clouds, the which the captain, who kept a bright look out day and night, had seen hovering overhead, with no good intentions, it came into the notions of divers of the passengers to pass the time by opening their chests, and comparing their respective effects, for they were an honest set of people, and not afraid of being robbed.

When Claas showed his lapstone, most of the company, on being told the reasons for bringing it such a long distance, held up their hands, and admired the foresight of his father, considering him as exceeding prudent and wise man to think of such matters. Some of them wanted to buy it at a speculation, but Claas was too well satisfied with its value to set a price on it. While they were thus chaffing, an old miser who had accompanied the renowned Hendrick Hudson, as cabin boy, in his first voyage to the Maabadoes, happened to come by, and lo! and there, even a great Dutch ship, and called Claas an exulting hero for bringing stones all the way from Holland, saying that there were enough at the Maabadoes to furnish lapstones for the whole universe. Whereupon Claas thought to himself, "what a fine country it must be, whose stones are so plenty."

In process of time, as all things, and especially voyages by sea, have an end, the vessel came in sight of the highlands of New-Amsterdam—vaguely called by some would-be learned writers, New-Amick—and Claas and the rest, who had never seen such vast mountains before, did think that it was a wall, built up from the earth to the sky, and that there was no world beyond.

Favored by a fine south wind, whose lullay freshness had awakened the young spring into early life and beauty, they shot like an arrow from the shore, and landed on the rising ground, the heights of Saardam-Island, came in sight of the illustrious city of New Amsterdam, which, though at that period contained but a few hundred people, it still ventured to predict, in some future time, may actually become a city of millions.

Truly it was a beautiful city, and a beautiful sight as might be seen of a spring morning. As they came through Betermilk channel, they beheld with delighted astonishment, the fort, the church, the government's house, the great dock jutting out into the salt river, the steady breeze, the sun, and a goodly assemblage of boats, with the public-roads to the street, as before the villainous introduction of new fashions, and at the extremity of the city, the gate and wall, from whence Wall-street derives its name. But what showed all, gloriously delighted Claas, was a great wind-mill towering in the air, and spreading its vast wings on the rising ground, the Broadway, between Liberty and Courtland streets, the which reminded him of home and his parents. The prospect rejoiced them all mightily, for they thought to themselves "we have come to a little Holland."

So far as I know, it was somewhere about the year of our Lord one thousand six hundred and sixty, or thereabouts, and in the month of May, that Claas landed in the New World; but of the precise day of the month I cannot be certain, seeing what a long time it took him to get to the city, and that the festival of Pope Gregory, called the new style, whereby events that really happened in one year, are falsely put down to another, by which means history becomes nonsense. The first thing he thought of, was to provide himself a room, and as he knew it was not clear the fashion to live in taverns and boarding-houses, and the man who thus demeaned himself, was considered to better than he should be; nobody would trust or employ him, and he might consider it a special bounty of the good St. Nicholas, if he escaped a mile on foot from his journey, provided for the sustenance of his followers. So Claas looked out for a pleasant place whereon to pitch his tent. As he walked forth for the end, his bowels ran exceedingly for a lot on the



miller does four, began to fire their cannon at a great rate ; where-  
upon the little man jumped up, and cried out,

Then he kissed the yfrow with a hearty smack, just as doth the illustrious Rip Van Dam, on the like occasions ; patted little Nicholas on the head, and gave him his blessing ; after which he did incessantly leap up the chimney and disappear. Then they knew it was the good St. Nicholas, and rejoiced mightily in the visit he had

The next morning the prodigal homewards, according to custom, got up before the dawn of day to put his house in order, and when about to sweep the floor, was surprised to hear something jangle just like money. Thus opening the embers, the sticks which the good saint had thrown upon the fire again blazed out, and she decreed a large purse, which, on examination, was found filled with golden ducats. Whereupon she called out to Clara, and they examined the purse, and found fastened to it a paper bearing this legend .

THE GATE OF SAINT NICOLAS

When they stood in *pyffel* wonder they heard a great knocking and confusion of tongues outside the door; and the people calling aloud upon Claas Schlegelsherringer to come forth; whereupon he went forth, and to his great astonishment, found that his little wooden house had disappeared in the night, and in its place was standing a gorgeous and magnificent mansion of Dutch bricks, two stories high, with three windows in front, all of a different size; and a door cut right out of the corner, just as it is seen at this blessed day. The neighbors wondered much, and it was whispered among them, that the *d-Id* had helped Claas to this great domicile, which was one of the biggest in the city, and almost equal to that of the Baron of Roeloffen. But when Claas heard of this, he went to visit Sir Nicholas, and told him all the news of his sudden change, with the legend upon it; they thought better of it, and contented themselves with envying him his hearty his royal fortune.

I shall not relate how *Clans* prospered ever afterwards, in spite of his enemies the burgomasters, who, at last, were obliged to admit him as one of their number ; or how little *Amtjis* held up her head among the highest ; or how *Clans* ever after eschewed the lapstone, and, like a worshipful magistrate, took to bettering the condition of mankind, till at length he died, and was gathered to his forefathers, full of years and honors.

All I shall say is, that the great house in New-street continued in the family for several generations, until a degenerate descendant of the Clans, being thereto incited by the d—d, did sell it to another degenerate splutterkin, who essayed to pull it down. But mark what followed. No sooner had the workmen laid hands on it, than the bricks began to fly about at such a rate, that they all came away faster than they went; some with broken heads, and others with broken bones, and not one could ever be persuaded to meddle with it—

And let this be a warning to any one who shall attempt to lay their sacrilegious hands on the **CART OF THE DUTCH ROSSIA**, the gift of St. Nicholas, for whoever does so, may calculate to a certainty, on getting well peppered with trickeats. I can tell them.

[illegible]

Thou'er of doct.—An enchanting night; the moon traveling through a cloudless sky—composed half a sonnet as I walked homewards; passed Dick Oliver's—saw a light in his room—thought I would call in, and tell him of the pleasure I had been enjoying—knew that Dick was my best friend—found him sitting over a tumbler of rum—was prevailed upon to take some also—repeated my half sonnet—Dick laughed, but I knew that he was no judge of poetry—left him at two in the morning—went home; got into bed; fell asleep, and dreamed of Ellen Tracy.

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*Eight o'clock, a. m.*—Was awakened from a comfortable nap by the horrid rumbling of a detested dust-cart; heard at the same time the horse neigh immediately under my window, and the dustman ring his bell with the most consummate violence and cold-blooded impudence—felt inclined to load a pair of pistols and shoot both the man and his horse through the head—was convinced that I should not get the better of the shock for a whole week.

*Ten Cécile*—Saw down to breakfast—eat nothing—the bread was sour, the eggs too hard, the tea too weak, coffee too strong—started when I reflected that it was my sixtieth birthday—went to the window—saw the sun shining brightly—looked at my hair—hair appeared gray, and measurable wrinkles were visible on my face.

*Eileen Cécile*—Laid my hand on some old manuscripts—found among them a part of my journal, written many years ago—read that which was dated April twelfth, 1876—wondered how I could ever have been so young and so happy—thought of my father, and mother, and grandmother, whom I had long since laid in the dust. Placing my elbow on the table, leaning my head upon my hand, and involuntarily closing my eyes, my last life presented itself to me as a long and troubled dream. A melancholy smile came over my face, and I thought that the holiday of Liphuz and Teufel's conquest was, even for that day.

One of the "Orders" the gag to the dog—wrapped myself up in my great-coat, and set off on my morning ride—home rather early; determined to suit him, and get another—met Mr. and Mrs. Oliver; took no notice of either, but felt my heart beat irregularly for some minutes after they were gone. I was not a little surprised to find that a man became the victim of their error: erroneous opinion and false judgments, very often degenerate into a mania; thus, eager to revenge upon his fellow-men those misfortunes which his imagination, thus, and not his reason, have brought upon him. But it is not only to those who are injured by him, that he is considered a friend, and to be grieved by her upon whom all your affections had been irrevocably placed. Thought of my grandmother—recalled that I had often treated her twice with little deference—wished that I had been more obedient to her, and more respectful to her; we agreed in our opinion of Ellen Tracy—two little of Mrs. Oliver.

*Three o'clock*—Visited the family burying-place—stood beside the tombs of my father, my mother, my grandmother, and my sisters—reflected that the only sincere, disinterested friends I had ever known, had gone down into the grave, and that I was left a solitary wanderer, without a tie to bind me to the world—romantic on the deceitfulness of youthful love, and youthful hope, and youthful friendships—felt as I have often felt, like young people, that the

*Step a clock*—Dined with a newly-married couple—there was a large party—many of the guests were old friends—some of them more than thirty—they looked perfectly happy—they had known and loved each other from childhood—almost envied them—could not help reflecting, just for a moment, what Ellen Tracey once was—thought the young people very boisterous in their mirth—could not bear their loud peals of laughter—sought for refuge among several old ladies—found that they were all watching, with delight, the merriment of their children or grandchildren—sighed deeply, and continued to gaze after the young people—saw them laughing and shouting that I sat in the room, and again missed an when I departed.

*Eight o'clock—Went by myself to the theatre—Lady Howard (formerly the honorable Miss Anson) happened to be in the box into which I went—I was received politely, I may even say cordially, by herself and her husband. Lady Howard must at one time have been a decided beauty—she is, even now, a fine, graceful-looking woman. Her husband is a tall, dark, handsome man, with a very agreeable position—did not think they looked happy—half-half myself by myself, but could not help pitying Ellen—did not like the play—it was "Venice Preserved." Probably the acting was not good—observed that the ladies cover their shoulders tears in a theatre now-a-days. Did not stay to see the afterpiece.*

*Eight o'clock—Went to the theatre—Overheard a few of the "Night Thoughts"—went to bed, and dreamt that I was wandering alone, at midnight, among the ruins of Rome.—*Edinburgh Journal.**

A NEW ANNUAL

**Ms. Entos.**—As annuals are in season at present, I beg to submit a few specimens of one to your consideration, trusting you will view me with a candid opinion whether the noble and distinguished there who have combined to produce it, are likely to meet with all the encouragement from an enlightened public. The sale of twenty thousand copies might repay the expense that has been already incurred in getting it up, which I cannot but hope that a few puffs will amply ensure for it.—*Correspondent of the Edinburgh Journal.*

*Tale. by Lady Olivia Maria Montagu*

[illegible]

*Verona on a Consulatus. by the duchess of Y—e—*

There's not a flower of radiant hue,  
With taint more bright than thine of blue,  
At noon thou openst thy weeping eye,  
At even thou almost seem'st to die!

They flower as first is bright and gay,  
But soon—too soon—it fades away!  
And when we pluck thy blossom bright,  
Next moment shows thy sorry plight.

Then, whereoe'er it may be found,  
Oh! leave—still leave—it in the ground,  
For soon it withers in a glass,  
Alas! alas! alas!

1000

*Essay on Darkness*, translated from the German by Professor Z.  
*Darkness* is not the privation of light. According to Hegel, *existence* and non-existence are identical. It follows, that if darkness merely the non-existence of light, light and darkness must be identical.  $\square \rightarrow \Delta$ . *Darkness* is a positive independent void; and, if we to escape the doctrines of immaterialists, must be an independent existence and essence. *Darkness* existing thus of itself, does not, according to the vulgar and inaccurate expression, prevent our seeing objects. Diffused throughout space, it, for the time, absorbs objects, and, as far as the sense of vision is concerned, identifies them with its

a essence. Hence our inability to see in the dark.

Ah! let me on an iceberg sail,  
 And seek to kill the Lapland bear!  
 Then homeward turning—first on whale—  
 What more can claim a wise man's care?  
 The sun may hide his radiant face,  
 The snow and ice forget to thaw,  
 But ought can dim nor mar the gleam  
 Of my I've loved—my charming snows!

OF THE

*Years in a weathered Bluebell.*

ill poem, by the Duchess of Y—r—x, may, for elegance and sim-  
ple beauty, be said to rival, and even to surpass, its predecessor.]

Why didst thou die?  
I give the lie,  
I have said,  
Thou wert dead.

Of thy lovely green hose,  
And the brilliant light blue,  
That was seen on thy lead,  
And is come to my grief!

Before that war came,  
— And it goes to my grief:

at, founded on fact, and related to the author by Major General Sir Humphrey De Vries.

General Sir Humphrey De V—e.

There lived not in all Glenageary a knight who could boast more

There lived not in all Oasacomy a knight who could boast more  
of heroism than Don Alvaro; but yet his bold heart quailed as  
glazed on the mysterious form before him, and his footsteps totter-  
ed with undefined apprehension, while he once more descended the  
dead staircase. "Shall I again behold the murdered image of my  
lost father?" he cried. "Shall the mangled remains of my mo-  
ther once more burst through the ornaments of the tomb? Shall the  
sage again disclose his mysteries, and my lamented Cecilia rise be-  
fore me?"

"You in all her bid loneliness! Shall"—  
 "Hush!" cried the phantom, glaring **bald a fearful frown upon**  
 "another word, and you die!"  
 The steps of Don Alessio became more unsteady; his pale lip quivered, and his eyes sunk beneath the appalling glance of the apparition. Feebly he bent his head in token of acquiescence; but as a rust portal grated on their rusty hinges, the damp cold air of the interminable caverns extinguished his flickering taper, and a hand of ice, and upon his quivering arm, hurried him resolutely forward. \*\*\*\*\*

Reflections on the character of the late Captain Campbell, never before published, by his royal highness Prince \*\*\*\*

His was no common character ! \*\*\* His wit had not the brilliancy of the lightning's flash, nor the glaring splendor of an eastern sun. His courage was not the heroism of a poet's fancy, nor the valorous bearing of a belted knight. The painter might not have chosen him for his model of manly beauty, nor the sculptor for his idealization of classical grace ; but there was a something \*\*\*\*\*

## MISCELLANEOUS SELECT

[illegible]

## SALE OF TWO

Six o'clock, a. m.—Sprang nimbly from my bed, and threw open my shutters. It was a beautiful morning; sun up—birds singing—flowers blooming—dew glittering. Hurried on my clothes. Took my rod in my hand; threw my fishing-basket over my shoulder, and once found myself on the banks of the neighboring stream. Raced

**Nine of clock**—Made dreadful havoc at the breakfast-table—sent milk, eggs, ham, jelly, tea, and coffee, clanging each other down my throat—dead mute he was glad to see me so hungry; and granny whispered something to my mother about white teeth, blue eyes and beautiful complexion—talked of Ellen Tracy—dead looked green—mother frowned—and granny said she was a bit more; not worth

*Two o'clock*—thought grumpy was an old bore.  
*Eleven o'clock*—Called on Dick Oliver—rode out together—never  
 saw Dick so merry—met Ellen Tracey—both bowed—our eyes met  
 never thought her more beautiful—told Dick I was determined to  
 marry her, whether dad consented or not—Dick said: I was right—  
 thought Dick a sensible fellow—knew him to be my staunch friend.  
*Two o'clock*—Returned home—found the Honorable Miss Aubrey  
 in the drawing-room—mother and granny in a great fuss—was sorry  
 had come in—wished to retreat—stumbled over Miss Aubrey's ban-  
 dog yelped; Miss Aubrey screamed; mother shrieked: grumpy  
 dodged—wished either them or myself at the d—l—tried to turn it  
 off with a joke: failed, for nobody laughed—never felt so foolish.

*Three dead mice*—Miss Aubrey took to go—*carried her lap-dog down stairs, and handed him into the carriage. (Mew. Never to call my dog of mine Pom-pom.)*

*Three dead mice*—Lectured by pa, ma and granny—Miss Aubrey's charms, personal, modest and respectable, drummed into my ears by the three. I could not bring aggressive about her—ma told me, "while that grand choran, that she was worth six thousand a year; thought six thousand a year more than any married man could have occasion for."

*Free a clock*—Dined with my uncle in town—a large party; mostly old people, all upwards of forty—not a single tope broached in my















Embellished with Fine Watercoloring, and Music arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte

FOUR DOLLARS PER ANN.] SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED AT THE OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, THE NEW FRANKLIN BUILDING, CORNER OF NASSAU AND ANN STREETS. [PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.]

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## A NEW BACCANTALIAN GLOBE

(New first published in this country)

The moment must come, when the hands that unite  
In the firm clasp of friendship, will sever;  
When the eyes that have beamed o'er us brightly to-night  
Will have ceased to shine round us for ever.

With pleasure's rosy crown:

What, though the future hour be dim,  
The present is our own.

The moment is come, and again we are parting.  
To roam through the world each our separate way ;  
In the bright eye of beauty the pearl-drop is starting,  
Yet hope, sunny hope, through the tear sheds its ray.  
Then wreathe again the golden'st brim

With pleasure's roseate crown;  
In hope—though present hours be dim—  
The future is our own.

The moment is past, and the bright throng around us,  
So lately which gather'd, has fled like a dream;  
And time has untwisted the fond links that bound us,  
Like frost-wreaths that melt in the morning's first beam.

Still wreaths once more the goblet's brim  
With pleasure's roseate crown;  
What, though the future hour be dim,  
The present is our own.

The sun was shining as fair as the sun could shine on a beautiful May morning; bright, yet gentle; warm, but fresh; midway between the watering-pot of April, and the warming-pan of June, when, in the beautiful valley of Viro—every body knows Viro—but, lest they should be any body in the wide world who does not, dearly beloved reader, I will tell you all about it.

Get into the stage coach which portentously clattered between Mr. Adams, put up at the Dolphin, and yourself yield to the festive delights of an English four-post bed, for no such avenue shall you know from the moment you set your foot on board the steam-boat for Havre, till the same steam-boat, or another, it matters not which hauls you out to sea. You are then arrived at Havre—got out of it again as fast as you can—rush across the river to Honfleur; from Honfleur dash back to Caen; and after you have paused five minutes to take a little whiff of the Coucouper, put yourself into the diligence for St. Malo, where you will find a boat waiting for you. From St. Malo you will come in a long steep hill, crowned by a pretty airy-looking town, whose buildings, in some parts gathered on the very precipice, others running far down the slope, seem as if conquering with

Go to bed, and if you bask your feet beforebed, which, if you are of my faction, you will do, walk over the tiled floor of the tiled-room, that you may have a fit opportunity of curling tiled toes and of relieving yourself of all spleen in your nature before the morning. Then, when you have done this, go forth to the morning, and look forth to the east corner of the town, and you will have a view over one of the loveliest valleys that nature produces, and ever gifted with loquacity—the soft clear stream of the Vire, winding sweetly along the green sloping hills, and the rich woods and the fields, and the villages, and the towers of the city, and all its meanderings, and the birds among it the song of love, as its clear waters roll hominously by them. Look upon it, and you will not find it difficult to imagine how the softness of an obscure artisan, in a remote age, warmed into poetry as it is now, and how it came to be the first of the great poets.

It was then that beautiful lady of Vane, some twenty years ago, that Frances Lormer went out to salute his May morn- ing. "Good morning, my dear," she said, "and how is your happy home, and his early life? It was a sad walk, as we will be imagined, for, though the morning was bright, and nature was so cheerful, yet the sun was so dim, and the air so cold, that he shan be it spoken, had put on her great velvet, as if it were to keep him warm. And he was so much affected, that he went away to their hearts, and all seemed darkened and clouded round them. They talked a great deal, and they talked a long time; it was for it from me to the end of the day, and I was so much affected, that I could not sleep, especially as I know not one word about the receipt, indeed, that Frances Lormer would the image of Mar- celine remain with him for ever; should ensure him in the last of his life, and I was so much affected, that I could not sleep, and would marry myself except Frances Lormer, ever if rich old Monsieur Lotosoffsky, the great friend, were to lay himself and fortune at her feet; and in fact, I was so much affected, that I could not sleep, and I was so much affected, that I could not sleep, and I was so much affected, that I could not sleep. "Mais si je perds un jour" said Lormer, "and Frances Lormer, *Qu'est ce que ça fait*?" replied Lormer. "Marie was a great deal sooner after that calm again, weak about her ordinary

sang her song, danced at the village *fête*, talked with the talkers, laughed with the laughers, and won the hearts of all the youths of the place, by her unadorned beauty and her native grace. But she did not forget Francis Lormer; and when any one came to her in marriage, the good dame, her mother, referred them to her sister, who had always her answer ready, and with a kind word and a smile, would send them to the good old Monsieur Latouche, who presented himself, with all money bags, declaring that his only wish was to enrich his good Marianne; but Marianne was steady, and so touchingly did she to him about poor Francis Lormer, that the old man went away with the tears in his eyes. Six months afterwards he died, with the regret of the whole place, he left his large fortune to his sister Duxall.

[illegible]

Fair maiden, glad as fair, thou movest here  
Beneath the pressure of a morning light;  
Sweet creature of the vintage—breathes thou these  
The spirit of thy region, warm and bright.  
All that is strong of soul and sense and sense  
And sunny hearts and lips—all that is strong  
By poets of beauty, liveth in thine eyes,  
And in thy bosom—beautiful and young!  
I have not, when I gaze on thee, one thought  
Left for old Ducchus and his mirth and wine;  
I see thee only, with thy bosom glowing  
Fondly and freely for the blushing vine;  
See thy glad, graceful step, thy living eyes,  
And wish thy life as radiant as thy eye.

[illegible][illegible]

Delighted at having extorted Mary's consent to the marriage, Dame Susan quickly conveyed the happy intelligence to her son-in-law elect, a wealthy burgess of Dunbar; and having invited Anna-Cameron, Mary's cousin, to visit them, and assist her in cheering the sorrowful bride, the preparations for the marriage proceeded in due form.

On the day before that appointed for the wedding, as the cousins sat together arranging the simple ornaments of the bridal dress, poor Mary's feelings could no longer be restrained, and her tears fell fast. "Dear aunts, Mary, give over greeting," said Annet: "the boumy white satin ribbon is wringing wet."—"Sing her a canny sang, to keep up her heart," said Dame Seton:—"I canna bide a canny sang the day," answered Mary, "for there's a ring rinnin in my heart that my poor Willie made as night as we sat beneath the rowen-tree out-by there, and when we thought we were going to gang hand in hand through this warlike' world," and she began to sing in a low

[illegible][illegible]















## BALLSTON SPA.



## SALMA GUNDI.

FROM THE FERNET OF ABBEY.

As Nankin-ty, of bland renown,  
The king of meay a crown and town,  
Upon his death-bed lay,  
His son, whose soul, all ween in youth,  
Shed'd blossoms fair of worth and truth,  
He call'd a-wake, from his slumbering slumber,  
Address'd his dying say:  
"I go, my Harrow! to the shade  
Of peace, but to thy father's land  
I leave thee all secure;  
O! e'erest thou from the righteous way,  
Be thou to hellish men a prey;  
So shall thy tears on justice eye  
Be founded strong and sure."  
"And lo! thou slighest that, though thrown'd!  
In chains, like other prisoners, bound  
To ease and grandeur gay,  
O, where on purple couch repose  
Thou wilt, without, redundant of wine,  
Alas! thy love ever must do mine  
Nesth party tykashy away."  
"We hold the shaplest that doth sleep,  
Where not among his helphers stand  
This lonely wail is gone!  
Arise, my son, and with thy slight  
Protect the lovely, the upright,  
Since through them Lings attain their height,  
And help for them alone!"

"My son, the people are the root;  
The king the tree, that up doth shoot  
High from its fackling foot!  
If they bring the root and sound,  
The plente of the tree alone  
Renewing seed and round,  
Their son-yeard pride is lost!"

## THE SUFFERER HURLED.

FROM THE FERNET.

We arrived at Cayenne at six o'clock, and were joined by a young man most elegantly dressed. He entered without saluting any person, measured with his eye those who had already come, heamed a turn, then, appearing a gentleman who sat reading, saluted him with a courteous air. "You are reading, sir?" "Yes, sir." "With much attention?" "Yes, sir." At this answer he withdrew a few steps, executed a prostratio, and returned to the charge with an air of defiance. "Sir, may I know what book it is which derives us of the pleasure of your conversation?" "It is," replied the gentleman, "a book which I have taken to dispute the count of the journey." "You will not refuse," added the traveler, "to tell us at what chapter you are in this book, when to dispute the count of the journey?" "At that of the entire impertinence," coldly replied the unknown. The young fol, engaged by being treated in this manner by a man in a plain blue coat, made a most tremendous upon. The stranger remained quiet unmoved amidst all his bawling, and without raising his eyes from his book said at last, "I shall be permitted to the bureau de...", exclaimed of the regiment of... to read in a corner without being interrupted by Mr. Witham, the rehearsal of whose dress, as simplified as his air, does not hinder me from recognizing him as the son of my mother." This discov-

ered surprised all the party, and the fol decamped without the least of dream.

There is nothing people are so much saluted of as truth. It is a common observation, that those whose writings are most sublimely are often most lively in conversation. They are saluted of their real nature; and it is a curious fact, but one which all experience owns, that people do not love so much to appear better, as to appear different from what they really are. A part is to be played in company, and most desire that part to be an attractive one; but nothing is more mistaken than the notion. A sincere wish to please is sure to be successful, and, instead of wishing to please, we rather choose to display. The eye is restless to watch its opportunity—the lip feverish with some treasured phrase, we glow within from competition, and anxious with apprehensions? We think of ourselves all we forget those very others for whose applause we are striving, disappointment comes, and often does, to even well-founded hopes—then how much more so to exaggerated expectations! mortification succeeds, and many careers all as a garment, but a poisoned one like the coat of the screaming and inflaming every wound.

Writing a book reminds me very much of making a passage across the Atlantic. At one moment, when the ideas flow, you have the wind whist, and away you sail, with a flowing sail, and a rapidly which delights you; at other times, when your spirit flags, and you gaze your pen—no more take a fond wind, tack and tick, requiring a long time to get on a short distance. But still you go, although but slowly, and in both cases we take the wind which will sail. If a ship were to fail her sails said the wind again was favorable, her voyage would be protracted to an indefinite time; and, if an anchor were to wait until he again fell in a harbor, it would take a life to write a novel.

Dummett of all affection—awful soul to life's nothingness—warning and wisdom of power and judgment—death, has always come of error and sorrow, even when there are many to comfort the mourner, when the path has been smoothed for the sufferer, and life offers all its best and brightest to soothe the survivor, even then, its tears are the bitterest the eye can ever shed, and its misery the deepest the heart can ever know. But what more it be when poverty has denied solace to the few wants of sickness; and when the grave, yawning closed on the only being there was to love on the cold wide world!

"Love's first steps are upon the road," says the proverb, "write second dead a them." Like the maiden of the fable, we destroy our spell when we open it to examine in what characters it is written. In its appearance is its happiness; there is none of the anxiety that is the fever of hope—no fears, for there is no calculation—no self-doubts, for it is a feeling of the heart, and its reality is expected; it is like the deep quiet enjoyment of basking in the bright sun, without thinking of either how the great warmth will open our fringes and flowers, or how the dark clouds in the distance forebode a storm.

## LOVE AND DEATH.

Mourn not, sweet maid, not fondly try  
To rob me of this power;  
For as to love's own brother,  
Have left in my captivity.

To bid my heart good-bye  
I would not chase him from my heart,  
For as to love's own brother,  
And each has learned his fellow's part  
So fully that he has no secret art.

To know one from the other,  
Then, love will fold his arms, and moan,  
And sigh, and weep, like sorrow,  
And sorrow has caught her soft tears,  
And wept his sorrow with his own,  
And learned his own to love.

Only one mark of difference they  
Perceive, which leaves them never;  
Being love has its own and fine way,  
While sorrow, more received, will stay  
The soul's and heart for ever.

Archibald, though a Scotchman, uttered sentiments as beautiful as those of Plato himself. Among his fine sayings is the one—"The vine bears three grapes: the first is that of pleasure; the second is that of drunkenness; the third is that of sorrow." A Greek poet gave the first bowl, or crater, to Greece, Hestia, and Bacchus; the second to Venus, and Asia to Bacchus; the third to Mars and Ate.

Sensibility is no sign of weakness; it is rather a kind of strength; yet of course it may be cultivated. We may be shocked by the ever-fading fragrance of any enthusiasm, or attracted by the pulsing sentimentality of a scold. That is only to allow that there may be fantastical shows of any thing.

The following creed was adopted by the officers of the American army at Vercennes, Pa., in 1793.

"We believe that there is a great First Cause, by whose almighty fiat we were formed; and that our happiness here is to obey the orders of our superiors. We believe that every soldier who does his duty will be happy here, and that every such one who dies in battle, will be happy hereafter. We believe that General Washington is the only first man in the world to lead the American army. We believe that Nathaniel Green was born a general. We believe that the execution of Ticonderoga was one of those errors which stain the man, who dares to strike them, with everlasting fame. We believe that Baron Stueben has made us soldiers, and that he is capable of forming the whole world into a solid column, and displaying it from the center. We believe in his blue book. We believe in General Knox and his artillery. And we believe in our bayonets. Amen."

Judge as you will as to a poet by his eyes—another by his fingers—a lawyer by his legs—a player by his strut—a boxer by his arms—a man of letters by his pen—another by his countenance—a Scotchman by his slang—another by his boasting—a justice by his frown—a great man by his making—another by his coat—another by his agility—a soldier by his drum—another by his neatness.

## ORIGINAL STORIES.

THE SECRET MAN AND THE ARAB.—A person was walking along hungry, and saw an Arab who was eating rice by the side of a pond. He went up to him, and said,—"I am just come from the neighborhood of your dwelling." The Arab asked him, "Are you wife, my child, and my camel, all in good health?" The man said, "Yes." The Arab became quite contented, and paid no regard to his person further. The man then began to say, "O Arab! the dog which is now sitting before you, if your own dog were still alive, it would be just such another." The Arab raised up his head, and said to him, "My dog? how did it die?" The man replied, "It is too much of the flesh of your camel." He inspired, "How did my camel die?" The man answered, "Your wife died—and then there was no one to give it grain or water." The Arab asked, "How did my wife die?" The man replied, "In locomotion for your son, she was exhausted, and beat her head and breast with stones." He asked, "How did my son die?" The man said, "The house fell upon him." On hearing this account of the ruin of his house, the Arab threw down upon his head, and leaving his camel as they were, went off in the direction of his dwelling. The man, by this device, got the victuals.

THE REBELLIOUS SON AND THE TRAVEL.—One day an emperor, who was a tyrant, went to the outside of the city by himself. He saw a man sitting under a tree, and asked him, "What sort of a person is the emperor of this country?" He is a tyrant, a great tyrant. The emperor said, "Do you know me?" The man said, "No." The emperor inquired, "I am the son of a certain merchant; every month, during the space of three days, I become mad! I travel in one of these three days." The emperor replied, "Nay, I have the fact the fact of two acts."

THE EMPEROR AND THE EMPEROR.—An emperor one day went out to hunting along with the prince. When the weather became hot, the emperor and the prince put their cloaks upon the back of a peacock. The emperor fell a-lauding, and mad to him—"O, peacock! you have there the load of an emperor." The peacock replied—"Nay, I have the fact the fact of two acts."

## LITERARY TRIFLES.

Fernand long ago, yet made today,  
Employed while others sleep.  
When we sleep, we ever get away,  
In any way to keep it away.  
What is the reason of the waters of the earth being so warm?—The waters of the earth are warmed by the great part of the earth is conducted with a portion of the water of the earth, and converted into steam. When we sleep, we ever get away, in any way to keep it away.  
What is the reason of the waters of the earth being so warm?—The waters of the earth are warmed by the great part of the earth is conducted with a portion of the water of the earth, and converted into steam. When we sleep, we ever get away, in any way to keep it away.



# THE NEW-YORK MIRROR:

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### THE CENSOR.

#### FROM THE DESK OF AN OLD GENESMAN.

LATE SITTERS AND WAYS OF REFINEMENT.

My table of censorship is covered with notes this morning. I fear I shall not easily engaged in an undertaking worthy of Hercules, without the advantage of that hero's club and strength. Matrimonial hints and speculations swarm on me like locusts, but I lay them aside, as a pigeon-hole, for future consideration. Trinity churchyard is prolific of letters and essays, which are likely to cost me as much, in postage, as the contemplated improvement in the quarter of the city will cost certain folks in tea. But the matter is touched upon in another department, so Trinity church must into the pigeon-hole, with the speculations on marriage. D. has written something very true about loud talkers. They do abound, and they are here; and L. has favored me with an appropriate satire on people who give hints of what they feel, and what they wish, instead of speaking out frankly. An invalid writes a ludicrous account of the horrors of taking medicine. I may hereafter use this, although promises are sometimes broken things. What I do not intend to pass over, by any means, is a charmingly written note from a number, to which I now beg the reader's attention.

LATE SITTERS.

MY DEAR MR. REDLEY.—Your plan of watching over society, and reminding people to be kind and civil, is not a new, in all events, a very good one. There are few critics which might not be improved by an occasional hint, however good and wise they may think them; for the community of private life is like a garden, where weeds, large and small, and of all sorts, are continually growing up, and require the constant attention of a gardener. I hope you will find this account of late sitters, as I am subjected, and say something severe upon the occasion. Such an act will be really a favor, as your paper is read by the parties concerned; and I feel assured their good sense will induce them to acknowledge the justice of this, and to adopt its suggestions.

I am the mother of three daughters, from twelve to twenty years of age. We are a great deal of company, and are willing to welcome all who come. My complaint is against a class of Late Sitters, who, being very generous gentlemen, beguile the hour till long past midnight, and so, as to bed, when they might almost better take our breakfast. They do not dream to offend any man. But I like to see my daughters retiring in good time. These late hours steal away the color from their cheeks, and the cheerfulness from their hearts. They rise, the next morning, languid and ill; and if Late Sitters continue their depredations, I fear they may soon be struck with some disease, or wither under the blight of premature old age. Gentlemen must remember their duty, or they must be told of them. I cannot consent to hasten their departure, either by practicing any artifice, or offering any civility, although I am informed, there are many who do not hesitate to advance the hands of a clock an hour, or to remind the lingering visitor, by oblique insinuations, that nature intended such a period of repose. If these ideas are not too old-fashioned for your taste, pray print them, and I shall at least have hope of information in my own family. I am, yours very respectfully and sincerely, a MOTHER.

I do not mean any remarks on this letter, necessarily. The case is a clear one, and very dissatisfied reader will be far from giving a verdict in favor of the plaintiff. I do, therefore, hereby declare, that you, gentlemen late sitters, must take yourselves by the tail or elbows at furthest; and see that I am not deceived, by insouciance of future misadventures, to expose you more particularly to the reprobaton of social circles.

My next note, and the only other one which I shall admit today, is equally appropriate. I give it cheerfully, having had occasion to observe the same thing many times myself.

NEW-YORK BARRISTERS.

Sir.—I have a charge to render against nearly all the mee of note, the office-holders, &c. in the city. If you dare publish it, you will be entitled to the gratitude of every citizen who follows civilization, and most especially that of every man of sense. I have out-of-door dealings with persons not actually in their own circle of friends, many of them want the manners of a gentleman. They are almost, supercilious and anti-republican. Pray tell us what you think of it in your next, and make me yet more your friend. A POOR MAN.

This letter is true, but full of matter. A perfect gentleman is so every where, and in every body. He is never rude nor negligent to a man, because he does not know who he is, or from mere good

breeding, as well as good feeling, invariably practices those thousand little manly and grateful civilities, which diffuse an agreeable satisfaction over all with their influence. Some of our local gentlemen, it must be acknowledged, are lamentably deficient in that broad benevolence—that native, instinctive goodness of heart and clearness of intellect, which together, form refinement of manners. I confess I myself, notwithstanding the dignity of my office of Public Censor, have often been abashed and annoyed as being compelled to come in contact with some word-curt courtier, some committee-man of some word—a clerk in a court, or others who have a mastering of authority, and bow themselves so sycophantically as they were much more important men than they are, or even will be. It is surprising how a little mind is interested by the possession of power. No matter what a lowly and mean office it may be—offense to taste, and shocking in a moral light—yet they hold it, too often presume upon it to do things which, without it, would never enter their heads. It is curious for a person who has been in the society of a really great and good man, to come afterwards in company with one of these underlings, who have no importance or worth intrinsically—no mind—no heart—no talent—but only a thimbleful of authority, and that for a little while. The higher you go in the scale of true greatness, the more certainly you will meet simplicity—a scrupulous care not to insult or deride or offend—such an affable good nature, too natural to be theological condescension—and an unaffected politeness or refinement of manners.

But an underling who is unkind, yes, unless he knows you. I also sooner introduce myself to such a man as Walter Scott, than to a scribbler for a petty magazine. From the first I should never for an instant apprehend reverence, or even neglect. This polite condescension, too, is the least with the light of manner which I have seen. You go too high to smile on the lowly, or to encourage the unassuming. Even his great too, occupied as it must have been to an almost incredible extent, with combined labors sufficient to make up the lives of twenty other indefatigable men—even his time was held at the disposal of the inquirer. He could not be inquired of, or obliged a stranger, and the applicant to Sir Walter Scott, although unknown to him and obscure, ever met with the regard due from one human being to another. But our New-York great men, with but few exceptions, are always in a hurry—they cannot stop to be friendly, or even polite; each pocket is full of papers—their face of business—they neither ask you to be seated, nor reply to you when you waste upon them a civil parting salutation. I had occasion, but a few weeks since, to call on one of those gentlemen, to whom it was an entire stranger. On being ushered into the drawing-room, after waiting fifteen minutes, a bluff, unamiable-looking, red-faced man came in, with his hat on, without a smile on his countenance, or a motion of his hand, or any token whatever of courtesy, and a desire to decline. I explained my business standing, and after some remarks on his part, bordering on rudeness, if not insolence, he understood what I meant to express, which, in reality, was a favor to himself. He gave me a hurried "good-by" the next moment, and as I closed the door I heard his voice, as he high away, scolding at his servants.

Better manners, gentlemen, would be more conducive to the city. You may be awkwardly situated, too, by thus showing off your airs. The stranger who stands unostentatiously before you, may be a man of note—or of talents—or virtue. He may be a narrow observer of small kind, and one, whose good opinion, if you please him, you would cringe to obtain, but he may be taking a moral lesson in his own mind; and the complacency, which you mistake for sycophancy or conscious inferiority, may be the pleasure he enjoys in examining, as one would the smoothness of a box, or the capers of a monkey, your very propriety—may enjoy your good nature, and may be your true and your avowed friend. Mend your manners, gentlemen, and prosper.

### MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

#### THE EVENTS OF A NIGHT;

OR THE BALL ROOM BELLE AND HER ROTAL PARTNER.

BY THURGOOD HENRY.

Some years before this history begins and ends—in it as brief as the life of a butterfly—old King of the Bavaria, being tired of a particular dalliance to his palace of Starnberg, gave the veteran General Klinkenberg permission to inhabit a certain portion of the building. To the quarters of the general he directed the young ladies Caroline and Caroline, forthwith repaired, and there resided until the period at which we have the honor of introducing them to the reader. No one could be more agreeable than the general, who, in his active services, thus domesticated; and, as for the young ladies, they were absolutely charmed with it, from his benevolence and his proximity to Munich.

In this Bavarian Haupton court, time passed deliciously; the morning, the day, the evening, as mornings are with housewife accustomed women, and agreeable well-remembered, and the night together; and although Captain Starnberg and Lieutenant Melford had not yet returned to him as yet "altera altera," the friendship which actually existed between the two young men, seemed to require only a declaration on the part of the beaux to convert it into a sentiment somewhat more tender, and infinitely more delightful—and so things went on.

In the midst of this agreeable intercourse, varied by the visits of the general's friends from Munich, and his nephews at Starnberg, an event occurred which agitated the whole community, and changed the face of affairs in general!—the king of Bavaria died!

On every side were grief and desolation—the flags of Munich were closed—the great bells tolled heavily—the flags long laid-off high—the sorrowing strains of the monarch's hymn bowed their heads and wailed—mournful from the batteries hoisted upon the sea, and muffled drums enounced the ceremony with which, in all the solemn pomp of war, the mortal remains of the good king were deposited in the stately tomb of his ancestors. And then all was silence and desolation—"they died and re-very!"—the shops in Munich were opened, the stationer laid salutes from the batteries, the bells rang merrily, the flags were hoisted in the very trucks, and the soldiers, in the most beautiful manner, the most beautiful and defied their smiles, and dressing their faces in smiles, hurried to the palace to begin their new occupation with their usual alacrity.

"What a time we have got now!" cried one, who never would have been a judge of kind if the late monarch had not made him what he was.

"What goodness!" says a second.  
"What wisdom!" cries a third.  
"What taste!" exclaims a fourth.

"How delicate!" says a fifth.  
"How kind!" says a sixth.

And thus, not content with taking the good "the gods provided," they sought to ingratiate themselves with their new master by instituting a new system of government, and a new system of life, and all nothing of the taste of the system as likely to please his majesty, secured not a little of that which is sometimes found even in Munich.

The new king, in the bloom of youth, handsome, graceful, gay, and accomplished, mounted his milk-white charger, and attended by all courtiers, and a host of attendants, proceeded to the palace of Starnberg—his flags and banners were waved on the parapets, and flowers were scattered from the windows. The next day he paraded himself on the new, and was crowned with a crown of gold and diamonds. His majesty held levees; the palace was thrown open, and the receptions were munificent; for his late father had been some time before his death and ill, and had suffered from the loss of his health, and his favorite residence, which he had splendidly decorated and tastefully improved. To Nymphenburg the new king took a decided aversion; it was closed immediately to his accession, and Count Starnberg, who had regulated all his father's affairs there, was dismissed. Starnberg was named prime-minister, and Starnberg, who had never slept from under the palace roof for twenty years, was sent ambassador to his royal grace and brother, the King of Prussia.

All that the king did the people approved. He remodeled the Bavarian code of laws—he corrected errors in the state—he changed the color of the royal uniforms—he gave green and silver to white and gold—he reversed all his father's decrees—he altered the uniform of the foot soldiers—he granted universal liberty of conscience, and universal toleration of all sects, and, in short, in every way, he was the deeds of this illustrious monarch, no act of his royal life was so closely connected with the subject matter of this little story as the last mentioned one.

To one of those balls were invited General Klinkenberg and his two charming daughters, an event marked with consequences which none of the parties most concerned in the affair could have anticipated, but which, if we have but a little patience, we shall see eventually proved of the highest importance.

General Klinkenberg was no coarser than at sixty-five no dancer; but the agitation was a command, and even if he had hesitated as to its acceptance, the young ladies would have overruled all objections, and overruled all objections. Amelia, the eldest of the three, was celebrated in her circle for her dancing; her eyes were as bright as diamonds, and her hair, which curled profusely over a snowy forehead, was as black as the raven's wing, and her figure was as perfect as porcelain. Caroline, the younger sister, was fair, and her soft blue eyes and gentle demeanor often won hearts which would hold out fearfully against the boldest attack of the diamond. Caroline was a perfect beauty. In the ball-room Amelia attracted all eyes, and seemed to revel in the sunshine of the gaze she excited. Caroline shunned, or seemed to shun, the looks which were sometimes riveted on her face, and she was as much as a diamond in the eyes of the ball-rooms, nor establish their characters in crowded assemblies; and Caroline, in her own home, mild, amiable, and affectionate as she was, drew all eyes to her, and she was as much as a diamond in the eyes of the ball-rooms. Caroline had formed the first, ruling attraction of her life—Melford had won her; had gained her esteem, her regard, her love, and thus she was as much as a diamond in the eyes of the ball-rooms. Caroline was a perfect beauty, and her character and disposition. She had no disguise in avowing the feeling he had inspired; she spoke of him, for he lived, thought of him as a brother, it was with her













## KATHLEEN O'MOORE.

A FAVORITE SONG—AS SING BY MISS L. GILLINGHAM—WITH AN ACCOMPANIMENT FOR THE PIANO FORTE.

ANDANTINO CON ESPRESSIVO.

My love still I think that I see her once more, But I see she has left me here  
To hear the wind blow and to look at the moon I  
My Kathleen O'Moore.

Her hair glossy black, her eyes were dark blue,  
Her color still changing, her smiles ever new  
So pretty was Kathleen, my sweet little Kathleen,  
My Kathleen O'Moore.

So I could see the night breeze that sigh'd round her hair,  
It call'd my poor Kathleen, she droop'd from that tower,  
And I my poor Kathleen, my dear little Kathleen,  
My Kathleen O'Moore.

The bird of all birds that I love the best,  
Is the robin that in the churchyard builds his nest,  
For he has the power to watch Kathleen, he's light on his feet,  
My Kathleen O'Moore.

## SALMAGUNDI.

VISIT TO TIBERIA.—The enterprising John Coran, author of a "Visit to Jerusalem and the Dead Sea," thus describes Tiberias:—"Approaching this celebrated place, we passed by a spot on the left, (says he) 'was a genuine delirium where, tradition affirms, the five thousand were miraculously fed. The town of Tiberias, is surrounded by a wall, but is rather a wretched place within. No ancient remains of any interest are at present found here. On the shore of the late Tiberias, at some distance to the south of the town, are warm mineral baths, which are much used and esteemed. At the extremity of the north-eastern shore, some remains are said still to exist, where Capernaum formerly stood. The inhabitants of the town are chiefly Jews, with some Turks. We lodged in the house of one of the Jews, a wealthy old merchant of Aleppo, who had come hither in his old age, and built his house for his native home, in order that he might be near the lake of Tiberias. The attachment of the Jews to the places of their ancient record and glory, is sometimes excessively strong. In walking along the shores, we met occasionally Jews from Palestine, chiefly elderly men, who had come from their native country to this spot, from no other motive but to spend their last years round the lake."

"On the night of our arrival, we walked on the terraced roof to enjoy the coolness of the air. It was delightful, and the lake and its shores were a magnificent scene as can be conceived. It brought to mind the night, though so different a one, when Christ walked on the surface of the water to rescue his disciples. I see Tiberias is a scene where nature seems still to wear as sublime and lovely an aspect as in the day when it drew the visitations and miracles of the Lord. No more ruins on its shores, as on those of the Dead Sea; but a balmy calm, and a majestic beauty, that are irresistibly delightful. The length of the lake is about fourteen miles, and the breadth five. The fish that it contains have a most delicious flavor, and are much the size and color of a mullet. The boats used on it are, in some seasons of the year, much exposed from the sudden squalls of wind which sweep from between the mountains. The water is perfectly sweet and clear. The Jordan is seen to enter at the northern extremity, and its source is distinctly visible through the white extent of the lake. The shores of mountains forming its eastern shore, is very lofty; their steep and rocky sides are barren, with a sprinkling of trees on a few of the lower slopes. The northern shore, where the town stands, is level, but its petreous hills divided by sweet valleys, are covered with a rich verdure, and dotted with groves. The side to the southern end of the lake is very pleasant, where the Jordan flows out of it.

As ancient bridge, some of whose ruined and lofty arches still stand in the river, add much to the beauty of the scene. We bailed here in the Jordan, which issues out in a stream of about fifty feet wide, and flows down a rich and desert valley, enclosed by high and lofty mountains. The stream was clear and shallow; but it soon became deep and rapid. Little is said in the Scriptures, respecting the extensive valley of the Jordan between Tiberias and Jericho. It must have been thickly populated from its luxuriance, being watered throughout by the river. Yet with all the charms of its situation, the air round the lake, during the summer, is close and sultry. Of all places in Palestine, however, a stranger would dwell to live his residence here, as a situation of any of this verdant hills around would be exempt from the often oppressive air on its banks."

The following is one of the finest sonnets in the language. Every line is marked with peculiar beauty.

## SONNET BY PATRICIA ARIZONA.

He died as he had lived, volupuously,  
Even at that hour, as he treasured on his cheek;  
The shrouding stream of life's green and low,  
As doth the lake, and its shores, and its beach;  
No grief, but only like those of turning loaves  
Dearly involuntarily heaved his breast,  
And, like a dying martyr in a grove  
Of fragrant shrubs, he sweetly went to rest;  
And myrtle and myrtle became that he  
Who loved them, and an awfully young's praise  
Had faded in the true-life ecstasy  
Of death, from which no one has yet had might raise:  
Yours on her immortal bones to rest  
His spirit to the lower world beneath the Elysian shore.

BOOK-WORM.—It is a fact, that the little detestable insect, called the book-worm, so destructive to libraries, is the offspring of an egg laid by the female that composes the paste which is used by the binder. Notwithstanding the fact, the egg is acquired by the book-binder's proceeding. It may be destroyed by the simple article of alum. Take the size of a horse-out to a half-pint of paste—mix it in. This is used by picture-framers—but with great care, lest the alum should tinge the picture with a yellow hue. To make paste very firm, take a tea-spoonful of common yeast to one pint of paste, or it will together, and its adhesion is perfect.

The more ideas a man has of other things, the less he is taken up with the ideas of himself.

REAL ESTATE.—By buying a lot and building on it, a man can make a considerable profit for a thousand dollars down, and the balance on mortgage for years with interest, and then building again, and so selling again; and by repeating this operation, a man may, with a capital of a few thousand dollars, produce the income of eighty thousand dollars, and so

on in a greater ratio, till he may double or even treble his capital annually. And besides this income, he may derive vast profits from a proportion of the estates that will always become fertile under foreclosures.

## YOUTH AND MARRIAGE.

I had a friend when youth was green,  
And joy was on his brow;  
Time rolled his years like rocks between,  
And we are strangers now.  
But much we shared looks bespeak  
Since his career began—  
That slender form, and downy cheek,  
Now hidden under man.  
The smile around his mouth that cur'd  
Lips up to a look,  
Brought out to meet—the wistful world  
Has used his dimpled look.  
That sober look and serious air  
(Ah! 'twas a time!)  
Brought back to mind the olden days,  
Guided in the "shock of men."

Be the world's lesson got with pain,  
No more—my sorrow are henceforth  
Old-fashioned! that I could again  
Trust false flowers return.  
No more—my sorrow are henceforth  
To join the world's turmoil.  
I'll draw reflection in my mind,  
And another grief with toll.  
My early pleasures, all allies!  
I see myself away!  
The world may have new joys in view,  
But none so pure as they.

There is a special providence in all things, or else there is no providence at all. Why this does the heart of even the obtusest beat with hope? Hope is no vain thing; nothing is vain—my speak someone when we are tried in vain? every thing has a cause, and also an effect: but because the effect is not such as other agitated men look for, it is not therefore a consequence that "it is in vain." The student who believes in no God, is not more absurd, than a Christian who believes in a God, and yet believes that any thing happens without his special and direct agency. There are many things above philosophy. How does grass grow?—how a grain reared before it happens it that person springs up by the side of a neighboring plant—why is it that a man grows poor to a certain stature, and that the power of man cannot add to it "one cubit"—no, not a hair's breadth? These are the doings of a superior power, and that power pervades, superintends, restraints, supports, and controls all things! What a subject is here for contemplation!

## SONNET, FROM CAMOEN'S.

My son, be this thy simple plan;  
Serve God, and love thy brother man;  
Forget not, in temptation's hour,  
That ten leads worse than double power;  
Count life a stage upon thy way,  
And follow conscience, come what may;  
Alike with earth and heaven serene,  
With hand and heart, and honest cheer,  
"Fear God, and know no other fear."

The side arms used by infantry, and called bayonets, are thus denominated, because they were first made at Bayonne in France.

CUPID, WRITTEN ON A STACHE.  
Of all the devices that shed  
On each their subtle influence from above,  
No much less never yet been said,  
Both good and evil, as of love.  
Yes, for whatever you're so brave,  
O'er whatever pain we find him,  
He is the worst of all—  
Who knows not what is say about him.

## LITERARY TRIFLES.

Pray tell me, ladies, if you can,  
Who is the highly favored man,  
Who, though he's married many a wife,  
May be a bachelor all his life—A clergyman.  
What is it that makes every body sick but those who swallow it?—Flattery.  
Why in a pair of whales like an apple?—They have overruled the fall of man.  
Why does wood feel warmer than iron in the same temperature of the atmosphere?—Iron has a stronger affinity for heat than wood, and conducts it from the hand much rather than wood.

What is the cause of the motion in water called boiling?—The expansion of force of steam, which is first formed at the bottom of the vessel, and, passing through the water, causes the motion.

Why is a school-boy who has just begun to read, like a knowledge itself?—He is learning.

What is that which you may safely touch, unscathed if play with, and just melt your bones, but which is clay?—waxen ears that in England?—A pun.

What is the writing of the "Spartan" the "Hedge" preachers?—They are fully tempered with blood.  
What is the most doleful tale the least?—The story of the wickedest of all mankind—A wit.

















## COME DWELL WITH ME.

A FAVORITE BALLAD—AS SUNG WITH UNBOUNDED AFFECTION BY MISS HUGHES, AT THE FINE THEATRE—PERFORMED BY T. H. BAILY—MUSIC BY A. LEE.

ANDANTE

The ten- of a pie vine, A round the porch twin, the wild flower, Will make each a crown how'er, I will not let once re-gret The  
 death our shall rustle shall him and rose  
 Come dwell, come with me, shall be, our shall be A plea- set, in a true spot, with the view of the changing scene, My cot tage is a magic scene, The  
 And our home home seat will with land view changing scene, My cot tage is a magic scene, The

gay in where first we met, be my to hear say, Love makes this far more My active landscape, fair, While well know a refuge from along Upon the bosom of sea,  
 lonous 'Twill pride thee be my in pride hear thee my, Love makes val ley gay I then dwell, de-  
 shall ring seem a ver green, The let as it flows a long, is mur- ing a fel ry song, The let as it flows a long, is mur- ing a fel ry song, Come with me,  
 thought stream mur dream

dwell with me, Come, come, come dwell with me, dwell, a with me.  
 with Come, with Come dwell

CREA DEL

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE SEA-BOY TO HIS SISTER,  
 as she was at sea.

O'er the gulf forth, my gallant harp,  
 Thy strains proudly swell,  
 Above thee in the glorious sky,  
 Beneath the mermaid's cell,  
 The goss of ocean court thy smile,  
 Then speed thee over the main,  
 Free as the Andean's tread,  
 Upon his native plain.

The dolphin sports along thy track  
 In easy a graceful bound,  
 And from thy bustling cell is heard  
 The sea-gull's merriment sound.  
 Thy person from the airy couch  
 Unfolds its crimson drape,  
 Then launch upon the watery way,  
 The amaranth waves in press.

How beauteous floats thy sea-like form  
 Along the mazy deep,  
 While the ocean's rays in silent pomp  
 Upon the hollows sleep!  
 To tread that earth's lowliest charms  
 In vain display their store,  
 As from thy zone its sparkling gems  
 The liquid treasures pour.

The breeze is fair, the anchor's weight,  
 And, so we ponder the land,  
 Headland and cliff, in distance dim,  
 Like giant shadows stand.

The eagle from his eyrie springs  
 Amidst, in doubt, to see  
 His matchless powers first expanded  
 In strength and speed by thee.

When from their chambers in the shore  
 The vivid lightnings dash,  
 And, home upon the star-wind's wings,  
 The waves on fury dash,  
 With fearless steps I tread thy deck,  
 Nor heed the angry storm,  
 As o'er the bosom's surges still  
 They proudly rear thy form.

We go, my brother, where increase floats  
 Upon the perfumed air,  
 And from the cushioned morsels is heard  
 The mellow voice of grapes  
 "To Allah!" still on turbaned heads  
 Beyond the seafaring cry—  
 "To Allah!" wafted on the breeze,  
 The echoing halloo reply.

Yet Venice too, with murren'd bay,  
 Will meet my anxious gaze,  
 Her domes and temples glittering yet  
 Beneath the sunbeams' haze,  
 Though fall a her pride, her glory dead,  
 Thy shadows still appear,  
 And fancy wakes the m. in the song  
 Of the merry gondolier.

When some treasure told repeats,  
 Again our course we'll steer  
 To where Columbia's giant peaks  
 Their honey crests spread:

Again will rise in dreamy mood  
 My active landscape, fair,  
 While well know a refuge from along  
 Upon the bosom of sea,  
 My mother then the form will clasp  
 In many a fond caress,  
 My aged sire with raptures and tears  
 His bosom's waves here,  
 The aged one bowed with few-like tread  
 And blush my gaze to meet,  
 While I gaze her smiling ear,  
 The old pledged love repeat.

And then, no longer, all serene part,  
 No more we'll court the gale,  
 But to the grile south we sail's breath  
 Unfold thy more whole tale,  
 And, bound in pleasure's pious chair,  
 We'll rear the sunbeams' ray,  
 The faithful home being still  
 My nymph-like maid and me.

## THE OATH OF VENICE.

The surge of a lawless tyranny had swept,  
 Like a storm spirit, with its break of fer,  
 Wide o'er imperial Rome,  
 Even justice moaned, and stretched Pallas wept,  
 As issued the woe cry.  
 An architect and dome,  
 Rolling his dusky canopy along the sky,  
 As if to veil the scene from worlds on high,  
 Yet an awful grandeur glowed  
 Round the not parting of the spirit's tar,

Seized by marauding rapt,  
 When, as the vital streams withdrew,  
 The high screams of pure dignity  
 Death on the loom of age,  
 And sacred thought, long wept for upper air,  
 Rose freely its destined mansion there.

While, as the storm slowly on,  
 Like the calm swarming of evening shades  
 Around day's lingering light,  
 And like a prior lesson, that more valiantly alone,  
 Once it dim, and greatly faded,  
 Till quenched in a sudden night,  
 The soul even nearly in the arms of peace,  
 And laid the coming of a least reprieve.

But when the fatal deed is swiftly sped,  
 As lightning from the murky thunder-cloud  
 Upon the monarch's tree,  
 And the previous form sinks washed and dead,  
 Unceasing as yet entire fearful and shamed,  
 And fragile trait for immortality,  
 Their call lie and open its halcyon power  
 To meet the trait of that awful hour.

Then do let them, holden ones?  
 And the strong sinners of the victim served,  
 When guilty Rome faced his burning eyes  
 Upon the holy rage and truth's devoted son,  
 Not from the compass of the nation severed,  
 But bowed in thy ripe thoughtfulness to far  
 Precept's solemn words dying words to them—  
 A martyr's peace thy halcyon end!

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No. 96

## AMERICAN AUTHORS AND ARTISTS

In the fall of 1829, he was invited by a kind friend, Mr. Fitch, of Marseilles, then in this city, to take a voyage to France, and try the mild air of the vine-clad hills of that country. This gentleman had known him when he was on his travels, and soon acquired an affection for the gentle and gifted scholar, and saw with pain his deplorable state of health. On his voyage, Carter had made up his mind that his hour of departure was at hand, but he was not dismayed, and wrote a short poem on his own burial. It is singularly distinct for one hovering on the brink of the grave, and shows much christian philosophy upon the subject of his dissolution. It lies before us in his own hand-writing, and is as follows:













THOSE EVENING BELLS.

AS SUNG BY MR. NICHOLS—WRITTEN BY THOMAS MOORE.

MODERATO

Those ev'ning bells, those ev'ning bells, How man ny a tale their man - els tell, Of youth and home and that sweet time When last I heard their soothing chim - in - i.

Finis.

SALMAGUNDI.

SCULPTURE FROM THE ORGANS OF JEAN PAUL.  
Transcribed for the New-York Mirror.

Music.—Oh music! echo of a distant world of harmony! sigh of the angel within us! When the voice and the eye and the embrace and the last are gone, and when our hearts lie alone within the prison of the breast, through there alone do they speak to one another in their captivity, and unite their distant sighs.

THE SEASONS.—Four priests stand in the wide temple of nature, and worship at God's share, the mountain, the eye winter, with his white sacrificing robe of snow; autumn, the gleaner, with the harvest in his arms, which he lays upon the altar for man to partake of; summer, the fiery youth, who loathes all the night to prepare his offering; and, lastly, the child spring, decked out for the house of prayer with white blossoms, who, child-like, lays buds and flowers at the feet of the mighty Spirit, and in whose prayers all who bear his name.

EARLY LOVE.—O days of early love! why do we deplore you more than we do our after follies! Alas! throughout those days which you made minutes, we were pure, were disinterested, and full of tenderness. Happy days! you are like butterflies, which live over on an unknown year, to flutter round the spring time of our life. Would I could yet think of you with the enthusiasm I once did, when there was no bounds either to enjoyment or to hope! Alas! for then, O man! when the delicate, bright, all-irradiating mists of childhood are past, when rudeness no more in the light of thy sun, but the ruddy well which has been drawn away, gathers again in heavy thunder-clouds around thy heaven; and, in the noontide of youth, thou standest beneath the lightning and the bolts of thy passions.

MERCY AND PITY.—Men of fine feelings fascinate through a certain affectionate weakness of the little veins of others, through a dissolving of their most solidly-imagined virtues, and a continual sacrifice of their own, through politeness, whose stolen hands wipe tears gently and closely round our hearts then do the rough circles of our great benefit.

DESPERATE.—Madness does not know what a beau-

tiful industry it; how their plume, like that on the dove's neck, plays and glances only when they move; how into men are like herons of prey, which will touch only what has motion.

PORTING THE GEM.

There is no more delicate step in life than the operation directed by the elegant phrase I have selected for the title of my present lecture. Much winding and caution, and previous sounding is necessary when you have got a favor to ask of a great man. It is ten chances to one that he takes it into his head to consider your request exorbitant, and to make this the pretext for shaking off of a great man. It is ten chances to one that he takes it into his head to consider your request exorbitant, and to make this the pretext for shaking off of a great man. It is ten chances to one that he takes it into his head to consider your request exorbitant, and to make this the pretext for shaking off of a great man.

It is not this either that I meant to express. Men are not cowards, because they see distinctly the danger that lies before them. When a person has courage sufficient to appreciate its full extent, he has as general either self-possession enough to back out of the scrape, or, if it is inevitable, to march with due resignation to meet his fate. In like manner, it is not that poor Pilgrimage, the lover, has a clear vision (persons in his condition are rarely touched with clear vision) of what awaits him, but he feels a kind of choking about the neck of his heart, a huge-dog inclination to go backwards instead of forwards, a check, a sudden stop in all his functions.

He knows no how to look, or what to say. His fine play, arranged with so much happy enthusiasm, when sitting alone in the arm-chair, after a good dinner, two or three glasses of wine, in the uncertain glimmering of twilight, with his feet upon the fender, proves quite unpracticable. Either he has escaped his visionary altogether, or the conversation previously takes a turn totally different from that by which he hoped to lead the fair one from indifferent topics to thoughts of a lover's

complexion, and that, by fine degrees, (he watching all the time how she was affected, in order to be sure of his strength, before he makes the plunge,) to intimate his confession, just at the moment that he knows it will be well received.

The desperate struggles and soundings by which some endeavor to get out of their embarrassment are amusing enough. We remember to have been much delighted the first time we heard the history of the woman who sold her soul for a man, married. His lordship was a man of talents and enterprise, of staid pedigree, and a fair rent-roll, but the worst slave of baubles. Like all timid and quiet men, he was very susceptible and very constant, as long as he was in the belief of securing the object of his affections daily. He changed, at the beginning of an Edinburgh winter, to lose his head to Miss —, and as their families were in habit of intimacy, he had frequent opportunities of meeting with her. He grazed and grazed incessantly — a very dangerous man; but that he had a larger allowance of brain; he followed everywhere; in his passion, accordingly, strange if she looked even civilly at another; and yet, notwithstanding the almost constant attentions of the lady, a woman of sense, who saw what his lordship was at, esteemed his character, was superior to girlish affection, and made every advance consistent with womanly delicacy—the winter was fast fading into spring, and he had not yet got his month spent. Miss — at last lost all patience; and one day, when his lordship was taking his usual lounge in the drawing-room, silent, or uttering an occasional monosyllable, the good lady sharply left the room and becked the pair alone. When his lordship, on answering to his lady's beck, discovered the predicament in which he stood, a desperate fit of resolution seized him. Miss — at last looking most audaciously over her shoulder, a deep blush on her cheek. His lordship advanced towards her, but, losing sight of the way, passed on in silence to the other end of the room. He returned to the charge, but again without effect. At last, having himself like one about to spring a powder mine, he stopped short before her.—“Miss —, will you marry me?”—“With the greatest pleasure my lord,” was the answer, given in a low, somewhat timid, but undulating voice, while a deeper crimson suffused the face of the speaker. And a right good wife she made him.

Those joyous hours are past away,  
And many a heart that then was gay,  
While the torch was dully dwelling  
And hence no more, those ev'ning bells,

And so 'twill be when I am gone,  
That tattered pearl will still ring on;  
While other hearts shall watch those dots,  
And sing your praises, ev'ning bells,  
While other hearts, &c.

None graduated, equally nervous, and unadvised by such a discriminating and ingenious manual, have recourse to the plan of wooing by prayer. This is a system which I can by no means recommend. If a male agent be employed, there is great danger, that, before he is aware, he begins to plead for himself. Talking of love, even in the abstract, with a woman, is a Turkish matter. Emotions are awakened, which we thought were killed to sleep for ever, and we grow desirous to appropriate to ourselves the pretty sentiments which she so well expresses. A female go-between is less dangerous, but I cannot conceive with what face a man can ever address a woman as his wife when he had not courage to woo for himself. Dry, the philosopher, had a focus of educating a wife for himself. He got two orphan girls introduced to his care, on entering into recognition to educate and provide for them. One suited so much to make any thing of. The other grew up every thing he could here wish. And yet he gave up the idea of marrying her, because she one day purchased a handkerchief more gaudy than accorded with his philosophical notions. Of course, a never came a declaration. I wish to add, that one might have seen with what degree of grace a man could divert himself of the grave and commanding character of papa and pedagogue, to assume the simple, unassuming deportment of the lover.

There are a set of men, whose success in wooing, and it is unfeeling, I cannot complain of, drive, consisting, solely driven, who never look the person in the face when they address—who never speak above their breath—who sit at the uttermost edge of the chair, a full yard distance from the desirable. I have never known one of these nervous fellows fit getting a good and rich wife. How it is, heaven knows! Can it be that the ladies ask them!

One thing is certain, that I myself have never been able to do this. I have been the inspired writer, among the things beyond the reach of my intellect, is “the way of a man with a maid.” By what water, I could be ever able to achieve his “her free undisturbed condition” to “bring me into conversation and confine,” is to me a mystery. Had time the lonely inmate of a dull house when he can scarcely claim kindred with any human being—in short,



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No. 36.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

#### THE BEWILDERED KNIGHT

BY THE LATE MRS. G. L. L. L.

O'er a lonely heath a homeward sped,  
A breath all dark and drear;  
The stars looked out on their cold blue bed,  
And night-winds whistled around his head,  
No home of man was near.  
'Twas a place, they say, where witch and fay  
Held gambols night by night;  
And few would risk o'er that desert wide,  
In the night-quest a mystic light.  
They danced in rings, those airy-shaped things,  
They danced on the carpet green;  
They held their waltz like queens and kings,  
By mortal eye unseen.  
Sir Ralph rode on and he saw them not,  
And heeded not their dance;  
Though he passed by many a mystic spot,  
Where the elves were busy at play.  
Sir Ralph rode on, and thought of them not—  
For other thoughts had he.  
Of a lady fair, in a lonely grove,  
And a heroic knight, her love who sought,  
A knight of high degree,  
Who to the love that by wealth is sought!  
Who to the love that by wealth is sought!  
Better far to be blithe and free  
As the wild-bird swimming o'er lake and lee.  
Sir Ralph had sworn to the lady's ear,  
Who answered him with words of cheer,  
Bidding him earn for himself a name,  
Either for power, or wealth, or fame—  
Little recked he from whence it came.  
The knight had left the castle fair,  
Had left the smiling ring,  
And rode to his lord, to the evening air,  
His heavy coveys to fling.  
He rode till he reached the lonely plain,  
Where, where the moon is in the vale,  
He trodden o'er by the wild train.  
A voice was whispering in his ear,  
It spoke in pleasant tone,  
And bidding Sir Ralph to good cheer,  
And after his answer on  
Then, as if struck by invisible hand,  
The steed did forward bound,  
As an eagle's flight, with motion light,  
That over ground.  
Away—away, with reckless speed,  
Till such might could stop or chain,  
Went bounding on that awful steed,  
Unchecked by the rider's rein.  
His coming was there his course to stay,  
Three roes run his out car,  
That plain spread many a mile away,  
Like a wolf and overland.  
He saw a light in the distance far,  
High and bright as a burning star;  
And he rode on, and he rode on,  
In a thousand light it grew—  
Decking a castle, gray and fair,  
Where those he build in the summer air.  
It was a structure quaint and rare,  
An hundred pillars of gold were there.  
Beside each pillar a page stood fair,  
With golden vest and hair of gold,  
And a collar bound with orient gems,  
Such as glitter on diamonds.  
The sight of flowers and waving trees,  
Sending sweet on a pleasant breeze,  
Struck Sir Ralph with such surprise—  
Scarcely might he credit his own good eyes,  
When they sped on such strange mysteries.  
Nearer might he credit his own good eyes,  
When music met it sweet and clear.  
To-night, to-night the moon is bright,  
The merry elves are met  
In the hedge-kings' hall,  
To banquet all.  
Till the stars wane and set,  
From rock and tree, from air and sea.  
From regions far away,  
For mortal good, the life blood  
Are met in bright array.  
The spirit and charm from fairy arm,  
Titan's bracelet fair,  
The mortal who dark waters through,  
The health to-night, shall wear

And meet in his, in high degree,  
Who wears that wondrous charm,  
White'er he claim of woe or fame,  
It bath the power to bring  
Then there steep forth pages three  
To lead the good knight in,  
They bade him of his courage be,  
If he that prize would win,  
From the pleasant light they led him away,  
To a lofty room,  
Half hid in gloom,  
Where their monarch sat in regal state,  
Tall and great, like a giant knight,  
His look was stern and withering;  
He glanced on the knight a heavy frown,  
And shook, like an aspen, his iron crown.  
Beside him sat two hollow forms,  
Spirits were they of antient storms,  
Summoned from out their mountain caves,  
To meet their brothers of earth and waves;  
Each in his hand a massive cup,  
With some dark liquid, bore—  
Then Sir Ralph they lifted up,  
And a fierce scowl they wore.  
"Drink!" said the king to the speechless knight,  
"Drink!" while the goblet is warm and bright;  
Choose the cup, and by thy doom be true;  
The one, if thou take it, thou shalt see  
The sport of the spirit of earth and sea;  
But drink the other—dread art thou  
The spirit of fends who terror men!"  
A hollow laugh rang through the room—  
The knight drank deep—and seal'd his doom.  
Whether for bliss or whether for woe,  
Was not given him then to know;  
A daisy tress his brown came o'er,  
And faint, he fell on the marble floor.  
\*\*\*\*\*  
Sir Ralph awoke on his own good steed,  
Like a person's hand to the blue sky freed!  
Swift and spid all about him,  
Calmly o'er him the mid moon smiled,  
He might have thought it all a dream,  
Bore that on his arm  
Was bound the gift of the fairy queen,  
Titan's powerful charm.  
He waded himself by his lady's side,  
And quickly was he there,  
That over Sir Ralph did his bride,  
For blood was he o'er all hands,  
By the spirit of earth and sea.

### ORIGINAL TALES.

#### A SEA PIECE.

"This is a mystery of the deep sea,  
Pleasant to read if you will; mayhap  
For that it made it with a mystery power,  
Calling up woodmen and images,  
An ancient mystery."—Old Play.  
It was on a pleasant day in the month of September, that I received a notification from the captain of a small vessel, in which my passage for a distant port had been engaged, informing me of his intention to sail immediately. I had been already delayed for some days, the wind being so treacherous; and, in two hours all hands were on board, and the little swallow-like packet, under outward wings, and a clear and beautiful sky, was rapidly leaving the land. We had but two passengers beside myself, both equally young, and equally new to the perils and mysteries of the sea, and with a moderately long voyage, the prospects of enjoyment were rather more limited than was desirable. We were soon conscious of our mutual dependence, and accordingly we entered into a determination, each of us, to do our little best to render the other comfortable and gratified. What with dividing the narrow deck, half the time in the way of one another—watching the land of our birth-place and homes fast receding from our eyes, and calculating, with many doubts, the various chances of our voyage, we continued, as may be supposed, to get through the first day of our journey, with very tolerable patience. We were now fairly at sea. The plane of ocean became rapidly undulated and more buoyant. Broad swells of water bore our

hark like a shell, sportively upon their bosoms, then sinking with equal suddenness from beneath, left it to plunge and struggle in the deep hollows, until borne up by other and succeeding billows. Space and density, its glorious contrast and comparison, were at once before us, in the blue world of towering hanging and stretching shores, and the immense, seldom quiet and murmuring mass spread out below it. The land no longer met our eyes, though strained and stretched to the utmost. The clouds came down, and hung about us, arrowing the horizon to sea, and mingling gloomily with the surges that kept howling perpetually around us, growing at each moment more and more threatening and resistless. Not a speck besides our own little vessel was to be seen amidst that wild infinity, that, admirably consoled, was at once beneath, above, around, and about us. Two days—two days in this manner, with scarcely any interval in the monotonous character of the prospect, until the weather was fine—the clouds that gathered between, formed a shelter from the intensity of the tropical sun, and, in that wane time and region, were a positive luxury. But, towards the evening of the third day, there was a heavy red curtain drew over the sun, and behind the swell in our front—a ceiling and increasing motion of the black waters, rushed impetuously forward to the wild caverns into which he descended—the wind freshened, and took to itself a melancholy and threatening tone, as it rung at intervals among the spurs and crevices; and, while it continued of itself, monotonously, to change its burden, appeared, with a few mystery, to warn us of a yet greater change in the aspect and temper of the great elements, all clustering around us. The old women looked grave and weather-wise, and shook their heads suggestively, when questioned about the prospect. The captain raised the deck impatiently and anxiously giving his orders in a tone that left little doubt on my mind, of a perfect familiarity, on the part of the ancient voyager, with the undercurrent and boding countenance of sea and sky. Night came, travelling hurriedly, and checked up in impenetrable gloom. The winds continued to freshen and increase; and, but a single star, hanging out like hope, shot a gleam of promise and encouragement through the pitchy and threatening atmosphere. The prospect was quite too uncheering to permit of much sleep, or many looks on the part of fresh-water seamen. By common consent, we went below, and ransacking our trunks, were enabled to compose up a pack of cards, with which, to the no small inconvenience of our captain, we sought to shut out from thought any association with the dim and dismal prospect we had just been contemplating. He did not, it is true, request us to lay aside our amusement, but he annoyed us incessantly by his mutterings on the subject. He made us beware, for that we were certainly bringing on a storm. He had seen it, too, very often, he asserted us, to produce such an effect, and he had never known it fall. His letters brought us the very announcement for which he was unwilling we should look to such devilish enginery as a pack of cards. We had not needed this, to convince us that the seaman was rather more given to superstition than we well computed with the spirit of the age. He was a Connecticut man, thoroughly imbued with blue laws, Cotton Mather, &c. and all the tales of demology and witchcraft, ever conceived or hatched in that most productive of all countries in the way of notions. He believed in freely and frequently upon his favorite topic, on which much familiarity had even made him eloquent. We encouraged him in his feeling, and derived our sports from his indulgence. Believing fervently myself every evilly he uttered, he could not understand our presumption in doubting, as we sometimes did, of any of his reasons and marvellous legends of New-England and the "Sword," which he volunteered for our edification; and when at length, convinced of the utter impossibility of overthrowing what, no doubt, he conceived the heresy of our skepticism, he appeared to resign himself to the worst of fates. He eventually foundered on as a Janah, not less worthy of the water and whale than his prototype of old. And I make not the slightest question, would have tumbled us all overboard, without a solitary scoundrel, the whole of the crew of that vessel. He evidently did not mean a single moment, I could persuade myself, or be persuaded by others, that the mere playing of any game whatsoever could bring down upon the wrath of heaven, or "leish a fenderful form upon the deep," but satiatedly disposed to live and breathe only in an "element of reason and fact," and with tolerable anxiety, and with a somewhat mercurial with an earnest and yielding spirit. He seemed to have been born and to have lived all his life in a "witch element." He had







there, and it was something to be in that damp dungeon, and to feel through all its gloom the holiness of the spot.

[illegible][illegible]

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

A FEW OF THE INCONVENIENCES OF SEEING SHAKESPEARE ACTED.

the mass of irreflexious reading that is constantly meeting eye and passing from the memory, you occasionally meet with remark or odd saying of an adverbial quality; like a burr, it is worth noting. It is long ago since the following came in my way; so long, that I cannot say whether it is a new or an old saying. The meaning was consoled, but the purport of the sentence was—that Shakespeare lost by representation in the same proportion that he gained by it; that the use was like a spence apprentice sent by his master to a school, to be taught the use of the spence. I dare say the same thought has struck many a man, after reading or seeing Shakespeare, and been illustrated by many men in my modes before this time: null, let the reapers and gleaners go so carefully over the field, there are always some few straws left behind, which will be gathered up by some poor fellow in the harvest that has already been gathered in by the first in the field. Nevertheless, that is no good reason why a poor plodder in the stable should be discouraged. Let him gather together, as he can, what he may, where there happens to be, and so that he may find no fault with his gathering, though he has not the best of the little better to do at his occupations abroad.

Speaking of the inconveniences of seeing Shakspere acted, let us pass by, in quiet resignation, the more purely imaginative of his poems—his "Tempest" and "Midsummer Night's Dream." These are a delicate piece of fancy never meant for the hard thinking and business calculations of stage managers and their underlings. A subtle suggestion of the degradation of the stage, the mutilation, the degradation they suffer on the stage, our delicious poetry should be for the hours of privacy alone; even then, a man should not trust himself to read some of the passages in the latter play (or dream) aloud; they are of too fine a texture for the harsh human voice, and should be imbued and read to the senses by the eye alone. But to break them in a thousand pieces, to make the very words of the poetry, the words of the poems by the lumps of clay with, on the scavenger work of the stage, is absolutely terrible! It is worse than assassinating a model or Mozart with a bagpipe, or playing Haydn's symphonies

in a hurry-gurdy! And yet, what will not mortals attempt! The most of us have actually heard a stage *Bottom* wear such directions as these to some silly, fat, boobyish child in white or green—"Monsieur Colzere; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and fill me a red-dipped lumbar-bree on the top of a thistle; and good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and good monsieur, have a care that the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you overflow with honey-bag, again!" while *Moth*, *Penn-blossom*, *Mustard-seed*, and the other staves who

"Creep into acorn cups and hide them there."

have been represented by the brothers and sisters of Cobweb, the venereal produce and property of some indolent mason connected with the establishment. This is as bad as *Sonnet* the jester representing the wall. And with all our vaunted improvements in stage recreation, how much worse off was the poor Athenian comedy for its lion and wall and moonshine, than the unfortunate modern gente-painter or property-man, who is called upon by the text to furnish a bank as per order.

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,  
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,  
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine.  
There sleeps Titania."

[illegible]

on some general pantomime; and much that is now vulgar, and which is not so by the by, is by the very nature of its common sense, be rendered grave and imperative. But the danger is that Shakspeare may be used and abused after the manner—that he has status for any thing; and they think right, who think wrong. The danger is, however, may be amended—"that comfort yet"; but alas! that mental millwright—who skilled machinist, will put in order the wind up the talking machines that "do" the subordinate parts of the play, and will not be content to be the millwright for the night! Is the schoolmaster yet abroad intended to shed rays of light upon their benighted understandings, concerning the meaning of the author, or ask them to assume of the simple but important fact, that the play is a play, and not a sermon, to be taken seriously? Here is where our great dramatic poet principally fails. The Elizabethan greats of Shakspeare could not stop to discuss calculations. It never entered into his thoughts what circumstances would be necessary to make his plays more than a glorious poetry that is scattered indiscriminately over his page. All occasions had to be played the niggard, and carefully apportioned his sweet fancies and rare conceits to those who would be likely to be pleased with them. He was not a dramatist, but a poet, as "Goethe's Dürer" of the theatre—the honest, pleading genius, with small salaries, and corresponding capacities, who, in the hands of our authors, here language admirably adapted to their mode of thought, and to the characters of the plays, and to the characters of their work in subordinate characters in Shakspeare, to utter images rendered with beauty, which they do in a way that very few actors fully understand. "Imperfect copies" have little occasion to be made of the original, and the original is not made of the copies.

Of all Shakespeare's characters there are not any so systematically used as these same witches in Macbeth. It has been thought many who know something of the matter, that there are a wildness and sublimity in the character and attributes of those malignant beings that are perfectly inapproachable by any on whom Shakespeare's calumny. And, be it noted, they are not only of wondrous import of themselves, but the mainspring of all the principal events of the great drama to which they belong. The talented intellect the greatest ornaments the stage has produced, would not be supplied in *endowing* to give an adequate idea of these strange

fantastical creations. Yet what are they at present? These women, absolute objects of mockery and laughter in the theatre. Nay, this arena in some degree to be now their legitimate sphere: for it is not unfrequently the case, that when the spectators are more decorous than usual, some of the witches, by a grotesque action or ridiculous intonation, appeal to them for the contrary tribute—a hearty laugh! But it is not always the actors who are in fault. There is one thing which has always especially merited censure. It is the marvelous small pretence to laughter which repeats itself when the actors are in large bodies, and it is quite clear they should not so eagerly try rather than give. Here, for instance, where the most solemn attention and pathos anxiety should pervade the house—

*First Witch.* Look what I have.  
*Second Witch.* Show us; 'show me!  
*First Witch.* Here I have a pint of thumbe.  
*Witch.* As he did burn'd eene.  
*Third Witch.* A draught o' death! Methinks doth come

on this hint, if it is a favorite actor that is expected, a universal  
over or row commences, which last until Macbeth comes awag-  
ing and bowing down the stage. If it is not any pretst or novel  
brin that personates the hero, the scene proceeds in the follow-  
lively manner:

*Third Water.* The weird sisters, hand in hand,  
Peeters of the sea and land,  
Thus do go about, about,  
Thus to thine.

the first witch, as a part of the incantation, bows or nods her  
of thine, and a general smile instantly suffuses the faces of a  
of thirty of those present in boxes, pit and gallery, which indisputably  
that nodding the head thence is essentially and exquisitely  
which continues, "and thence to thine," muting  
section to the whole, and the first witch, in a low, but  
vibration, in obedience to the line, "and thence again to make up  
"add one more; the great government of the audience can  
never be contained, and "Peace! the charm's wound up" is uttered  
of rage or laughter. "By day and night, but this is wun-  
drous strange!" certainly, it would be a merry treat for Voltaire, the  
author of *Shakespeare*, to witness this performance.  
On the stage, in the garbled selection designated Richard III  
much do we miss, or rather, what one-sided view is presented  
us of the hero. There is no relief in the character; it is  
reely Shakespearian, for it is unmaned evil. All the darker shades  
deepened and brought prominently forward, and the lighter and  
more human qualities are almost entirely excluded. He is  
the "boswell-bag," the "bottled-up," the subtle tyrant, the  
cruel and the murderer at full length; but we miss the lively  
minded Richard, the blunt, quick witted soldier; the accomplished  
courtier, the "princely gladiator," such as we do find in *Shak-  
speare*. We miss all his blitheness, his cheer and wit altogether

20 We speak no treason, man; we say, the king  
Is wise and virtuous; and his noble queen  
Well struck in years; fair, and not jealous;  
We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty son,  
&c. &c. &c.

A hoony eye, a passing pleasant tongue;  
And the queen's kindred are made gentle folks;  
How say you, sir? can you dray all this?"

twenty other similar passages, and we lose that respect for him which, amidst his bad qualities, his energy, his fiery courage, his staccato, generalship, and intellectual superiority to those around him, cannot leave us through the three acts of *Il signor U. C.* (1894).

the long and bloody wars of the roses, he is almost the only present character who is not, at the same time, as weak as wicked out of all the acting class. King Lear undoubtedly suffers most

[illegible]





## MR. BERKELEY'S MARCH.



## SALMAGUNDI.

ROAD OF LIFE IN MAPLES AND THE ENVIRONS.

Viewed from the City to the West River.

One sees every where with sympathizing pleasure, a general gaily exhibited. The gay and many-colored dresses and fruits with which nature decks herself, seem to invite man to clothe as they like in him in as brilliant a garb as possible. Every one who can by any possibility do it, decks himself out with silken garments and ribbons and flowers in his hat. In the commonest houses, the chairs and cushions are gilded and embellished with gaudy figures. Even one-horse carriages are painted of a bright red, the carved work gilded, and the horses in front of them, trinketed out with artificial flowers, scarlet tassels and tinsel. Many have painted cushions, others even small flags on their heads, which vibrate at every step they take. We are generally in the habit of calling the love of gaudy colors tasteless and barbarous; it may, in a certain sense, both be and become so, but under an intensely clear and blue sky, nothing is, properly speaking, gay which does not contribute to the splendor of the sun and of its reflection in the ocean. The liveliest colors are dulled by the strong light; and since all have, the different shades of green of every tree and plant, the yellow, brown and red of the earth, are striking on the eye in full force, these gay colors of dress and ornaments harmonize with the general effect. The scarlet grows and bobbles of the women of Neptune, brilliantly embroidered with gold and silver, all the most brilliant national dresses, and the painted ships, all seem vying to make themselves conspicuous in the harbor of the sea and sky.

And as they live, and as they busy their dead: no slow winding dark procession breaks in upon the harmony of the gay world.

I saw a child carried to its grave. A large scapular, richly embroidered with gold, covered a wide hair, on which stood a highly carved, silver and gilt bow, within which lay the body dressed in white, and entirely covered over with rose-colored ribbons. At the four corners of the bow were four angels, each about two feet in height, who held long nosegays in their hands over the child, and being only flanked by wires, related with every mo-

tion of the bow, and seemed to strew flowers on the body. And the angels moved the garlands since the procession hurried fast along the streets, and the priests who headed it, and the torch-bearers, rolled on then walked.

There is no time of the year where one is not surrounded by eatables, and the Neapolitan does not take pleasure in eating merely, but will have all these articles slowly dressed out for sale.

At Santa Lucia, fish, caviar, oysters, mussels, &c. are placed generally in clean and neat baskets, each kind by itself, with green leaves underneath. The shops for dried fruit and pulse, are variously tricked out, and the pomegranates and lemons which are exposed for sale, have green leaves placed between them, producing a grateful effect to the eye. But nothing is more dressed than their butcher's stall, to which their eyes turn with peculiar pleasure, inasmuch as their appetites are sharpened by periodical fasts.

The quarters of oases, calves, sheep, &c. are never exposed in the flesh-market, without the aid of oil, or as well as the fat being highly gilt. Certain days in the year, especially the Christmas festivals, are reckoned seasons of feasting. It is then an universal *pays de Cocagne*, in which five hundred thousand people unite by common consent. The street of Toledo, and several other streets and squares besides, are then decorated in the most appropriate manner. The shops where fruits and vegetables are sold, where nutmegs, melons and figs are exposed, offer a rare treat to the eye. The eatables hung in garlands over head across the streets, huge pomegranates of gilt mountains laid together with red ribbons, and turlays, every one with a scarlet flag stuck under his tail. I have been assured, that thirty thousand of these have been sold without coming those that are fattened at home. Besides all this, droves of asses loaded with vegetables, capons and young lambs are driven through the city, and across the market place, and the droves of eggs which one sees here and there, are larger than any heap of eggs that man's imagination ever dreamed of; and not only is all this devoured, but every year in office of the police rides through the city with a trumpet and proclamation at all the squares and crossways, how many thousands of calves, lambs, swine, &c. the Neapolitans

have consumed. The people listen attentively, rejoice inasmuch as at the gestures of the number, has each one remembers with complacency, his own share in these pleasures.

All that concerns preparations of milk and flour, is carefully attended to. At the corner of every street, the bakers with their pans full of boiling oil are bowed, especially on fast days, preparing fish and bread, according to each one's taste. These people have an incredible run of custom, and many thousands carry away from these places, their morning or evening meal on a small bit of paper. Especially on the day of their patron, St. Joseph, are the stands of these fragrant frye to look upon. The shop is adorned with the monk's image, and with many pictures of souls suffering in purgatory, in allusion to the frye by which the fish are cooked. A huge pan is placed over an oven, some prepare the dough, others dip the cakes in the boiling oil; but the two persons who take them out when baked, with large two-pronged forks, are the most remarkable; they represent angels, but how no one will drive.

The idea that angels must have long locks of golden hair, may have induced people to dress up the children who were to play the part of angels in processions in light-colored wigs, these wigs may have become bald in the course of time, or it may not have always been possible to obtain them with such flowing locks; be this as it may, in a country where almost every one wears his own hair, the idea of wig and angel have remained connected, while the original idea of winking locks is entirely lost, so that these two fellows, who, in other respects, are as tainted as the lowest Neapolitan, they keep up their dignity as angels, provided they play an old wig over one ear, and then proceed to work zealously at their pans, and in this way, represent the good angels who draw souls out of this fiery purgatory. This strange style of decoration, their loud cries, and still more, the looseness of their prices on this day, attract a crowd of customers, who gratify their appetites for a trifles, and at the same time offer up a devout prayer for the departed spirits in purgatory.

Two *passantazzi*—it is with the marriage state as of the old republics, which never produced great orators except in stormy times of war

HAVEN.—O man! why wilt that heart of thine, which must so soon crumble into earth, destroy another frail and perishing heir! Alas! before thy ungrazed hand strikes, it drops into the grave; before thou hast inflicted a wound on thy foe's bosom, it lies low and feels it not, and thy hatred is dead, and perhaps thy too.

## LITERARY TRIFLES.

## AN UNFORTUNATE SCHOLARSHIP.

I opened a school, and I married a wife. But soon found that both were the plague of my life. My scholars paid nothing—my wife was a scold. But I shut my school, and the furniture sold. But to quit plague the second, in '22 I redeavored. The law of the land says she's mine, and for ever!

A gentleman sent his servant with a present of nine ducks in a tub, upon which was the following direction—*To Alderman Gadde, with six ducks.* The servant who had more ingratitude than honesty, purchased three fat ducks, and conveyed it so, that the number contained in the tub corresponded with that on the direction. As he rather feared any word not letter, nor mistaking a new direction, how did he alter it so as to correspond with the contents of the tub! (The servant merely placed the letter a before the two *B*s in *Birds* *under* *the* *l*.) The direction then read thus—*To Alderman Gadde with six ducks.*

I am a character well known in England, and there are few, either high or low, rich or poor, that are not acquainted with me; I am rather well known, and take my share towards the sustenance of a village; I am a creature to virtue and innocence, therefore, with the fair sex I never agree, in respectable society I am never admitted, but in a gaudy, gipsy and beggar, I am a principal character, and almost no company being in disgrace; I am fond of paining, and always sit in church, staring and phlegmatic. It is the opinion of Bore and Blackstone, that I should be put in jail, but I certainly was never there yet. From what I have said you may see, that some people are not perfect, but to prove that I am neither, I delight not in a crowd, and as money appears before me, than I am a man.—The Editor.



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### ORIGINAL POETRY.

#### THE COMET.

It happened once that a straggling ray  
From the solar system lost its way,  
And came to a comet's end;  
And it roared him up from his long, long sleep,  
And he sprung from his cavern, in chaos deep,  
To visit the sun again.

So long had he lain in his dungeon cold,  
His joints fast exceedingly stiff and old,  
And he ached with his sharp rheumatic pain;  
But in spite of his sharp rheumatic pain,  
He shook his limbs, and combed his mane,  
And soon put himself in trim.

And forth he sprung, through the realm of night,  
And chased across at his crazy flight,  
And a terrible tumult made;  
While torrents of cold fire and flame  
Up from her dark abyss came—  
But nothing the monster stayed.

On, on he went, as the lightning fast,  
Till the realm of darkness and darkness past,  
Glad was the comet then;  
For behind lay the kingdom of signs and death,  
While he saw the light, and inhaled the breath,  
Of this starry world again.

That lovely world, with its boundless of blue,  
Spread far and wide in the comet's view,  
While he stayed in the comet's gaze;  
And he hung as one in a joyful trance,  
Watching the stars in their mystic dance,  
Through many a glittering mane.

By millions and millions the orbs of light  
Spirally moved in their courses bright,  
While from after to his ravished ears  
Seemed, like the hoarse, to swell and die,  
A clear and awful music.

'Twas the music of the spheres!  
But the gales of heaven came flitting there,  
Gales of the soft ethereal air;  
And at their reviving breath,  
Down, down he plunged, on his heedless way,  
And was to all in his path that lay.

In his fiery path of death!  
By many a rolling star he flew,  
With her glittering eyes, and her hills of blue,  
But in lightning he faded;  
For with pallid beams they struck away,  
And hid themselves from his deadly ray,  
As he wildly on them glared.

But, alas! too near his fatal hour  
One tiny planet came out to glare,  
From her path of light afar;  
And the comet withered her waving tress,  
And blighted the land and sea, and the seas,  
Of the venturesome little star.

Swifter and swifter the comet flew,  
Brighter and brighter his radiant glow,  
When the glaucous sea was near;  
But the planets watched him look again,  
And that ashen in his midnight den,  
For their orbs were filled with fear.

Scorn called loudly such frightened souls,  
And they gattered for safety behind him now,  
And pressed through his ring of gold;  
Jove drew his gride around his light,  
And called on Mars to prepare for fight;  
But the courage of Mars was gone.

Soon he came near to the beautiful earth—  
Hushed was her increase of joy and mirth,  
When she saw that direful ray;  
And the pallid moon behind her fled,  
And covered with clouds her frowning head,  
And convulsed with fear.

Venus in splendor he could not dim;  
Her eye of glory turned on him;  
And where was his savage heart?  
One glimmer of love he heaved not out,  
And crumpled his bosom in a moment passed,  
With regret from her gaze to part.

Mercury fled in dismay at the sight,  
While the comet laughed to behold his flight,  
And erected his mane of flame;

But now his fiery course was done,  
And his long and trackless race was run,  
For unto the sun he came.

But, should I tell you the confidence,  
That was held between these orbs of fire,  
Your every hair would rise;  
So now I deemed to earth again,  
Ere the length I dared my giddy trim,  
Or the glory dimmed my eyes.

### CANZONET.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

Don't, I say, that loved me,—dearest!  
When some other card I meet:  
When my fortune seems so secret,  
Kindest was the smile from thee.

Yes! ah, yes! the torn and lonely,  
Hollow looks of wretchedness show—  
There are few's of day, who only  
Open when they see the sun!

But, while there were all rejoicing  
In the absence of the light,  
Like the curlew, thus endeavoring  
Gave its sweetness to the night!

### SELECT TALES.

#### CRUELTY TO POOR RELATIONS: OR THE CRIPPLED MERCHANT OF ROTTERDAM.

BY HENRY O. BELL.

"And every Dutchman tremble at the sight."

He who has been at Rotterdam will remember a house of two stories which stands in the suburbs just adjoining the basin of the canal that runs between that city and the Hague, Leyden, and other places. I say he will remember it, for it must have been pointed out to him as having been once inhabited by the most ingenious artist that Holland ever produced, to say nothing of his daughter, the prettiest woman ever born within herding of the croaking of a frog. It is not with the fair Blanche, unfortunately, that we have at present any thing to do; it is with the old gentleman her father. His profession was that of a surgical-instrument maker, but his fame principally rested on the admirable skill with which he constructed wooden and cork legs. So great was his reputation in this department of human science, that they whom nature or accident had mutilated, caricatured, and disappointed in any very necessary appendage to the body, came limping to him in crowds, and, however desperate their case might be, were very soon (as the saying is) set upon their legs again. Many a cripple, who had looked upon his deformity as incurable, and whose only consolation consisted in an occasional slap at Providence, for having interested him making to a journeyman, found himself so admirably fitted, so elegantly prepped up by Myhrer Turnigewort—that he almost began to doubt whether a timber or cork supporter was not, on the whole, superior to a more common-place and troublesome one of flesh and blood. And, in good truth, if you had seen how very handsome and delicate were the understandings fashioned by the skillful artificer, you would have been a great deal wiser to write the creature yourself.

One morning, just as Master Turnigewort was giving his last smoothness and polish to a cast and ankle, a messenger entered his study, to speak classically, and requested that he would immediately accompany him to the mansion of Myhrer Van Wodenblock. It was the mansion of the richest merchant in Rotterdam, so the artist put on his best wig, and set forth with his three-convicted hat on one hand, and his silver-headed stick in the other. It so happened that Myhrer Van Wodenblock had been very lately employed, a few days before, in turning a poor relation out of doors, but in endeavoring to hasten the odious work's progress down stairs by a slight imposition, (for Myhrer seldom stood upon ceremony with poor relatives,) he had unfortunately lost his balance, and, tumbling headlong from the top to the bottom, he found, on recovering his senses, that he had broken his right leg; and that he had lost three teeth. He had at first some thoughts of having his poor relation tried for murder; but being entirely of a merciful disposition, he may well claim to jail on account of some unpaid debt, leaving him time to enjoy the comfortable reflection, that his wife and children were so much more supplied than he himself, and that he had lost three teeth, which he had pulled out of an indignant poet's head at the rate of ten shillings a-piece, but for which he presently charged the rich merchant one hundred dollars. The doctor, upon examining his leg, and recollecting that he was at that

moment rather in want of a subject, cut it carefully off, and took it away with him in his carriage to lecture upon it to his pupils. So Myhrer Wodenblock, considering that he had been hitherto accustomed to walk and not to hop, and being, perhaps, somewhat prejudiced in favor of the former mode of locomotion, sent for our friend at the canal basin, in order that he might give him directions about the representative with which he wished to be supplied for his lost member.

The artist entered the wealthy burgher's apartment. He was reclining on a sofa with his left leg hanging to respectable as he was, but with his unhappy right arm wrapped up in bandages, as if conscious and ashamed of its own littleness.

"Turnigewort, you have heard of my misfortune; it has thrown me into a fever, and all Rotterdam into confusion; I lost that leg. You must make me a leg; and it must be the best leg, for, you ever made in your life." Turnigewort bowed. "I do not care what it costs!" Turnigewort bowed yet lower; "provided it outdoes every thing you have yet made of a similar sort. I am for some of your wooden supporters. Make it of cork; let it be light and elastic; and cram it up full of springs as a watch. I know nothing of the business, and cannot be more specific in my directions; but this I am determined upon, that I shall have a leg as good as the one I have lost. I know such a thing is to be had, and if I get it from you, your reward is a thousand guilder."

The Dutch Frolicsome declared, that to please Myhrer Van Wodenblock, he would do more than human ingenuity had ever done before, and undertook to bring him, within six days, a leg which would laugh to scorn the mere common legs possessed by common men.

This assurance was not meant as an idle boast. Turnigewort was a man of speculative as well as practical science, and there was a favorite discovery which he had long been endeavoring to make, in the application of springs, which he imagined he had at last succeeded that very morning. Like all other manufacturers of retracting legs, he had ever found the chief difficulty in his progress towards perfection, to consist in this being apparently impossible to introduce into them any thing in the shape of springs, capable of being so much compressed, and yet, and of performing those important functions selected under the present system, by means of the elaborate mechanism of the knee and ankle. Our philosopher had spent years in endeavoring to obviate this grand inconvenience, and though he had undoubtedly made greater progress than any body else, it was not till now that he believed himself completely master of the great secret. His first attempt to carry it into execution was to be in the leg he was about to make for Myhrer Van Wodenblock.

It was on the evening of the sixth day from that to which I have already alluded, that with this magic leg, carefully packed up, the acute artist again made his appearance before that expecting and impatient Wodenblock. There was a proud twinkle in Turnigewort's gray eye, which seemed to indicate that he valued more the thousand guilder which he intended for Blanche's marriage portion, less than the celebrity, the glory, the immortality, of which he was as length as sure. He uttered his previous words, and spent some hours in displaying and explaining to the delighted burgher the number of additions he had made to the internal machinery, and the purpose which each was intended to serve. The evening wore away in the most agreeable manner, within walls, and the two beings acting upon springs. When it was time to retire, the legs were equally satisfied of the perfection of the work, and at his employer's earnest request, the artist consented to remain where he was for the night, in order that in the morning he might fit on the limb, and see how it performed its duty.

Early next morning all the necessary arrangements were completed, and Myhrer Van Wodenblock walked forth to the street in evening, displaying the intensive powers of one who was to be able to ascend an executioner's gallows, or to walk up a wall, or to take to admiration; in the merchant's made of wood, cork, and springs, with no effort, no constraint. All the points performed this office without the aid of either bone or muscle. Nobody, not even a connoisseur in anatomy, would have suspected that there was any thing monstrous in the construction of the leg, or that it was supported under the full, well-shaded pantaloons of the substantial-looking Dutchman. Had it not been for a slight, troublesome motion, occasioned by the rapid whirling of about twenty small wheels in the interior, or a constant clicking, like that of a watch, though somewhat louder, would have been heard, he might have given directions in all respects, as he used to be before he lifted his right foot to bestow a passing benediction on his poor relation.

He walked along in the renovated buoyancy of his spirits, all he came in sight of the Stadt house; and just at the foot of the flight































Alc. (To Carola.) Go! carry off those lamps, their varying blaze  
Will mar the pencil. Benedetto!  
Order the train to hold themselves prepared  
To wait upon your lady to the fête.

*[Benedetto and other errands go out, carrying the lamps, and leaving but one light beside the easel. Mypposito paints.]*  
*Hyp.* Please you, fair lady, cast your eyes above.  
 Ha! so—as if you gazed upon some star!  
*[Looking at her.]* Now press your hand—deeply—upon your heart  
 As if you vowed that heart's fidelity.  
 And sealed it by your hopes of love in heaven.

Alr. A most romantic painter! But his art  
 Or finds men mad, or makes them so. That touch  
 (*Looking at the picture*) Is life!—I see the master hand! How fine  
 The power to fix the transient in the clay!  
 The sparkling of the diamond eye—the look  
 That speaks without a tongue, yet speaks the soul  
 Quicker than tongue's e'er uttered. Glorious art!  
 That, with the power of music, defines  
 The truth of time, the height of wisdom, love,  
 All earthly trouble! On its tablet smites  
 Beauty unmitigated; cheeks unash'd by tears;  
 Lips that will ne'er grow pale with anxious sighs;  
 Youth, love and loveliness, alike immortal!  
 (*He looks at the picture.*) Magnificent! Divine!  
 How can I but adore thee, **PAINTER**!

*Bian.* My lord turned flatterer! Nay, I fear I'll shame  
The Signor Manso's pencil.

Too highly in its subject. Now look down—  
Heavens, what a rich possession!—(to her.) But one smile—  
(As in soliloquy.) The arching of that brow—that dazzling eye—  
That lip, to which the budding of the rose  
Were colorless and chill. Thou paragon!

*Bianca.* (*Aside, agitated at half overhearing him.*)  
What words are those? Some pressure on my soul  
Tells me there's evil nigh! (*Aside to Alfr.*) Alfr! My lord!  
Stay by me. Will the signor soon be done?  
\* *Alfr.* Disturb him not, my love. He touches now  
the flower of his art.

The finest lines of his most lovely work.  
(*Looking over the sketch.*) Bravo, signor! A Titian were options  
With that delicious coloring. That glow

Le worthy Venetian.  
*My.* I was his pupil—  
 An idle one—but worshipp'd at his feet  
 For some wild years, enamor'd of the fame,  
 The glory that he threw around his land!  
 But, when he died, I hated Venice—died—  
 And wander'd, on a painter's pilgrimage,  
 To every shrine of loveliness.

*Bianca. (Aside.)* He gazed on me strangely. If on earth  
There's magic in a glance—delusion wild,  
Or dangerous spell, 'tis in that fiery eye!  
Would that his work were done!  
*(To Alfer.)* How goes the hour, my lord! Your noble friend

Will think his banquet scorned by our delay.  
*Hyp. (Gazing on her.)* One look, but one look, gentle lady, one,  
 And all is finished. Pray you, draw aside  
 That tress which hangs upon your brow like braids  
 Of silk on ivory. *(Aside.)* There's a living smile!  
 A glance that strikes the soul like sudden flame!

*Alc.* (*Gazing on the picture.*) It grows in light and beauty, as the sky  
Before the rosy chariot of the morn!  
Signor, your task is finish'd for to-night—  
And richly finish'd.  
My lady well reminds me, 'twill be late

Before we reach our kinsmen's.  
(To Bianca.) Come, my love!  
Bianca. (Aside.) Thanks, all ye spirits that guard the heart from ill!  
Hyp. One moment more. This must be done to-night,  
Or maybe never. By to-morrow's dawn  
I leave the walls of Barrenness.

*Bianca.* Nay, Alvar, come—'tis finish'd—lose no time—  
(*Urging him.*) We must not fail in courtesy.  
*Alr.* (*Looking at the pictures.*) 'Tis beautiful!  
(*Then turning to Bianca.*) Yet still, how freely art  
Contends with nature, when that nature's theme!

He that can thaw the ice with pictured flatter,  
Or banish darkness with a painted sun,  
Or fill the summer sky with painted gold,  
Or shower the spring's sweet lap with painted buds,  
He may portray the living witchery  
Of nature in his beauties; but none else!

Of woman in her beauty—but none else!  
*Hyp.* Fair lady, look again—  
*A/c.* Yes—rest awhile—  
 I will but go a moment, to command  
 That all be ready for our cavalcade.  
 (To *Hippolyta*.) Signor, the moment you sought is given—

*Hyp.* (Looking after Alcar, aside.) He's gone! [Exit Alcar.]  
Now love and vengeance!  
(Starts up, throws off his disguise, and exclaims) Bianca!  
*Bianca.* (Terrified and springing back.) Hyppolito!

## THE NEW-YORK MIRROR

EDITED BY GEORGE F. MOERS, THOMAS S. PAY, AND SAMUEL P. WELLS.  
SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1935

*City of Washington.*—Washington, during the recent session of congress, has been unusually attractive. All its boarding-houses, hotels, and other ordinary receptacles for strangers, have been over-crowded. A good deal of style is seen there, and a variety of interesting character. The city, as every body knows, or ought to know, is a sprinkling of houses over a large plain, at such moderate distances from each other as to be easily reached by horse or omnibus, and to be all unusually profitable trade. There is but one street, Pennsylvania-avenue, worthy of the name, which, from its length and breadth, and the fact that it is the grand thoroughfare, assumes an air of importance, although without displaying any fine buildings. The private residences of the great folks are away off in the direction of the city, and the houses of the poor are in the suburbs. The city is the centre of the world, and the great business of the world is done here. The great difference to distinguish them from the inhabitants of other large villages, except a somewhat urgent demeanor, and per-

adventurer a contemptuous smile in the face of a New Yorker or a Philadelphian, who should prize the city-hall or the United States bank. By the way, it is a curious characteristic of human nature, that we often feel proud of events and objects with which we have had nothing whatever to do. A Washington man, who sees Mr. Garrison, and who has never seen Philadelphia, will speak of it as an inferior city. We ourselves have felt not a little elevated while pointing out to a Philadelphian the dense forest of masts which crowd the wharves of our native city; and we observed a young friend swaggering about one morning with an uncommon superciliousness, on account of our perplexity, till we learned he had accidentally eaten an oyster in the city of Washington, at the summit of a promenade near the Irving and Madison Clubs. This metropolitan feeling prevails all alike in Washington.

The finest prospect is from the terrace of the capitol. It is really uncommonly striking and beautiful. The hill is abrupt, and sufficiently high to command a panoramic view of the city and surrounding country. The view is not only beautiful, but it is instructive. On the opposite shore, and in the distance the president's house, a palace-like looking building, and the capitol itself, which is superb. This magnificent outlook can be easily enjoyed at level of perspective. The view is not only beautiful, but it is instructive. On the opposite shore, and in the distance the president's house, a palace-like looking building, and the capitol itself, which is superb. This magnificent outlook can be easily enjoyed at level of perspective.

Mr. Webster, again, in a speech, which was heard at every period—continued to grow upon the admiration. Its peculiar situation, added to its lofty architectural beauty, puts one in mind of Rome. The speaker, in a speech, which was heard at every period—continued to grow upon the admiration. Its peculiar situation, added to its lofty architectural beauty, puts one in mind of Rome.

representatives, and hearing the especial bad grammar flowing from the lips of some of those republican legislators. The session lately terminated, has been protracted by opposition to the passage of the bill, and the session has been protracted by opposition to the passage of the bill, and the session has been protracted by opposition to the passage of the bill.

Capt. Webster, Calhoun, and several others, presented specimens of speaking sufficient to reflect honor upon any body ever known to speak. In a speech, which was heard at every period—continued to grow upon the admiration. Its peculiar situation, added to its lofty architectural beauty, puts one in mind of Rome.

expressed into the senate-chamber one day with a large crowd to hear Mr. Webster oppose Mr. Clay's lay for modifying the tariff. It is instructive to see the effect of such a speech. The speaker, in a speech, which was heard at every period—continued to grow upon the admiration. Its peculiar situation, added to its lofty architectural beauty, puts one in mind of Rome.

hands at this highly important crisis are supposed the destinies of the republic, and we may almost add the cause of freedom, meet in the conflict of intellect and genius. That it is so, was well attested by the fact that the speaker, in a speech, which was heard at every period—continued to grow upon the admiration. Its peculiar situation, added to its lofty architectural beauty, puts one in mind of Rome.

formed a great majority. These fair daughters of Columbia were accommodated with seats by the politeness of the learned senators, to the speaker, in a speech, which was heard at every period—continued to grow upon the admiration. Its peculiar situation, added to its lofty architectural beauty, puts one in mind of Rome.

made him, who fancied themselves, no less. After much pronoun and talking, such rustling of silk, nodding of feathers, and glancing of jewell, &c. he came at length uttered into unwearied smiles, each of which was a new and original expression of the speaker, in a speech, which was heard at every period—continued to grow upon the admiration. Its peculiar situation, added to its lofty architectural beauty, puts one in mind of Rome.

attention he observed it was useless to strive after a better. A speaker rose—heads were turned—masks stretched—mouths (the speaker, in a speech, which was heard at every period—continued to grow upon the admiration. Its peculiar situation, added to its lofty architectural beauty, puts one in mind of Rome.)

State was a

[illegible][illegible]

We are not bigoted in politics, and can admire eloquence of either or any party; and the eloquence of Mr. Clay—whether right or wrong—is assuredly persuasive, spirit-stirring, and extraordinary.

The qualifications are numerous, and of nearly the highest kind, both physical and mental. A fountain of fervid feeling at his heart enables him to inspire, to enchain—throws his hearers off their guard and sudden passionate beautiful appeals—under—protrusion—to the preachers of the poetry of their nature, and he seems, by the stream of his words, to have a direct communication with the soul of his hearer. His communication of his ideas, an ever ready and lavish flow of words furnishes him with a vehicle which never fails. He has all the poetry of thought, aided by all the art and melody of language. His sentences fall on the ear and the heart, as once gratifying the intellect and rousing up the soul, and often after a burst of eloquence which has been long and full, and has been heard with a feeling of surprise which succeeds sudden thunder, his voice is hushed to a low sweet impressive tone—his vehement manner is softened, and his words

"Draw audience and attention still as night,  
Or summer's noon-tide air."

[illegible]

"Deep on his front engraven  
Deliberation sat and public care ;  
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,  
Majestic though in ruin."

While they under his influence confess he is not handsome, they, at the same time feel that the beauty of Apollo would detract from his identity, and diminish the interest with which he is now regarded. There are times when the expression of his face is nearly savage. His eyes glare and flash, and his glances fall upon his opponent with the fierceness of a tiger's. We shall not soon forget his look, tone, and action, when turning to Mr. Webster, who had opposed his bill, purporting to compromise the tariff question, and to conciliate the now conflicting parties of the nation—he exclaimed—

"I want to see no sacked cities—no smoking hamlets—no conquering armies—no desolated plains—no streams of American blood shed by American arms!"

We scarcely before know the power and emphasis which declamation can add to simple words; no man can hear Henry Clay when excited, pouring out his soul in language than which nothing can be more musical, without acknowledging himself under the spell of a master potent in the art of eloquence.

Mr. Calhoun, as a speaker, is equally removed from the impressive deliberation of Webster, and the strong impulses and overpowering bursts of Clay. His delivery is rapid and inelegant. He has no studied effect of manner, and he appears ignorant and careless of the force which elocution may add to language. His words are spoken with a fluent haste almost incompatible with distinctness, and are clipped and shortened with no attention to their orthography. Yet, when the more theatrical and tragic force of Clay fades from the mind, and one becomes familiar with Mr. Calhoun's hurried utterance, his elegant language, his comprehensive views of the subject, his manly and clear and deepening eloquence in its turn charms the hearer, and all minor and accidental peculiarities are

In leaving the capital, where at this crisis in the history of our country the flags, waving over the dome, give token that the two bodies of congress are holding their debates, one cannot but muse a moment upon the interest which overspreads the spot, and hope that the high and honorable men in whose hands, not only the destinies of this nation—but of the cause of freedom over all the globe are entrusted, will never betray their deep responsibility.

*Literary.*—From among a great variety of recent publications, now lying upon our table, we enumerate the following as deserving especial notice:

Conner and Cooke's beautiful and cheap edition of the works of Sir Walter Scott.  
 Boswell's Life of Johnson, two splendid octavo volumes, bound in a new and handsome style. George Dearborn.

The Ghost Hunter and His Family—comprising the first number of the Library of Romance. Carey and Lea.  
The American Quarterly Review, for March. Carey and Lea.  
The Domain Bible—embellished with various engravings, and sent.

Tales and Novels by Marie Edgeworth. Uniform edition, stereotyped. Three volumes only yet published. J. and J. Harper.  
*Baroness and Baroness at the Temple House*. Boston. Two volumes.

The Soldier's Bride, and other Tales; by James Hall, author of Legends of the West. Collins and Hannay.

The Elements of the Differential Calculus; comprehending the general theory of curve surfaces, and the curves of double curvature. Intended for the use of mathematical students in schools and universities. A valuable volume, and as fine a specimen of typography as we have seen for many a day. Geo. F. Bohns & Son.



## GAILY THE TROUBADOUR TOUCH'D HIS GUITAR.

**LIVELY.**

Gay ly the trou da dour touch'd his gui - tar, When he was

has ten ing home from the war | Sing ing: 'from Pa-lee time Hi ther I come, La-dye love! la dya love! I Wel come me home.' Sing ing: 'from Pa-lee time

Hi ther I come, La-dye love! la dya love! I Wel come me home.'

He for the troubadour  
Happily wrot  
Soddy the thought of him,  
Of how others stopt  
In his path, and  
Singing: 'In search of thee  
I would I might roam!  
Troubadour! troubadour!  
Come to thy home.'  
Singing, &c.

Mark! 'twas the troubadour  
Breathing her name!  
Under the balustrade  
Sitting he came,  
Singing: 'from Palestine  
Striker I came,  
Lads! love! la dya love!  
Welcome me home.'  
Singing, &c.

## SALMAGUNDI.

Two far, if they dicker in this fable  
That looks like severity to the sea, will, we presume,  
perpetrate it, out of regard to the many and various  
high consequences for which they have sundry times  
been indicted in the same author.

## Cupid and Pallas.

BY THOMAS BROWN.

As Love, one summer eve, was straying,  
Who should be seen, at that soft hour,  
But young Minerva, gravely playing  
Her flute within an olive bower.  
I need not say, 'tis Love's opinion  
That, grave or merry, good or ill,  
The all well to his dominion  
As woman will be woman still.

Though seldom yet the boy had given  
To herod dance his smile or sigh,  
No handsome Pallas look'd, that even  
Lovers could forget the maid was wise.  
Hence, a youth of his discernment  
Knew well that, by a shady ill,  
At sunset hour, 'twas not her burning—  
A woman will be woman still.

Her face he pruned in terms caustic,  
Wishing it darts—not rancid how soon—  
For wisdom's motion, horse or chronicle,  
To love seem always out of tone.  
But long he was fuming face to face,  
The youth found breath to shake and thrill;  
As weak or wise, it could not matter—  
Woman, at least, is woman still.  
Love changed his plan, with warmth exclaiming,  
"Her brilliant was her lips not soft eyes!"  
And when that done, the sky began to blanch,  
For twinkling lips so sweet away.  
The nymph look'd down—behind her features  
Reflected in the morning brook.  
And started, shock'd—'for, ah, you creatures!  
E'en when driven, you're women still.  
At distance long, 'twas faintly repeating  
"Woman, ah, you woman still!"

## Kissing.

The Old Colony Press has the annexed remarks  
on this delicate subject:  
We learn from a western paper, that a young gen-  
tleman from New-York has been found twenty-  
eight dollars and cents for kissing the wife of his  
friend. The mist was brought by the husband for the  
recovery of damages, some part of which were man-  
aged more than a year ago, by the testimony of  
the kisses, that the offence has been repeated eight  
or nine times within a few months, making the  
price of the amiable about three dollars each. His  
young man, this warning. Be cautious in all things,  
he is especially careful how you kiss other peo-  
ple's wives. We do not think, however, that the  
above is a very cautious rule, if the western dam-  
nals are anything like our northern ones. It should  
have been stated how long the kisses were. Byron  
says the length is the only way to determine the va-  
lue of a kiss. For example:

"A long—long kiss—a kiss of youth and love,"  
is scarcely worth more than three dollars. Shal-  
low kisses also kiss a line in which the history of these  
miserable kisses is well expressed:

Long as my stile!—sweet as my poems!  
Goodness! what follows these all poets must have  
been for kissing!

## Fading.

This city is the paradise of the Flor-de-lis, the  
original centre of civilization, the palace of splendor;  
the seat, amidst moderate down of Italy. The  
or itself dangles, the grape-gatherers nod on the  
vines, the smiles tread as if they were about with  
fifty and, though Pallas profess no longer the rich  
and velvet that once made her name memorable  
to the ends of the earth, the genius of these lands  
is in every thing. All is sunny, smooth and gravity  
superb. A drowsy population yawns through life  
in a drowsy city, taught the art of doing nothing by a  
drowsy university. The old glories of Pallas  
science are gone to sleep; her thousand doctors,  
once shod with wisdom into her ranks of students,  
have sunk down into shoulders of poppies, a few  
incoherent old fingers among the shelves of her  
mighty libraries, dry as her dust, silent as their au-  
thors, and not half so active as the muses that  
revel in their entry outside. Late creeps away in  
the eating grapes and drinking the worst wine in the  
world; in having the madras fever in summer, and

the phlegm in winter; in sitting under the shade of  
summit trees, that mock the eye with the look of  
verdure, and fall into dust at a touch; and in black-  
ening the visage over wood fires, that make man  
the rival, in color, odor and countenance of the  
serp's head that hangs in the chimney.—*Blackwood.*

## Manuscript of Walter Scott's poetry.

We were shown the other day, says the Dum-  
friesshire Courier, what in Edinburgh, the whole of Sir  
Walter Scott's poetry in manuscript, exactly as it  
escaped from the hands of the author—a sight  
which interested us but a little. His method of com-  
position seems to have been prodigiously rapid; in  
general he was satisfied with a first draft, and yet  
the corrections are the reverse of numerous. Virgil,  
it is said, deemed it best to pour forth a hundred ex-  
temporaneous verses, and then spend the day in  
correcting them; but Sir Walter Scott lacked pa-  
tience for this species of dexterity (the poet, in his  
hand, he literally inspired, and his command of  
language, great as it was, scarcely kept pace with  
the extraordinary facility of his imagination). All  
his poems were written in fragments of sheets of  
letter-paper, and dispatched by post to his friend  
Mr. James Ballantyne. In looking over Marston,  
we discovered that nearly the whole of it had been  
composed in London, and that the letters contain-  
ing the early cantos were franked by the Duke of  
Hamilton and the Earl of Argyll. Near the con-  
clusion, a simple remark made by Mr. Ballantyne,  
while forwarding a proof, elicited on the spur of  
the moment an additional passage, which, in perusal,  
one of the finest in that noble poem.

## Matrimonial advertisement.

Madame Herodot, of Paris, is the only person in  
France who has added the science of all her art and  
direction in procuring advantageous matches for  
those who have fixed themselves in her. Madame  
Herodot, a simple private citizen, is a considerable number of  
rich widows and young ladies, who are impatient to get  
married.

## Best revenge.

The most decisive proof of an honest heart is  
when a man has his enemy in his power, and can  
revenge himself as he pleases, but, instead of grati-  
fying a passion which common men give loose to  
on such an occasion, he overlooks his injured  
opponent, and returns him good for evil.

## Persian story.

Read the Persian tale, a story of three ages,  
a Greek, an Indian, and a Persian, who, in the pre-  
sence of a king of Persia, debated on this question:  
"Of all the evils, which is the greatest?" The Gre-  
cian said, "Old age oppressed with poverty;" the  
Indian answered, "Pain with impotence;" the Per-  
sian pronounced it to be, "Death without good  
works before it."

## Extraordinary.

The Georgian tells the following improbable story.  
The editor must be a most unresponsible per-  
son indeed, if he imagines for a moment that any  
of his readers will believe a simple article of the  
matter. Just hear him!—"On Friday last, a gen-  
tleman who had borrowed a book from me more  
than two years ago, actually returned it unopened  
and, what is more remarkable still, unopened, al-  
though the owner's name was written on the title-  
page!"

## LITERARY TRIFLES.

Pray, ladies, who in seeming wit delight,  
Say what's a verse, yet never out of sight?  
The latter.

What is that word in the English language, of one  
syllable, which if two letters be taken from it, be-  
comes a word of two syllables?—*Plague.*

My first is every thing; my second more than  
every thing; and my whole is not quite so much!  
—*All most.*

Why is a piece of land heavy, and not paid for,  
has a particular kind of poetry?—*An acre—his ac-  
crescent—his.*

My first is founded on doubt, my second on  
certainty; and my whole is the idol of the age?—  
*Pleasure.*

I would go far in my second to reach my first, and  
with reluctance part with my whole?—*Friend—my  
first.*

What is that more you may say to it, the less it  
weighs?—*A candle.*

Why is a lawyer like a piper?—*He is often at the  
bar.*

Why is the letter 'y' like an island?—*It is in the ca-  
pital of every word.*

Why is the letter 'x' like London?—*It is the ex-  
traordinary of England.*

My first makes time, my second spends it, and  
my third tells it?—*Watchman.*



# THE LITERARY LAMP.

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NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1852.

No. 39.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### A LEGEND.

BY THE LATE MRS. C. LUTHER S. SMITH.

Come, Violet, thou lingering one,  
The hour of morning is begun,  
The stars are out in their silvery home,  
They too were forth with many a ray,  
And night's low mellowed bell does come,  
And drowsy dew-drops pave the way.  
Morn will come with a ruddy gleam,  
To wake the south and north and east,  
Morn will come and chase away  
The glittering stars, for the golden day:  
Way-steps we lose far on the shore,  
Lie in the breast of the evening glow,  
For thy cheek, which was the lower  
That stands alone in the outer vale,  
I'll tell thee then the legend old  
Of that moonlight and moon-grown pile,  
Of maiden fair and warrior bold,  
Who rose beneath his chapel shade,  
In sleep that knows no lovely dream,  
That wakens not to the owner's woe,  
Nor summer hours of the midnight stream.

The lady has come forth, and they  
Upon their steps-life are going,  
And soon they reach the ruin gray  
Round which the stream flows in flowing.  
Fall the summer moonlight falls  
On the ruin and ruin's shadow,  
On the broken arch and portal,  
Seldom torn by foot of mortal;  
To come to ruin, to ruin's end,  
Say this that Time's work of humbling!  
Never this path of the living,  
But some, when its walls were fair,  
But some dark unknown corner  
Of the world of the moon's light,  
Few there who were loved the place,  
Few who lagged there to trace  
The words of a vanished love,  
But it stands alone like a stricken thing  
That stands alone in the moon's light,  
With never a step on the ruined floor,  
And never a hand on the broken door,  
And never a sound that in the night,  
Save the owl's shriek on the wind wall,  
That when the moon is full,  
On the battle-field the children  
When the cry of the west wind whist  
Not more, not there—that castle old  
Fall not before the foe's war;  
None save him borne on cushion  
With Lancelot, plumed, and bloody spear,  
While income burned on silver arms,  
And the wind with his rattle  
The winds that wander through that vale  
Tell of his death a darker tale,  
That they mourned to the ruin's side  
When midnight clouds above a glid—

"Was on an evening morn like this,  
When I and I were young here,  
For Violet, to catch the gleam  
Of balmy moonlight while whispering near,  
So softly, as they melt along the vale  
So softly, as they drop like dew,  
For a flower, like a half-drawn eye, are pale  
Beneath the moonlight's silencing charm,  
That round those arches, where you see  
Re-very twice so brightly.

Were scattered lights, and flowers, and gems  
Enough to make the life of dreams,  
Of all the east was in her home!  
And every taste had culled up  
Its carved treasures from the earth,  
To garnish of the beauty  
That the gold the golden light,  
These furnished forth a fair array,  
And white robes sparkling, wreathed around  
With dewy garlands rich and rare,  
For a maid, so full of grace and power,  
To make each of her's fairest ones fair.

For were they all, but there was one  
Lacked which he gathers his earliest rays,  
And innocent of moon's pale gleam,  
For he was blind, and he was fair  
As those, then fairy spirit was,  
Whom he loved, and he was fair,  
Accented like thousand brilliant flowers  
That open in the east's dawn,  
And a young boy bound with the gems of wealth,  
And a smaller of the world's treasure,  
And a young boy bound with the gems of wealth,  
And a smaller of the world's treasure,  
And a young boy bound with the gems of wealth,  
And a smaller of the world's treasure,

As no—on each destroyer he,  
Stealing the bloom from the fairest faces,  
As if his own did bloom could be  
Revered by mortal gaze,  
Nay, lo! he, lovely Violet,  
And that fair flower in pines,  
Long but in the star shall set,  
Long ere its fiery light decrease.

She was the chiefest of the youthful hall,  
The lady of that house and hall,  
For whom the gathered minstrels vied  
To win her prize, and was the fall,  
"Was she for whom those lordly towers,  
Now withering in state decay,  
Were garlanded with flower's glory  
That open to the summer's day,  
And left the sunny gleam of youth  
For that proud home in stranger land,  
And all her heart was devoted to find  
If he had sought a doer's rest,  
When they found lovely for flowers  
Was but the sword's point of the sword!

Why is that life's rarest hours  
Does not so—so brightly bright?  
And when is he, the castle's lord,  
And the sword's point of the sword!  
When gems are met round his board,  
Smiles he with the sword's point of the sword!  
No—with dark love he stands apart  
From all the fairest things,  
And much he seeks to mock his pain,  
That sought not from the crowd to borrow  
One smiling look, the smile of youth,  
Which with the gleam of the sword's point,  
And out upon the burning stage,  
Why that dark eye so sternly bent,  
The sword's point of the sword!  
To learn of his fate its dark intent—  
"Where for along that side blue sea,  
Too deep for mortal eye to scan,  
Mysteriously by heaven is traced  
The way that leads to the sword's point of the sword!  
Why seek it such untrusting gaze,  
But he, the sword's point of the sword!  
Nay, none, save those who knew too well,  
Too lightly the tale to tell.

Much time has passed since that first fate  
When he, the sword's point of the sword!  
And he, the sword's point of the sword!  
And he, the sword's point of the sword!  
And he, the sword's point of the sword!  
And he, the sword's point of the sword!  
And he, the sword's point of the sword!  
And he, the sword's point of the sword!

He turned and gazed upon the bow  
Of his young and smiling face,  
And then he turned the better flow  
Unhindered by fear, unheeded by pride,  
He thought of promise, he thought of love,  
Within her heart of promise true,  
And he, the sword's point of the sword!  
And he, the sword's point of the sword!

And I must climb a day like  
And I must climb a day like  
And I must climb a day like  
And I must climb a day like  
And I must climb a day like  
And I must climb a day like  
And I must climb a day like  
And I must climb a day like

And such was his—no dark his fate,  
By his own deed made doleful.  
He stood upon a balcony  
Where lay the moonbeams red and won,  
Like the low lights of the sun  
And ever glimmered in the sun,  
Beneath him alone the forest glared,  
And some met him as he  
That well-known stair he could not bear,  
It gathered phantoms near,  
That faintly and widely were  
His soul, like white doves or the deep,  
He thought of love, the early love,  
The early love, and beautiful,  
From whom his heart had never parted,  
Though severed by his wayward will,  
Till words rushed forth, that strove to tell  
The tumult of his heart's swell.

"Why did I leave her, when the sword  
Was required and hallowed where  
The eyes of angels read it—now,  
Sooner than cross another's path,  
I thought she loved him—was it  
In a friend and a faithful love,  
And then she died, and he was left  
Followed—why did it tempt my power!  
Sooner than cross another's path,  
Or love, or hatred, in my thought,  
Go down the haggard hunter's track  
When forest winds are fresh at night!  
But for a where now love nor hate  
Nor mortal hope or mortal fear,  
Beyond the warring words of fate,  
And all that mortal mortal ever,  
He thought of love, the early love,  
The early love, and beautiful,  
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## BRIEF SKETCHES.

### NOTICES OF FEMALE CHARACTER.

Mrs. Frances P. Lupton.

To offer a tribute to the memory of departed friends,  
by recording their virtues, is a sublime and transient  
relief to the sorrow occasioned by their death. It is  
as a last, however, a painful and melancholy duty;  
and I would that it had not been born, to speak of  
one, as having passed from the earth, who, while she  
lived, was one of its brightest ornaments. The name  
of Mrs. Lupton is not unknown to fame. As an artist,  
her reputation is extended over many places. Her ac-  
tivation with the pencil was rapid, and her taste exqui-  
site; and whatever her eye beheld most beautiful in  
the works of nature, her hand could transfer in faithful  
colours to her paper. But of her paintings, let others  
speak hereafter. They will remain as monuments to  
her memory, to which posterity will do homage, as to  
those who knew and loved her while living; shall also  
have "gone to the land of silence, to the shadows of  
the dead."

Mrs. Lupton possessed talents of the finest order,  
and she improved them to very great advantage. Her  
inventive genius was equalled only by her industry  
and perseverance, which were continued through the  
whole course of her life. Her love of knowledge, also,  
incited her to much exertion, but never obscured the  
quietness of her heart, and she never allowed her in-  
tellectual properties to cloud the blessed charms in her character.

With the strictest integrity of mind, and the  
most rigid principles of virtue, she united an affability  
of manner, and a cheerfulness of countenance, which  
were almost without number. It was a  
rule which she laid down for herself, never to carry into  
company a gloomy or discontented face. "People had  
no right," she used to say, "to intrude their own indi-  
vidual sorrows and misfortunes on others;" and of her  
practice her friends can bear ample testimony. It was a  
relative will bear ample testimony. Few have been  
called from time into eternity who have left behind them  
a reputation more free from error. The recollection  
of her prodigious and disinterested friend, together with  
her many and various powers of pleasing, exerted in  
every station and relation of life, will be accompanied  
by the melancholy reflection, that they are buried  
with her in the grave. She died while her heart was  
still filled with feelings of affection and benevolence—  
her mind in the full exercise of its best and noblest fac-  
ulties; and who should we mourn that she was not  
her before the "evil days had come, in which she  
should say, I have no plan in them?"

My friend, my friend I would that still  
I could not see her, but I would that still  
That I might not know by the bleeding lot,  
How much my love was worth.  
Oh, I cannot bear that my life should  
Be so lightly and easily given,  
And the golden bowl be broken.

They have made that grave near thy loved retreat,  
A way from the ruin's side,  
Where the first spring flowers shall cover it,  
And thy days to the robin's song.  
I will not walk with thee, but I will  
Not give to the plants thy care,  
For thy pleasant smile, and thy cheerful voice,  
Are as darkness and silence there.

Fall well I know thou wert mortal, too,  
Yet I never thought of them,  
Where the first spring flowers shall cover it,  
In thy hidden destiny.  
Far, far away in the distant scene,  
I place thee, and I place thee,  
For nothing we saw of thy changes in those,  
Nothing that spoke of decay.

My friend, my friend, thou shalt be to my grave,  
Not weary, or worn, or oppressed;  
While the earth was beautiful still to thy eyes,  
And thou shalt be to my grave,  
Oh, never to thy sleep, where the wild flowers grow,  
And the birds sing their matin song.  
I will not walk with thee, but I will  
Not give to the plants thy care,  
For thy pleasant smile, and thy cheerful voice,  
Are as darkness and silence there.

WIT.

As in smooth all the river here is whet,  
So wit is by polished sharpness set.  
The seat of edge direct the officer is seen,  
Both pain and heart when eagerly keen.

There is a grief whose fountains are  
So deep within the human breast,  
That the life has not a finger  
To move its troubled waters to rest—











critique. It has our best wishes, though it must not forget the sugar-candy.

We are gratified to learn that the North American Magazine is thriving under the direction of Mr. Fairfield. There is much interest and merit in the several numbers which have come under our observation. We owe the editor an apology for an oversight on the part of the compositor, who last week omitted credit for the Scene from an unpublished play by Mr. Payne, which we had marked in the copy.

Mr. D. M. Jones, editor, *the Railroad Journal*, has started another useful publication, entitled the "Mechanics Magazine and Register of Inventions and Improvements." It is a go-ahead monthly, and the numbers already given to the world furnish grounds for favourable predictions as to its future success. Mechanics and practical sensible men—people who like roast beef and potatoes better than sweetmeats, pills, and sugar-plums, will resort with pleasure to its pages for illustrations on subjects of the arts and sciences, and a mass of various information applicable thereto. The only fault we have to find with it is its cheapness. The annual subscription of three dollars will not purchase good matter and pay the editors and proprietors as they deserve.

The New England Magazine.—Without disparagement to any other book, we must pronounce this at the head of the American monthlies. It would be a reproach to the country were it not amply sustained. It is humiliating for us to acknowledge the curious fact, frequently charged upon us by foreigners, that we have a sterling work, like the New-England Magazine, less comparatively admired circulation. We can only account for this from the fact, that the Messrs. Buckingham are modest as well as meritorious, and do not push their claims, however superior, as such a desperate and pertinacious opponent would do. The Magazine is distinguished by the high originality and fearless independence—practical opinions generally correct, and always as far as we can judge, disinterested—honest criticisms—wit, humour and eloquence, expressed in good, simple, unaffected English, and no bad poetry, are the characteristics of this volume. The title of the number is *correctly printed*, and the

speaker at his last most notable address on the subject of the "Familiarity of the English Language." The Baltimore, embracing within its fold the important and too often various characters of editor and publisher, has claim to the credit of amusing our American gentlemen of the fancy, with this lively, and, in this part of the world, rather unique effort. We have never been touched with a mania on any of the subjects comprehended within the plan of the Register. We could not tell you, as some folks can, exactly to a quarter of a second, in what time such and such a horse carried a mile, nor recount the monotony of days, hours, or, *à cetera*, as precisely as we can, the generation of men, we can, however, conceive the extent of such other things as the things of a horse, for example, as it stands before us in this plate—a noble creature! Our remembrance Erben's description—

"In truth he was a noble steed,  
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,  
Who looked as though the speed of thought  
Were in his limbs: but he was wild,  
Wild as the wild deer, and untampt,  
With spear and bridle undidled—  
"Twice but a day he had been caught;  
And snorting with erected mane,  
And snuffing fiercely, but in vain,  
In the full foam of wrath and dread,  
To me the desert-born was led."

The horse, indeed, is a noble animal—full of poetry, and the very creature to paint. A dog too—how full of life, expression, and character. There is, in these matters, to be found a great deal of excusable excitement, if not carried too far; and, besides improvement in the breed and treatment of horses is of serious importance, and it is probably promoted, in no inconsiderable degree, by the Turf Register. We regret that too little space prevents our transferring some of its good things to our columns.

The sixth number of the "Classical Family Library," from the never idle press of our old friends the Harpers, is on our table, in the shape of two neat, octodecimo volumes, comprehending a translation of Caesar, by William Duncan, professor of philosophy in the University of Aberdeen. They are accompanied by a biographical sketch of Caesar, and an appropriate engraving by Gamber and Dick. The moral effect of opening to the people such easy sources of valuable knowledge, must be as favourable to national prosperity as to human happiness. Thousands and thousands who, but for them, would go with their thirst unquenched, now drink of the literary trove with which these thriving publishers enrich the country.

Who has not heard of Cobbett! But every one who has not heard that Mr. John Doyle of this city, has republished an old work, from his profitable pen, stereotyped by Conner and Cooke, entitled "Cottages for the Poor," is a person who has not been conversant with the interesting and important subjects of the brewing or distilling trade, the management of the distillery, the management of the brewery and rabbi, and relative to other matters appertaining to the conduct of the affairs of a family. To this list of useful materials are added, instructions concerning the selection, the cutting and the use of the materials, the management of the distillery, the management of the brewery and rabbi, and also for the erection and using the same, after the Virginian manner. To these additions are again added the "Poor man's Friend; or a defense of the rights of those who do the work, and fight the battles." Readers acquainted with the subject of the poor, will find this work a most interesting and useful one, and will find it a most useful and interesting work.

The Traveller and Times newspaper has been purchased by Charles J. R. Fisher, Esq., who is heretofore to be sole editor as well as proprietor. He writes gracefully and easily. Judging from his pieces which have occasionally embellished our own columns, we conclude him to be exceedingly well qualified for his undertaking. His knowledge respecting the various matters to which the paper is devoted, will soon be recognized by its numerous readers. He is said to be particularly *au fait* on all subjects of interest to sportsmen. He has our best and sincerest wishes for his success.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS

The publication of Mr. Thatcher's communication has been un-  
repeatedly postponed until next week.  
The Muncaster Post is declined. We fear there is malice in it, with  
which we do not desire our columns to be seasoned.  
The little poem by N., written on a box of the alphabet for children,  
is not good enough for our columns. It falls off toward the end,  
where the moral is rather the most undignified.  
We often feel a doubt touching the merit of some of our correspond-  
ents' pieces. The Philosopher's Lot, however, is bad, unequivocally.  
X. Y. can have no ear for poetry, or could he ever have written this:

I saw 'neath the forest's romantic shade  
Some cottages in loneliness stood;  
And I anxiously inquired what mortal made  
His home in the unfrequented wood;  
And it was told that a philosopher there,  
Lived free and retired from all worldly care.

Our fair friend from whom we have Ellen Boyle must pardon us for omitting her communication. It partakes too largely of the character of the first article, which not without some reluctance we also declined. Her descriptions are rather verbose and sentimental. She must study simplicity. The young friend, who avails us for not inserting his piece, who calls himself a "Jewer," and says he is "born to blind women," will readily acknowledge the beauty, if not acquiesce in the justice, of the foregoing question:

True, "many a flower," the poet sings,  
Is torn to bluish unseen;  
But you—although you blush—are not  
The flower the poets mean.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE F. MUEHR, THEODORE A. DAY, AND NATHANIEL F. WILHELM.

*Letters from an American Lady*.—We were fully disposed to be exceedingly warm, on observing that the fourteenth number of these letters contained the fair author's valedictory; and not the less so, because the announcement was as little expected as desired. We have, however, thought better of this, and concluded (after expressing our high sense of obligation to the writer) to indulge no feeling more sincere regret, that this series of letters has so soon come to an end. They have embellished our columns, they have added so much to the interest of our readers, that we could not have been otherwise than disappointed to find that the long-continued and the "good measures" of Italy stand in a more fascinating light than they are wont to wear. We doubt not that, since their publication, the privilege of visiting that fair-famed land will rate even higher than before in the words of fashion and taste.

We have received several inquiries, written and verbal, expressive of strong doubt whether these admirable papers are indeed, as they profess to be, from the pen of a lady; and—while we admit the plausibility of the suspicion, on the ground of their masculine energy, clearness, and elegance of composition—we take this occasion to say, that they are “in very deed” what they have been represented. They display a command of language, a depth and maturity of thought, together with a perfect familiarity with classical history, which place their writer on a high elevation among her literary contemporaries. We take leave of her very reluctantly; but we do so with the confident hope that she shall, in some different form, still continue to be favoured with the productions of her pen.

On duty.—The report of a distinguished native writer's intended marriage with the accomplished daughter of a prominent individual at Washington, is without foundation. The gentleman is a confirmed bachelor. We fear his limbs will never be encircled with the graceful chains of Hymen.

It is whispered that an American monthly, recently established, and gradually growing in favor with the public, is about to suffer a severe loss in the withdrawal of its intelligent editor.

Report accuses a great wit and fluent writer, long conspicuous among the editorial fraternity, of a design to establish a daily journal in this city, with the view of opposing an influential politician, whom he has always heretofore supported!

It is said that one of the very first of American poets is about withdrawing from an influential station, and soliciting an appointment abroad. As the office is one of leisure, he contemplates, in case of success, putting the finishing touches to an important poem, long in the course of composition.

Another bard of renown, it is said, has abandoned the muses, and poem nearly completed into the bargain, (a delightful extract from which was some years since given to the world,) and is again in the sugar trade and cotton line," at a high salary!

We are delighted to learn that an accomplished artist and gifted author has been so triumphantly successful in her career, since her arrival, that she has determined to prolong her stay in this country. So the gentleman who is to lead her to the hymeneal altar must wait.

The fashionable circles have been making themselves very merry at the expense of two "military chieftains," of this city, espousers of a certain doctrine favourable to nullification, in consequence of a letter, in private circulation, from a celebrated foreigner who recently travelled through this country, and whose personal contributions are now giving life and spirit to one of the most popular of the British periodicals. As the letter is pretty generally known, there can be no great harm in letting it "find its way" into our columns, at the same time soliciting pardon from the lady to whose politeness we are indebted for its capture.

"I have written to you as a friend, I now address you as a soldier, y, and a responsible one. How does your great soul and little body in-

man and to respect such a Carolinian affair, and what says that worthy man and strict disciplinarian, General —, upon the subject? I trust, I conceive, I implore you, to let Mrs. — a persuasions queen, your martial face, or at least notion then down, so that they may be able to see the error of their ways, and not be misled by her insinuations. Do not get a platoon-shooting. Trust me, colonel and general, there is no field of glory like upon the Battery, where your troops can go through their evolutions in the most cool and masterly style, unaccommoded by that trifling, but still disagreeable inconvenience of a sword. I have no objection to your opening your eyes, and I will, I charge you, your obligatory notes to the Courier and Enquirer. I send me a commission, and I will (prospectively) envelop your seniors in such a blaze of civic, literary, and military glory, that your wives, families, friends, relatives, and acquaintances, will be

**Howard Payne.**—The following is copied from the London Court Journal:—"Whatever may be done in England to show our admiration of native genius—and the Abbotford subscription will afford good test of it—we observe that America is not tardy in rendering homage to the merits of her literary children. The honors lavished on Washington Irving were worthy of him and of his country; and, as a playbill we have just received from New-York, we perceive with pleasure, that a no less profitable, though a different sort of testimony, has been afforded to the talents of Howard Payne."

**Brown University.**—We perceive that the oration before the Franklin Phi. Beta Phi. society of this institution, is to be pronounced by J. G. Ores Colby, Esq. of Massachusetts, and the poem is to be delivered by Willis Gaylord Clarke, Esq. of Philadelphia, at the annual commencement in September next.

**Diary of a Physician.**—James Sheridan Knowles is said to be the author of these admirable papers.

[illegible]

Many speculations and much diversity of opinion have appeared relative to the most eligible sources of supply. The plan of *bursts* gets deep traps through rocks on this island, with the expectation, in pretence, of procuring water of a purer quality than could be obtained by any other means. It is not necessary for me to attempt to put as a substitute for argument, we take occasion to say, that in considering this the greatest bore that ever was attempted to be toyed off on any community professing to be enlightened. We can denounce no scheme more absurd, since it seems to us a self-evident truth, that the water of this island is pure and good. To those a weak and ignorant man, or a dupe to the cunning of others, may place the least confidence in it! Where mutually analyzed, and thoroughly persuaded it will be followed by the unqualified disapprobation of every reflecting individual. We cannot reconcile it to the feelings of justice to expose the error of such a plan.

[illegible]



## THE GONDOLIER.

SARACAROLE—FROM FRA DIAVOLO—ARRANGED BY E. LACY.

Revised verse.—The gon do lier, fond pas sion's slave, Will in his bark each dan - ger brave,

The gon do lier, fond pas sion's slave, Will for his love each dan ger brave,

By joy our senses an re-strain'd! the lips of his fair Let a smile soothe his care, It is still, do.

and weaves with its-dance! From his fair one's bright eyes He a glance but his prize, It is still some thing, some thing gain'd! It is still, it is

Has never to earn the weary loss, And many a lonely night has perished, In fascinating power.—Katie Wray

still, it is still some thing gain'd!

The gondolier, fond passion's slave,  
Will brave the storm the billows brave,  
By sweet love's charms not slain!  
Of his love he never fails,  
He feels her he loves love,  
It is still something, some thing gain'd!  
It is still, it is still.

SALMAGUNDI.  
Poetry and Prose.

A SCRAP.

"Then simple live!" the muse wild  
Has never to earn the weary loss,  
And many a lonely night has perished,  
In fascinating power.—Katie Wray

I am often sensible of a melancholy feeling while thinking of poetry and poets. And yet there is much, very much in these expressive words calculated to excite a cheerful, if not a joyous spirit. Poetry—what is it but a term significant of everything beautiful, and saturated with the lovely and grand in nature and humanity? Poetry—it is not a noble life? and are not those who have won it the happiest of God's children? Yet, it even so. Creation's countless forms of power, the unspeakable splendor of the spirit's visions, the solemn beauty of religion, the meekness of woman's martyrdom, the stern nobility of man's greatness, the sweet loveliness of human love—these, ay all else that is truly colossal and emphatically interesting—in poetry; and we will seek to have quickened the imagination so as to render them susceptible to these impressions.

Why then might of gloom when the eye of contemplation rests upon them, their pure sources of pleasure, and the rich fruits of their labors? It is because they are scattered widely over the world, and are isolated persons. Thousands of their fellow are not partakers at their ethereal fountains, and have only eyes as the dross and shewers, which they despise, evaporated from the ardor of the worldling, absorbed by the barren mists of envy, or conveyed by the icy blasts of selfish and industrial criticism.

Hence we may trace the premature decay of their fame, and understand the fantasy with which the multitude step out of the magic circle of their influence where they were once self-absorbed. I would eagerly meet any intimation inclined to my good judgment at this matter. Far from the

an unnamely sympathy for the puny race, self-styled bards. Their short and lowly flights correspond with their butterfly wings; and to assure that the summer's breeze sweeps them to oblivion, would be as reasonable as to believe that the arms of industry is unable to build the wharf of the sea-well. I would that each and all who have, in any way, by answer, touched the land of song, which borders in their bosoms, were remembered and cherished. It is a wish prompted not only by a sense of justice due in their labors, but by an intelligent interest in human welfare. Let all cultivate a poetic spirit, not for fame, but for improvement. Let it brighten our dull paths and keep alive our torpid feelings. Let it be the harbinger of religion, the powerful resource, the constant companion. Let it be a moral ornament, not prized as a substitute for moral deficiencies, but as a fit accompaniment to the dignity of virtue.

## Rain out of a clear sky.

In a work, "De Vana Humanitas," written after the manner of Hans by Lambertus Tarnay, an elegant scholar of the sixteenth century, we meet with the following pretty story.—When Phaulstus had his robbery out of Italy into the south of Italy he came to the castle of Aquila, and was informed he should know the region he was to inhabit, by the fall of a plentiful shower out of a clear sky. Full of drink and anxiety at this story, and unable to meet with any who could interpret it for him, he, like his disciples, arrived in Italy, but could succeed in occupying no region—no capturing no city. The made him fall to considering the miracle with particularity; upon which he came to the conclusion that he had undertaken a very foolish project, and that the sole means to tell him so, for that a sky should be clear, and yet the rain of a plentiful, were pointed to him a manifest impossibility. Tired out with the anxious thoughts arising from this consideration, he laid his head in the lap of his wife, who had come with him, and took such a draught of sleep as the fumes of wine is indulged with, the other laid. His wife loved him, and so he lay thus tenderly in her lap, kept looking upon his face, till

thinking of the disappointment he had met with, and the pearls he had laid to undergo, she began to weep bitterly, so that the tears fell plentifully upon him and awoke him. He looked up, and seeing those showers out of her eyes, bailed at that the miracle with joy, for his wife's name was Aquila, which signifies "a clear sky," and thus he knew he had arrived at the region where he was to settle. The next night he took Terentium, which was the greatest city of those parts; and he and his posterity reigned in that quarter of Italy, as you may see in Virgil.

## Christianity.

If Christianity were compelled to flee from the masses of the great, the sages of the philosophers, the halls of legislation, so the thought of busy men, we should find her first retreat with women at the bedside; but her last would be the female heart; her last audience would be the children gathered around the knees of the mother; the last confessor, the sweet voice, whispering in silence from her lips; and heard, perhaps, only at the throne of God.

## Destiny.

We are all the playthings of destiny, and it is of less depends on a trifling more than the toss of a ballpoint, whether a man should raise himself to virtue and honors, or sink away in misery and want till he dies.

## A Latin speech.

On the occasion of an actor's benefit, a provincial theatre in England, the actor was exceedingly nervous, so that he was full in terror, so that he had a very ill success. Having in his part to retire five words in Latin, he spoke the following in the most dismal manner.

"O Iam, uolupte!"

Spoken, benedicta quies!"

## Drops.

The greatest drops are those who exhaust an anxious existence in the disappointments and vexations of business, and live miserably and acutely, only to die magnificently rich.

## Eton College.

This institution was founded by Henry the sixth, its object is that of a vast and handsome public building, with a church attached to it; its interior, of a simplicity hardly exceeded by our village schools. Near white walls, wooden benches, covered with the names of the scholars who have studied here, (among which are those of Fox, Canning, and other celebrated names), are all that distinguish the rooms in which the best-born youth of England are educated. According to the rules of the foundation, the king's scholars have nothing day after day but tuition. What could the royal founder propose in himself by this singular law? The library is very handsomely decorated, and contains some magnificent manuscripts.

## LITERARY TRIFLES.

Dear is my first when shadowy night is near;  
But 'tis my second makes up 'tis no dear;  
My whole with decent care my first preserves,  
And thus to be my second well deserves!

Hemans's.

My first denotes my constant place,  
My second what I am to do,  
My whole is useful as a room,  
Where eating's made a trade of!

Schubert's.

The child of present Rome thought it no shame,  
To bid at my first all the day;  
But when Rome's father a farmer looked on,  
My flowery first would give way.  
Rome earned a merchant, who took her to town  
To that eminent son the pillow;  
My first and my second were both thrown aside,  
And she gave all her time to my third!

Spenser's.

What one word in the English language will express misery, in yaff and my wife—Woman.  
Why is the letter a like a military banner?—Because it does not, alas!

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## POPULAR TALES.

### AN EVENT IN THE LIFE OF A DENTIST

BY JAMES HALL.

[illegible]

The stranger, who evidently had some purpose in view in thus watching the motions of the young girl, seemed to be much surprised, and as she lightly tipped away, after depositing of her wares, it was with an air of respect, and some hesitation, that he followed her to the door and gently laid his finger on her shoulder. She turned hastily, and slightly startled; a blush suffused her cheek, but her calm eye met that of the stranger, with a glance that announced the full possession of one accustomed to the world. He paused, as if uncertain whether to proceed; but he was a man not easily to be balked, and, assuming a familiar tone, which his own age, and the youth, as well as the extreme indigence of the person before him seemed to justify, said,

"My pretty girl, how would you please me to sell?"  
 "Nothing more, sir."  
 "Yes do not know how rich you are," continued the stranger,  
 "let me make your fortune by purchasing some of your teeth."  
 The young female recollected that her dress was of the coarsest  
 kind; yet she felt offended at the familiarity of the stranger's man-  
 ner, and she refused the proposition which seemed to be intended as an  
 undressing veil, and was about to pass on, when the stranger added—  
 "I am quiet in earnest, and would most gladly be the purchaser."  
 "Indeed!" replied the girl, "I cannot imagine, sir, why you should  
 wish to purchase my teeth."  
 "If I am willing to give you your own price," said the stranger,  
 "very good business, it is not important for you to know my rea-

The girl looked in the man's face, astonished at the oddness of his proposal. He was a person of respectable appearance, whose prepossessing countenance seemed to assure her, that he would not sport with the feelings of the unfortunate.

"I am in very serious earnest," he repeated, "for two of your lower fore-teeth, I will give you a price far beyond their actual value."

"That you are not jesting I am bound to believe," replied the girl, "since you say so; I am only surprised at the novelty of the offer."

"Perhaps you think it would be more natural to dispose of the whole set together, with yourself into the bargain," said the stranger, looking at her.

To his surprise, the young female made no reply; her unaltered features and calm eye seemed to say that she did not consider herself the fit subject of a jest, and had no reply to make to such ill-timed pleasantry.

The stranger saw his mistake, and regretted his unintentional rudeness. He had touched the feelings of a sensitive heart. "Pardon me," said he, "I meant no offence. To convey you of my

Incidentally, I would like why I wish to make this purchase. I am a dentist, and reside in a neighboring town. A patient of mine, a lady who is wealthy and handsome, but not quite so young as you are, has had the misfortune to lose two of her fore-teeth. It is inconceivable, and will not agree to have them replaced, except from the mouth of a young, *assured, handsome girl*. Such are my instructions. I am sure that you will be able to do this. Your proposals are just the thing, and I am authorized to offer you five hundred dollars for two such as I shall select." The young fellow's surprise had kept her silent when the first board this singular proposal; she smiled when it was seriously persisted in; but at last, when the possibility that she might accept it occurred to her, a cold chill ran through her frame, and pointing out her door to the dentist, she

[illegible]

"There, madam, is a beautiful one; it is ivory, but I cannot vouch that it will retain its colour."

"It would certainly be very unpleasant."

"Oh shocking! I had rather have any thing else said of me, than that I showed false teeth. My poor dear teeth! they were so beautiful."

"Oh, those are beauties! what are they made of?"

"Of the tooth of a hippopotamus."  
 "Of a hippo—what did you say, sir?"  
 "The hippopotamus, ma'am; a great sea monster."

"Oh, horrible! do you suppose, sir, that I would ever have in my mouth the fang of a terrible sea monster, that had crushed shoals of ray, fire fish, in his voracious jaw?"

"Here, ma'am," continued the dentist, very coolly handing over another pair, "are two of the handsomest I have ever seen. Your own were scarcely more beautiful."

"They are real; I took them from the mouth of a negro boy."

"Oh, you inhuman creature! to think of putting the teeth of a negro into the mouth of a lady—that is worse than the hippo—the dreadful sea monster you speak of!"

"Sir, I must be pleased! I ask no favours. I am able to pay for what I set my heart upon."

So they went on; until the conference ended in the lady's issuing the instructions, which we have already heard announced from the lips of the dentist.

Our next portrait shall be that of the heroine. But a few months had passed away, since the brightest star in our constellation of village beauty was Louise Hutchinson. Her form was fine, and no one ever beheld her face without being struck with its beauty. The

grace and loveliness of her appearance were exquisite. The blazoned dignity and sweetness of her manners were unrivalled. Her mind was vigorous and sprightly, her wit playful, and her conversation highly attractive. About all there was a *je ne sais quoi*, an air of charm and grace, which drew the eyes of all who beheld her. Her name was *possessive*. To behold her smile, and not to feel at *peace*, was impossible. Her eye, her chuck, her lip, all seemed to *unite*, as if the stream of feeling which poured from her heart, were to be *distributed* in every feature. Do I dream when I paint her thus? Far from it. Such was Lucretia when I knew her first; when her voice was music, and her look eloquentment; when she was the luminary about whom the *stars* of her acquaintance revolved, and whose smile and frown were the *bolts*. To admire her was the *extremity* of taste; to love her, to pay her homage, was the common fate of the village youth; and no one was properly graduated in the school of fashion, who had not been *consecrated* by her smile, and whose heart was *vanquished* by her fascinations. If such was the effect of her smile, as perceived by the eyes of an unimpassioned observer, who shall describe the *lively* train that was *inspired* on the heart of a devoted admirer, who shall describe the *ecstasy* which his heart felt in the heart of man to converse—unless he be an *anecdotalist*—who shall describe the *ecstasy* and *ecstasy*, and *ecstasy* in such a person, for so bright an object? Not every heart has the capacity to enjoy such a vision, and not every heart has the *power* to enjoy it, and was worthy to enjoy it, and not every heart shall speak, hereafter.

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Louisa had an accepted lover, who was worthy of her affection; and at her knowledge of this, the state of her affairs. He was aware that her father was poor, but not that he was want. He well knew that she had nothing to bestow but herself. He had been absent from the village for several years, in the service of a merchant, at a distant city, and only saw Louisa in the short visits that he was occasionally allowed to make. He too, was indigent, and their earnings depended on the contingency of his becoming established in business. This was another motive inducing Louisa to withdraw from public notice, to conceal her extreme poverty, and to avoid







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tween sovereign powers, then we know of a constitutional indenture of co-partnership, a constitutional deed of conveyance, or a constitutional bill of exchange. But we know what the constitution is; we know what the plainly written fundamental law is; we know what the bond of our union, and the security of our liberties is; and we mean to maintain and defend it in its plain sense and unsophisticated meaning."

Mr. Calhoun advocates the opinion that any state may secede at pleasure; may resist a law, and decide, herself, on its constitutionality; that she is a sovereign power, and may redress her own grievances. If this be the case, of course the "power to redress her grievances, implies the power to make reprisals, to cruise against the property of other states, and to make war upon them." Mr. Webster meets this opinion:

"If, sir, this be our political condition, it is time the people of the United States understood it. Let us look for a moment to the practical consequences of these opinions. One state, holding an embargo law unconstitutional, may declare her opinion, and waiting for the action of Congress, may then be called upon to exercise the same judgment on a law laying duties on imports, may withdraw also. She succeeds. And as in her opinion, money has been taken out of the pockets of her citizens illegally, under process of law, she may demand satisfaction; and if refused, she may take it with a strong hand. The great man has himself pronounced the collections of duties, under existing laws, to be nothing but robbery. He has said that the collection of duties is a robbery, and that the flagrant crimes: And therefore, reprisals, impositions on the commerce of other states, foreign alliances against them, or open war, are all modes of robbery justly open to the discretion and the choice of the people. He has said that the rights of the states, and such satisfaction for her own wrong, in her own way.

"But, sir, a state is a part of my opinion, not only that these laws of impost are constitutional, but that it is the solemn duty of Congress to pass laws to protect the rights of the people, and to preserve and maintain them; its constitutional obligations would be grossly disregarded. She relinquished the power of protection, she has no right to demand that Congress should exercise it. If Congress now refuse to exercise it, Congress does so, she may must, break the condition of her compact, and she will be liable to the same consequences as the violation of the constitution she may threaten to secede also. Virginia may secede, and hold the fortresses in the Chesapeake. The Southern States may secede, and take to their own use the public lands, and the forts on the coast, and the forts on the river, and the forts on the lake, and hold the mouth of the Mississippi. If one state secedes, they may do so—twenty may do so—twenty-three may do so. Sir, the States are not bound to remain in the Union, and the States of the United States! whose will be the army? whose the navy? who will pay the debts? who will feed the public armies? who perform the duties of the public offices? who will execute the laws? who will administer the justice? who will support the district and the territorial courts? who will regulate the public revenue?"

The orator thus expresses his ideas of the consequences of this political doctrine :

"But, say, what practical nullification in South Carolina would be, no to herself, actual and distinct revolution, its necessary tendency must also be to spread revolution, and to break up the constitution, as to all the other states. It strikes a deadly blow at the vital principle of the Union, and it is not for nothing that the Congress of the United States (and Congress is right) and proper, to admit nullification in some states, and yet not expect to see a dismemberment of the entire government, appears to me the wildest illusion, and the most extravagant folly." The gentleman seems not conscious of the directness of the blow, and the certainty of the result. The current of his opinion sweeps him along, he knows not whither. To begin with nullification, with the avowed intent, nevertheless, not to proceed to secession, dismemberment, and general revolution, is as if one were to take the plumes of Niagara, and cry out that he would stop half a mile below the falls, and in doing so, he would save the world. He must go to the bottom of the dark abyss below, were it not that the abyss has no discovered bottom."

The ruminated paragraphs succeed an examination of the laws with which South Carolina deemed it necessary to defend herself against the federal government.

"And now, Mr. President, what is the reason for passing laws like these? What are the oppressions experienced under the union, calling for measures which thus threaten to sever and destroy it? What are the wrongs which have been done to serve as a basis for what long list of rights violated, for wrongs unredressed, is to justify to the country, to posterity, and to the world, this assault upon the free constitution of the United States, this great and glorious work

of our fathers! At this very moment, sir, the whole land smiles in peace, and rejoices in plenty. A general and a high prosperity pervades the country; and, judging by the common standard, by increase of population and wealth; or, judging by the upturn of the thermometer, by the prevalence of the sun and the absence of all desperate measures, this overpresents South Carolina herself.

"Then, happy at home, our country, at the same time, holds high the banner of our institutions, her power, her rapid growth, and her future greatness. But, sir, I am not here to dwell on the good, only, crosses her path: one doubt only exists, to darken the otherwise unclouded brightness of that aspect which she exhibits to the vision, and to the admiration of the world. Need I say, that that doubt is the result of the war between the States? The war, which that doubt is now caused, more than by any thing else, by these very proceedings of South Carolina! Sir, all Europe is, at this moment, in arms, and struggling for the issue of this controversy: those who hate institutions, and those who love them—those who love them, with deep anxiety and shivering fear—

As the speaker advances, he grows more warm and enthusiastic, and the close of his appeal is of deep force and interest. The intelligent mind will not fail to appreciate the reference to the "divine right of kings," &c.

[illegible][illegible]

unreservedly recommend this practice to females in cities, many of whom are not under the necessity of active employment at home, sufficiently to keep the circulation of the blood pure and wholesome, thereby preventing many complaints; and even most distressing affections of disease, consumption, which, through a more buoyant supply of blood, sometimes escape. To such, or to say, I would not commend Mr. Rouleau's riding-school. It needs an earnest, however, to bring it into notice. It has been long established, and is constantly filled with the most respectable of our female citizens. The area has been recently enlarged—a most desirable improvement—and the kind and attentive manners of Mr. Rouleau render him a very safe and agreeable instructor.

**REWARD**—After all the struggling and scheming for the rewards most prized by man, what is most valuable thus gained? What contributes more immediately to happiness? A *bad conscience* is more than a rocky constitution, and *inexpediencies* are more effectually for the enjoyment of every pleasure; but, after that, what other disquietance can a reward bring more ever than health? *Health* is the basis of all our pleasures, the source of all our enjoyments. A *robust mind*, a good reputation, influential friends, wealth, an attractive person, agreeable manners, a peaceful conscience—all these are pleasant to think of, and the conviction that they are in our possession, steadily endures much to the content which inspires a man's heart. But what is the source of this content? It is derived by his friends, in his gown and slippers, and locking his door upon the riotous, brawling world. These things are not to be undervalued by philosophy; *only* good health, and then you have the porture of a king. *Health* is the source of all our pleasures, the source of all our enjoyments. *Health* he wants, how dimly the creature is to be content! His frame cannot alleviate the pains which rack the poor invalid's body. He is forced to avoid the surrounding haunts, which—each place within his reach. The strong spirit is continually trembling and quivering, and the heart is ever on the edge of a great tumult; the hue of health fades from the cheeks, the once round, vigorous limbs become emaciated, and sink under the weight of the frame. Then he pines for sleep; but the downy couch, the ample drapery, and all the costly elegance of his chamber, cannot avail his aching limbs. He is forced to lie on his back at his heart, with his most desirable of all common blessings.

To touch a being, what are the honours of the world? What are its treasures! what are troops of friends? While lying wearily on his hot bed, the more passing time glides heavily over him like an eagle's wing, and he is conscious of the presence of his friends, of their sympathy, approbation, and all the gloomy paraphernalia of a sick-chamber, pangs, pains for a breath of summer air—the fresh winds of woods, lakes, fields and flowers; and nature shines, in his imagination, like a heaven from which is shut out—perhaps for ever. As these dark images throng around him, how valiantly appears the thought of his friends, how does he strive to rise up and say: How he must enjoy the robust lad, who tills the healthy soil as the spring opportune—who breeds ignorant of pain, over the scented, furrowed ground, with birds singing on the fence and hedges around, and streams cooling the grateful air! How worthless must seem to him the life of a man going on his knees to receive his bread of life, and the thought of his friends, how does he strive to rise up and say: How cold water comes gushing and bubbling forth, leaving away dead acid upon its meken bed, and offering an ever sweet and delicious drink to the poor labourer; giving coolness to his forehead, and delight to his lips. What thought the ploughman have none of the elegancies of the sick-chamber? How does he strive to rise up and say: How warm his limbs were so coolly appareled in his palest ritz upon no more than a simple viande, his steps he hailed by his high dignitaries, his name crowned with no praises; what thought his path through life will be

#### LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

### FASHIONABLE EXERCISE.

"Her ruddy cheeks with bright carnation glow,  
More sweetly beaming by her brow of snow,  
The sweetest breeze her languid soul inspires,  
And lights her passive eyes with cheerful fires,  
Each day, the well spent hours new charms employ.

In the subjoined note we recognize the hand of an esteemed female friend, to whom we are grateful for reminding us of a subject

so important, and yet so much disregarded.

GENTLEMEN—Fashion, like a vicious character which occasionally exhibits a gleam of virtue, surprising in itself, beneficial to

chairs, and entirely at variance with its usual bad qualities and eccentricities, has, in some instances, contributed to embellish beauty, and propriety. Glance for a moment retrospectively at the dress of the elegant and comfortable fashion of warm clothing—for boots, for capes, cloaks—and that victory of fashion over vanity, (the display of a pretty foot), inducing her rotaries to wear large, double-soled, thickly-lined shoes! Therefore, Messrs. Editors, I will not *always* condemn fashion. The ladies of our city owe to her consent the delightful recreation of riding on haystack. This is an exercise which is coming more and more in vogue. When used in moderation, it improves the complexion, and gives a certain elegance and grace, at the same time giving an exhilaration and a buoyancy of mind, which no other exercise can afford. I have

[illegible]







## AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE.

AS SUNG BY MISS EMMA OLLINGHAM, WITH THE GRACES INTRODUCED BY JOHN PATTON.

Andantino. *Espressivo*

And ye shall walk in silk at tire, And all her have to spare; Gin ye'll consent to be his bride, Nor think on Don aid maid.

*p* *Scena*

think on Don aid maid. Oh! who buy a gown with a poor hro-ken heart, And what's to me a silk er crown, if from my love I part! And

*Tempo primo.*

ye shall walk in silk at tire, And all her have to spare! Gin ye'll consent to be his bride, Nor think on Don aid maid.

So-I would not walk in silk attire,  
Nor brad wit' gems my hair;  
Gin he whose faith is plied wit' mine,  
Were wrang'd and grieving sair.

From tansy he lov'd me still,  
And still my heart shall prove  
How wert it can thus be faith;  
Which first repaid his love.

I would not walk in silk attire,  
Nor brad wit' gems my hair;  
Gin he whose faith is plied wit' mine,  
Were wrang'd and grieving sair.

## SALMAGUNDE

Spring.  
BY WILLIAM COLLIER CATWELL.

To smile, in the green spring,  
To gaze upon the smiling fields around;  
To sit in the thick'et green,  
While whisper, waters prattle from the ground;  
A thousand odours rise  
Brushing us from blossoms of a thousand dyes.  
Shadowy, and close, and cool,  
The pine and poplar leave their sweet-smelling  
Foster fresh and full,  
Shine, at their feet, the quert-moving brook;  
And the soft herbage scents  
Spread for a place of banquet and of dream.  
Then, who alone art fair,  
And whom alone I love, art far away;  
Unless thy smile be there,  
It makes me sad to see the earth so gay;  
I care not if the train  
Of leaves, and flowers, and sprays go again.

## History of domestic things.

## FOOD

Am an Italian invention, and, in the days of Queen Bess, were a perfect novelty in England. At the close of the sixteenth century, our ancestors, in eating, made free use of their fingers, as the Turkish nobles do at present day. They were, in deed, most moderate at their tables, watering up rich themselves from the filthy condition of their tables, the servant bore a calling "vesting basin," by which he wiped the fragments from the table into a basket, called "a winder." Bess and Elizabeth called this thing—

"I sweep the table with a winder finger."

In Germany, the use of forks was long ridiculed, and more indignantly, actually prohibited against the national custom, "as an insult on Providence not to furnish our meat with our fingers." The use of the fork was ridiculed as a strange affectation for a long time in England, and did not appear to have been much used before the restoration.

D'Archenholz, in his *Traité de l'Anglaiserie*, asserts that an Englishman may be discovered anywhere, if he be observed at table, because he places his fork on the left side of his plate; a Frenchman, by using the fork without the knife; a German, by placing it perpendicularly into his plate; and a Russian, by using it as a toothpick.

## TOBACCOES

Mean to be come with forks, as pointers brothers of the table, and seem to have been borrowed from the mere manners of the stately Venetians. This supposition was authenticated as the favorite ornament of "the complete angler," the Italian, stated Englishman. One of the last sections of Charles the first, when preparing for his execution, was to give away his gold toothpick as a present memorial to some minister on the scaffold.

## COACHES

On their first invention, offered a fruitful source of declamation as an inordinate luxury, particularly to amuse the severity of monkish society. The Spanish biographer of Don Juan of Austria, describing that only used "cars drawn by camels, riding in this manner to court," means that it was found contrary to public order to have two men by the paravents of cars and extra for a meeting of the nobles. The same circumstances occurred in England. When coaches began to be kept by the gentry, or were hired out, a powerful party loudly "their carriage point." Little wonder no longer led on pillars behind their coaches, and pulley and counsel, from their rank, would be no longer covered by water to Westminster-hill, or fig on, with all its gravity, as a poor peddler. Taylor, the water-poet and mild, against an inactive agent, coaches, dedicated to all served with "the world running on wheels." Taylor also wrote a tract, in which he declared "who join an enormous, insolent, and gentry could rise well mounted, and sometimes on foot, gallantly attended with four more have fellows in blue coats," which was a glo-

ry to our nation far greater than forty of these leathery tumblers. It is a doubtful question, whether the devil brought tobacco into England in a coach, for both appeared at the same time." He afterwards complains that where the gentry used formerly to come from ten to a hundred proper serving men, they now made the best shot, and for the sake of their coach and horses, and only "a butler's page, a treading footman, and a still-drinking coachman, a cook, a clerk, a servant, and a butler, who had forced an army of full fellows to the gas-house or prison." This surplus of the manners of the town further observed, that as soon as a man was knighted, his lady was knighted for ever, and could get on any account be sent out in a coach. As the female had been accustomed to submit exercise on foot or on a horseback, they were now forced to substitute a domestic artificial exercise in their coaches. He proceeds—"The more difference in matching their coach-horses than in the management of their rooms and chambers." The water-poet, who he now living, might have acknowledged, that in the changes of time, some trades disappear, others trundle rise up, and in an exchange of modes of industry the nation loses the condition of "this is a trade of coachmakers as the grandest of all the towns."

## TOBACCO

It was thought at the time of its introduction into England, that the nation would be saved by the use of tobacco. Like the other articles, the new imported led innumerable all ranks. "The money men in smoke is made plain," says a writer of that day, who feared that there were more than six thousand houses in the trade of tobacco. James first made an attempt to stop the contraband, in his memorable "conscience bill to tobacco." His majesty vainly endeavored to send his loyal subjects to buying that they were making every kitchen their inward breary, tending and serving him with an immense kind of woe, as both been found in some great tobacco cases, that after their death were opened.

Were we farther to carry on a specimen of this

nature, we should have a copious chapter in view of the opposition to new discoveries. The House, one name of Vindicta in the study of anatomy, he was increasingly persecuted by the public prejudice against dissection of Harvey, in the discovery of the circulation of the blood of Lady W. Montague, in her introduction of the practice of inoculation, and, more recently, that of vaccination—and the ridicule of the attention of eye light, are sufficient evidence that objects of the highest importance in mankind, on their first appearance, were slighted and contemned.

## Commercial industry.

The real lamp of Aladdin is that on the marchant's desk. All the great, wise, clever, and wicked, who people the atmosphere of earth, it puts in motion the strings. It holds palace in the wilderness, and even in the forest, and collects every syllable, and every refinement of history, from the fingers of subsequent toil. Knap of the east are slaves of the lamp; the winds blow, the seas roll, only to work the wheels of its measure.

## Modern de votives.

BY ONE OF OUR LATEST MARSHES.  
To church I went, with good intent,  
To hear Sangrado preach and pray;  
But observed there, black, brown, and fair,  
Turdal signs and signs a different way.  
Miss Pettit's fan, Miss Miffy's pen,  
With powdered hair and dimpled cheek;  
Miss Braggle's eyes, that once made pine  
Of Flipping with his hair so sleek.  
Embroidered gowns, and playhouse trims  
Extranged all hearts from heaven so wide;  
I felt that, in the hands of the ladies,  
Should all be flatter, praise, and pride.  
Now, pray be wile, no prayer shall rise  
To heaven—where hearts are not sincere.  
No church was made for Cupid's shrine;  
Then why those arts of ogling here!  
Some time dressers sigh, when you meet;  
At all such, must claim the artist's seat.  
Leave pride at home, when you come;  
To go to church, let us strip there!

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Vol. X

## AMERICAN LITERATURE.

## THATCHER'S LIVES OF THE INDI

We have received the following reply to some strictures on Mr. Thatcher's Indian Biography, which appeared in our paper a few weeks since, and which we insert very cheerfully, although the gentleman must be aware that controversies of this kind may be very interesting to himself, without being particularly so to the generalities of our readers. Having frankly stated what we thought of the work in question, and given the author an opportunity of replying, we should be willing to let the subject rest here, had he not made a few observations on our part, proper and necessary.

[illegible]

So also, a look may be a mere competition, as almost every human work must necessarily be, yet it would reduce little to the credit of the writer, were he not sometimes to give an opinion, or for some illustration of his own. The author of the Indian Biography has frequently done that; and an appeal to his candour to the general reader, is a sufficient security for the impartiality of his own. He leaves few if any opportunities, nay, he makes opportunities for preventing perpetual apologies for his favours, the avengers, extending or vindicting or lightly passing over their massacres, were he unjust to the most obvious opinions for doing the same friendly office for his country and our benefactors.

But the author is not partial consistently to the work itself; he decides between us, on that ground, and on that alone.\*

The author takes, perhaps, a fair advantage of a rather loose expression in our former article. We stated, that "even Mr. Thatcher *acknowledges* that the first blood shed in the first intercourse of Captain John Smith with the aborigines, was not that of the Indian but the white man." Instead of "acknowledging," it would have been better to have read, *he relates* the fact. It occurs in page fifteen volume first of the Biography, and the murders of Cassen and his companions, are the first recorded in Mr. Thatcher's book. How far recording a fact, without any attempt to invalidate its truth, amounts to an acknowledgment of that fact, must be left to the discretion of the reader.

We decline a more laboured and particular examination of the article which follows, and are perfectly willing, to leave the decision of the controversy to the readers of the work in question, which, notwithstanding the admission may be again quoted in contradiction to our charge of partiality, will well repay their perusal. It is a collection of interesting particulars relating to a very interesting people, the whole supported by history and authentic tradition. It is only the colouring, and the conclusions drawn from them, that we have found fault with. We had no disposition wantonly to swell the reputation, or wound the feelings of any American writer, nor especially one so worthy of respect as Mr. Tatchler, of whom we have nothing to complain, except that we believe he has not done

\* See pp. 50, 32, 128, 161, 168, &c. &c. vol. i. and 36, 48, 111, 112, 116, 163, &c. &c. vol. ii.

to our friendly feelings towards him, but the evident disposition he shows in the article which follows, to take undue advantage of any favorable admissions in his behalf, by making them the basis of a charge of inconsistency on our part.—*Ans. N. Y. Mir.*

50. 牛乳と魚肝油の混合液の性質を調べる。

Boston, March 12, 1853.

GENTLEMEN—In your paper of the second instant, I observe notice of a book entitled 'Indian Biography,' *alias* 'Lives of the Indians,' in which it is my fate, perhaps my misfortune, to be mentioned. I have not time to say more than that, altogether limited to the success of the book, as a book merely. All personal ambition, and especially the ambition of doing justice and declaring truth, and of gaining a reputation accordingly, I do not declaim. I would fain trust that the public will be especially in the subject matter of the volumes alluded to, which is derived from long and laborious investigation, independently of any particular theory or preconception, or reputation,—the interest of a student of the subject, and the interest of the public,—to be a more accurate and a more candid than a more partial and a more narrow land.

This is not then a matter of personal feeling, but a question of fact. Your charges, as such, I do not expect to, but only to the mode in which you support them; and the deductions you make in them and from them, contrary, as I suppose, to both just

[illegible][illegible]

But you bring me case of *Brontë* against me! you call him "the hero of the massacre of Wyoming," &c. and then add that I describe him in some death lists of *equivalent* massacre and *impious* massacre! I have no objection to your making any use of my reference to the text, that you have misinterpreted me in this instance. I cannot distrust any expression in speaking of him as a "hero of the massacre," or as "impious," or as "equivalent" to the massacre; by fighting on the English side, and where the "impious" murderer, you allude to? If you will point out that use, I will at least provide that no *future* editions shall find me blurring the *fact* of his being a hero of the massacre, and I will also be confounding *Brontë* at all;—that matter I shall move thoroughly right; but *Brontë* certainly cannot be said that I vindicate him in any way, cannot fail to be observed by the judicious reader, the reader apparently ignorant an intentional injustice on my part, I judge necessary, perhaps? I was it not motive enough for "denigrating" him, to make him a hero of the massacre, and to make him a *fact* in the war? My plan may be a bad one; but I *cannot* plan and you must have observed that *Brontë* is not the only man who was to make the best of the Indian character—*for* as far as

More distinctly you say, referring to the charge quoted above

[illegible][illegible]

And yet this evidence is all, will you believe me yourselves? This is all. You go on forthwith to pour out upon my devoted head the weight of a whole column of fine print, with the main purpose of which, however, I concur; while I object altogether to the pertinency of their 'unplied' application. I cannot discover, for my life, the meaning of a sentence like this in such a connection:

"In behalf of our worthy, pious, hued, and adventurous sinners, who gave us liberty in the new world, we desire to these associations of Mr. Thatcher. No man has a right, at this day, while contentedly enjoying the blessings of religion, civilization, and liberty, be questioned to him by the tolls, the dangers, and sufferings of these glorious powers, to come forward and brand them with such in-

What conclusions, gentlemen, and what implications do you refer to? Have you not expressed somewhat hastily a proposition derived from a scanty perusal of the facts I have furnished. These facts you admit; you do not charge me with stating falsehoods; nay yet with suppressing the truth. Will you point out their more especially, the conclusions and implications which are to be laid at my door, and also the proofs of their incorrectness? Thus far, you will acknowledge, I believe, that you have dealt only in assertion, and that of the most unqualified kind. "My red men are always right, and my white men always wrong." Show me the instance, gentlemen, in which I have done injustice, or neglected to do justice to either.

But, as if one assertion might be made to prove another, you repeat the allegation in a new colour:

"Mr. T. sides with the Indians in all their wars and transactions."

"Mr. T. Jones said that Indians in all their wars are massacres. He maintains either that the whites were always the aggressors, or that the aggressions of the savages were always justifiable. Such is not, however, the opinion of the early historians of this country. True, they had their partialities for their own people, kindred, colour and faith; but we will put those against Mr. Thatcher's obvious partiality for the savages, and thus the account will be balanced."

I will not stay to remark on the propriety of taking my *obvious* particularly for granted and proved again; or of the intimation that I, *homo*, have no regard for my own people, kindred, colour, and faith, and especially no interest in the honour of my ancestors. Enough that you charge me again here with a positive and gross *impudence*, as running through the whole work, and wholly unqualified by exceptions. Shall it be expected of too to disprove what is not proved? I can only call upon you once more, gentlemen, to give me the opportunity of a fair trial, by, in the first place committing your indictment in *clashes* paper, to paper. Then I will *you* *and*, and the country

"I will say, however, in this place, that your accusation against me of disregarding the opinions of the early historians is a general thing, I do not admit to be just. What apparent consistency is there in this charge, when at the same time, you describe my work as *little else than a compilation* (which it is), of "various historical collections," &c. &c., and that labour of compilation performed too, as you have also the politeness to say "with diligence and success."















## THE PILOT.

A BALLAD, WRITTEN BY THOMAS HAYNES BAILEY, ESQ.—COMPOSED BY S. NELSON.

*Andante con espressione*

Oh, pilot! this a fearful night, There's danger on the deep, I'll come and save thee  
deck with thee, I do not dare to sleep. On down the sail for cries, go down; This is no place for thee, Fear not! but trust in Providence, Where I'll come and save thee.

My father's trifles form I,  
My only brother's hand, were down to join so wild a storm!  
And thou, perhaps, may be my fate,  
But still I say to thee,  
Fear not! but trust in Providence,  
Wherever thou may'st be.

## ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

## The brother's grave.

In the churchyard of one of the loveliest villages of the eastern states there is a low tomb, on either side of which is planted a white and red rose-tree. It is the grave of a lamented youth, and these rose-trees were planted by his sisters, who often come in the calm decline of a summer day to visit the tomb and gather a rose.

Sweet is the hour when nature's self at rest,  
Her power, in full dominion, is confessed;  
But fall the dews o'er every leaf and flower,  
And mid'wing tapers glide the twilight hours.  
On the still air light sounds the evening breeze  
Soft rustling music through the shadowy trees;  
Whilst on the bosom of the bound will take,  
Light vapory clouds reluctant radiant wake,  
And floating onward 'neath the azure sky  
With gold and silver gleams, alternate fly.  
Now glided in towers of glory blue,  
Now basked in beams of gold they came from new.  
Such was the eve it was my chance to stray,  
Where north profound the village church lay;  
And at the base of those ethereal towers  
I lay reclined, and wooed the whispering breeze.  
Calm was the hour, and not a sound arose  
To break the charm of nature's soft repose;  
When from yonder, that rears its spire on high,  
Two female forms with address pace drew nigh.  
Two lovely sisters in robes of snowy white,  
Arm locked in arm, as duty visions bright;  
In lily hands light airy wreaths they brought,  
And fragrant flowers in graceful clusters wrought,  
Where the low tomb their mortal moulders rear,  
With gentle steps the grassy sods appear,  
And quick kneeling, hang the dewy flowers  
On the low urn, all dilled by dewy showers.  
Then, reverent soft, "Oh brother! may the gods  
Tend in these flowery wreaths thy spirit bid  
Thy grief for loss, as soon, as early ead!  
Even to us sweet scenes thy gentle spirit bid!"  
Then from their eyes the crystal morn broke,  
And bright night from crystal beams woke,  
On airy wings the angels passing went  
Caught 'ere I fell, and kissed the holy brow.  
Then they lay level in earth's arms and fled  
From earth's cold arms, and sought his airy bed!

He was a faint sea-farer born to land,  
He gazed around and smiled, his spirit part!  
And here at eve, when nature's calm repose,  
To no rude gaze their sister gentle dawns,  
The milder calm, and twice with dewy dowers  
That still sail out, came to the evening showers.

## Good advice.

Never cut a piece out of a newspaper and you have looked on the other side, where perhaps you may find something more valuable than that which you first intended to appropriate.

Never put up your nose before you have tasted it. I have known gentlemen very much enraged by doing so.

Never burn your fingers if you can help it. People burn their fingers every day, when they might have escaped if they had been careful.

Let no gentleman ever quarrel with a woman. If you are in trouble with her, retreat. If she abuses you, be silent. If she tear your cloak off give her your coat. If she but your rats, how. If she tear your eyes out, fall your way to the door. If she say, "Don't put your foot on the table. True, the millions of corpses do so, but you are not a member of corpses."

If you farm out of a large mixed company, and a different stranger enter the room and take his seat among you, say something to him, for heaven's sake, even although it be only, "Pardon excuse me." Do not let him sit so long unheeded, suffering all the apprehensions and agonies of apprehension without any relief. Ask him how he has been—tell him you know he lived so and so—any thing will do to break the icy stiffness in which every devil follows a man when he returns from their desert beds a new exile.

## People to be satisfied.

One who, even while relating at his request, a brief anecdote, listens to you with undivided impatience, till just as you have reached the point, when he directs his attention to some object out of the window, so that your whole story is lost. If any thing can enhance such rudeness, it is a beguiling story for his listlessness, and entreating you to repeat what you have just related.

Those who thrust their mouths directly into your face whenever they speak to you.

People who halloo your name across the street.

People who address you in company upon your or their private affairs.

People who clip their words so that you can make out the meaning of only half they say.

People who eat oysters.

People who regard local rules of etiquette as of more importance than general character, mind, talents, and intentions; i. e. who suffer their esteem for a stranger to be more diminished at perceiving him eat with a knife instead of a fork, than their respect could be excited on learning that he had performed noble moral actions.

People who judge themselves on being independent, so that if they think there is any reason for doing a thing, will do it instantly to show that they won't be coerced.

People who have wit without restraint and good sense. Having already a reputation, they are ever outwardly by a desperate resolution to maintain it. Their wit is not like a leaf that endures the forest with unperceived writhings, and which displays most eyes sometimes by a gleam at its rich tinge, but rather reveals a poison hidden in the hand, which is always poisoning and poisoning by its very face. The wit of the first is like the stars scattered across the heavens, lighting but not disturbing the beauty of the home; that of the latter is like a pack of strickers, exploding, whizzing and fazing under your nose.

## To a kitten.

Upon you, creature, happy thing,  
How proudly dost thou sit!  
A lovely hand carrying thee,  
With crumple in chine eye,  
Then see'st in ev'ry way to be  
"Poor dear, what a sight!"  
She answers thee to her bosom now,  
Oh cats and dogs I kneel!  
I'm in a corner, and you play,  
While thou enjoy'st such life!  
Don't let me catch thee in my way,  
Or thou shalt never for this!

Oh, lady, bless a hope's prayer!  
And show that cat the doer!  
Most two-legged lovers yield to cats  
A rival thou hast four?  
And how can I'll about the wretch,  
My rage can stand no more.

## The thoughtlessness of human beings.

So great a proportion of our time is occupied by the cares and pleasures of life, that few hours of leisure are allowed us for reflection on the past, or meditation on the future. From the moment we leave our pillow in the morning, we find ourselves involved in a vortex of sympathies. We are asked, and must be clothed—we are thirsty, and must drink—we are hungry, and nature demands food; even after these absolute necessities are supplied, then follows the long train of imaginary wants; we are the slaves of dreams—we aspire to power or paint after fame. We enter with ardor into the world; our memory brings up no more of the past, than can aid us in the present, and anticipation is occupied solely by the light hopes of success or the dark fears of failure.

## Specimens of a new grammar.

Very good people are in the habit of making such remarks into the old style of speaking that I have thought it would not be at unacceptable task to construct an entire new system of grammar. The novelty would attract attention, and would doubtless be approved, and, as our fondlers were wrong in almost every thing, why may we not pronounce them wrong in this?

For instance, the verb in my new grammar should run thus: I give, of course, the present, imperfect, and perfect, or passive participle:

Show, send, move. Arrive, arrive, arrive. Climb, climb, climb. Fight, hit, hit. Frigate, hit, hit. But, bode, bode, bode. Red, red, red. Lay, lay, lay. See, see. Bring, bring, bring. Carry, carry, carry. Climb, climb, climb. Know, know, know. Draw, draw, draw. Dare, dare, dare. Do, do, do. Drink, drink, drink. Fly, fly, fly. Flow, flow, flow. Freeze, freeze, freeze. Know, know, know. Send, send, send.

These are a few improvements which might be appropriately introduced into conversation, and which would obviate the necessity of discussing these differences of opinion observable on the verb which I have before mentioned.

## Definitions.

Meaning—a fish scarce and difficult to catch; he of a most excellent flavor.







Early view of the New York Harbor  
from the Point of View

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Vol. X

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1833.

No. 42.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.

WEEHAWKEN.

To speak of *Wachschwan* to a New-Yorker is to conjure up before him the mind's eye of agreeable associations; and pleasant indeed will it be in his recollection, if he be absent from his native land, to think of the *Wachschwan* as a bird, which, if not the most lovely in the world, the goodnatured reader will pardon him for thinking so. He will remember a *bird* encircled by blue hills, studded with bright islands, and enlivened with vessels of every description; he will remember the *Wachschwan* as a bird, on the winged pleasure-bark that sweeps along like a sea-bird, or the steamboat thundering and plunging on its way, careless of wind and tide. There is here, it is true, no mountain lifting its steep peak to heaven, no volcano, smoking and threatening; but the eye is attracted by the *Wachschwan*, and, contemplating the earth beneath the awe-struck spectator's feet, while clouds of foam float away on the breeze, spanned by the rainbow fallen from the sky; but almost every other charm which can add attraction to the accompanying view is wanting. The *Wachschwan* is supposed to stand on the Jersey shore, about a mile above the Hoboken ferry. It is impossible to confine our eyes to the description alone of those two elevations called the *Wachschwan* and the *Wachschwan*, but to gaze at the *Wachschwan* and the *Wachschwan*, from the moment when he leaves the city ferry till he arrive at the spot represented in the foreground of the engraving is distinguished for a degree of rich romantic and picturesque loveliness, and the *Wachschwan* of the delicious deliriousness of scenery the *Wachschwan* of the Lake.

For the information of distant readers, we are now in haste to print our details that we should have been writing only for the eyes of our fellow-citizens; for although indeed much be the fact that these things are of interest to the world, yet it is the fact that they are of more interest to those who are near the scene of the things than to those who are far from it.

A green swell of land is generally in pleasant afternoon during the summer months, found swarmed with people of every class, among whose always is an agreeable preponderance of women. The scene is a most beautiful one, and the people are of all ages and of all ranks. The scene is a most beautiful one, and the people are of all ages and of all ranks. The scene is a most beautiful one, and the people are of all ages and of all ranks.

From this point a path, which might have wound through Paradise and altered our first useless pursuit, had in hand, along its tempting and fragrant windings, leads on, over the meadow land, to the rocks and trees visible in the front of the picture. This commands a prospect. From elevated banks—overarching woods—vanishing into the distance—where the eye is drawn, and where the heart is ever come ready to the open tract and the low shore—where the water spreads out like a lake, sometimes swollen with the tide, and sometimes sleeping in glassy calmness, or only, at intervals, as some steamiest rushes on the coast, bearing the long bill, heavily and beautifully to the beach. Across this bay, to the north, you see the first of the Westward hills, the first of the great range, the first of the great range of hills that the dwelling ground, consecrated, in the page of history, by the blood of Hamilton. On the brow of the former is the renowned rock, called the Devil's Pulpit. Tradition affirms that his apostolic majesty used to preach from this rock every Friday, to a New-York congregation, until driven away by Dr McFriedy, for his preaching was too good for the people, and too good for the spot towards the low marvellous ocean, which he meant to impart to the haunt of a gang of smugglers, whose interest in circu-

lating stories of this nature is obvious, and who were finally broken up by Dr. McGraw.

The admirer nature may seek this spot as an appropriate shrine on which to offer up her devotions. At all times of the season—at all hours of the day, it cannot fail to stir up in the coldest of our hearts some portion of enthusiasm. In the opening spring, in the balmy summer, in the autumn of the year, the scene is always invested with seducing loveliness. On a still, soft, dewy summer morning, when every object around is at rest, when there is very wind and waters scarcely move—when the sail hangs against the mast, and the river-craft lie along almost imperceptibly, the scene is doubly lovely. The sun is just rising, and the sky seems to most advantage; though probably the sunset hour, with its richer colourings and repose, may exercise over the imagination, an influence more sweet and soothing. At all times, however, the place has been the theme of remark and admiration. The poet and the painter have united their powers to celebrate it, and the artist has been the subject of illustration to pen and pencil.

For more views see to com.

## ORIGINAL TALES

## A GASTRONOMIC TALE.

BY WILLIAM COLE

The qualms or raptures of your blood,  
Rise in proportion to your food ;  
And if you would improve your thought,  
You must be fed as well as taught.—*Prior.*

It was on the wing of a cold, damp, dreary, weary, melancholy, miserable day, towards the latter end of November, when Titus Dooley, Esq. of Connaught, mornosed, stood his cossing-house door, and, in the twinkling of an eye, was surrounded by a throng of the poor of the High, in quest of palatable sustenance. The prospect before him was any thing but alluring. All surrounding associations, animated and unanimated, were so much wretched and wo-begone aspect. The few who were good-looking, plump, and merry, were, for the most part, miserably and childless, while the aged, the infirm, the Maimed House, the Exchange, by the apocryphal light of four o'clock, presented a peculiarity grim and repulsive appearance. The chilly, drizzly atmosphere penetrated to the marrow-bone of the bones, and the very air seemed to breathe to their respective domains, exuding the most unpleasant atmosphere in the "human face divine;" cheeks and noses exchanged their appropriate tints, and many were leaning, inactive, people, whose eyes were turned away from the street, and whose hands were locked intently close. The shopmen sat behind their deserted counters, buried in profound meditation; street minstrels, vocal and instrumental, suspended their unfeeling performances; and the sparrows limbo the "speed of thought" had long since departed, soot trembling, and ruminating doubtless on the "flowery fields and pastures green" of their solitary; while their red-rumped progeny, the "little birds of the air," were, for the most part, the adjacent gin-shops, in impatient expectation of a customer.

\* A coach, sir, a coach!" cried a dozen voices, as Mr. Dodds approached; but he strode onward without deigning a reply, followed by the bitter maledictions of his disappointed fellow-creatures.

[illegible]

Such was the appearance which Mr. Dodds presented to the superficial observer; and such indeed was his real character, as far as it went; but beneath all this placidity and quiescence lurked strong passions—ardent desires—unconquerable longings. It seemed as if all the sharp points of his character had flown off and concentrated themselves under one particular head. The fact is, Mr. Dodds liked his dinner; so much so, indeed, that were I inclined

And bold opinion with Pythagoras.

[illegible][illegible]

© **Titus Dodds** (as has been previously mentioned), was a man in dire circumstances, yet he had not often such for dinner. If any are curious to know the reason, it will be a sufficient reply—treat to the matrimonial portion of the *opéra*—to state that Mr. Dodds was a married man. Mrs Dodds was by no means a condescender to domesticities; she despised it; but still she had a will of her own.







Baltimore.—I am at present, my dear coe, the gentleman in No. 37, at Barron's immense hotel. It is 6 o'clock, P. M. and I have been in an hour, and all the way from Philadelphia and water by steam. Nothing certainly, in the way of travelling, can be more delightful than the rail-road car which brought me from Newcastle to Frenchtown. The distance is sixteen miles, which we accomplished in just an hour, with an even and easy motion, and yet apparently the speed of a horse at full flight. The old fences, trees, and houses went behind us, as that boy says in his letter, "boom-fuf!" Only think, in such a conveyance I could leave you, my

[illegible]

Then there is an *exquis* upon a forgetful man who, in falling overboard, one day, "sunk twice before he recollected that he could swim!" Are not these good looks? Take my advice, and whenever you travel, find some light volume into some one's-still place, where you can get it in the twinkling of an eye. It covers the whole of the subject, and is a most interesting and valuable work. It is a delicious thing it is to dive into the current of some favorite author's imagination—to be borne onward through pleasant scenes, to escape entirely from the annoyances about you, and not to bill time, but to cheer and improve it. But hark! The sea bell rings again, and the ship is in sight. I have not time to say more than that of ten at all times is, as thou art permitted to express thyself, worthy any old woman in the city—but, *hark*: a journey from before daybreak, through a cold rain, and all the way by steam, it is, as Mr. Cox, the admirable C. of the New-York Mirror says, of sailing, to not grave, but to subject to be diverged." So for a

"The deed is done." I have left about one hundred and fifty gentlemen down stairs, over Indian cakes and broiled chickens, and, from their leisurely manner of conveying food to their lips, I conclude that they have no letters to finish to pretty cousins for the morning post \*\*\*

These great hotels, coo, are dreary, dismal places; and they are all falling off in accommodations. The candlesticks on my table now are too filthy to touch, the towels are wet, the carpet is greasy, every thing wears a slovenly aspect, and the beds are unclean.

Washington.—Here I am, at last, in an attic about twelve feet square—one dormant window—"lulled by soft soporifics through the broken pane," and presenting an aspect truly poetic. The town is overflowed with strangers, and I take these accommodations for the sake of quiet.

I read all day in the stage those amusing "Records" by Taylor, and almost forgot where I was going, till about five o'clock, when, looking up, accidentally, I beheld the enormous black dome of the capitol, swollen before me like an inflated balloon, and, in the distance, the city of Washington \*\*\*\*\*

A warm bath, (what a luxury after travelling!) and a radical reformation in my apparel, have altogether recovered me from my fatigue. There is an Evening Session of Congress to-night, and crowds are passing beneath my window. Mr. Grundy is to hold forth. \*\*\*\*\*

My fellow boarders are all members of Congress. There are twelve of them! Now as I resigned to be drowned in politics, I was a little nervous to begin. I was talked of, from here and there, as a Washington politician, however, and much trouble was taken to make me feel at home. The subjects are broad, and as better discussed. It is not as much a jargon about men, as it is a discussion of principles, and, unconsciously, I, who have always stood aloof and uninterested—I, who could never tell what I lived to—then I do not know what the election for charter officers takes place—when I became interested, and caught myself, several times, warm, and rather dogmatical too, on the prevailing topics. “““ That has been very me once Horatio!”

Well, I have seen the rounds. I have been at — and — and —. I have witnessed the funeral of an hon. member of the House of Representatives. I have attended an oratorio and the theatre. I have become acquainted with the Washington gentlemen, and have flirted with the Washington ladies. I have heard the orator, the actor, the actress, the singer, the dancer, and the statesman. I have seen Washington Irving and Mr. Van Buren. I have called on the President—scattered my cards all over the city, and now the excitement of society being already to abate, I am making comparisons between my favourite New-York and Washington, unfavourable to the latter. To be sure, there is the Capitol, but that is only one thing. The city hall is scarcely a thing, and the city streets, of which there are a great many, are quite snug as I walked around it. The theatre is a nothing. The President's house is, as some simple, new-married, country swain once said of continental facility, "good enough, but no such great things as it has been *cracked up* for"—and the houses are so scattered, and wide apart, that, really, making calls might be supposed to require a horse and carriage. I have seen the old, removed awaggers and model of bellies were here, he would leave his chick in his cock, jump into a hack, and say "hang the expense."

They are maintaining many of the streets here, and numbers of Swiss are all day employed in breaking up stones.

It is quite a task to walk from my boarding house up Capitol Hill, and into the Capitol. It is a curious place for a stroll, following the steps of the great men of the world, and the steps of a foreign land. It has neither the simplicity nor the humility of republicanism. It impresses one with an idea of royal splendor; and, although, of course, far inferior in mass, as well as architectural magnificence, to many edifices of the old world, yet, to an unaccustomed eye, it is grand, and justifies its name of a temple. It seems rare, even stately.

Both the interiors and exterior views are full of grandeur, and the rotunda is, beyond all comparison, the most lofty and superb apartment I ever saw. Then it is alive with echeva. Every accidental sound is repeated and magnified, reverberating strange noises, that mingle into mounds and mounds, and fill the air with a noise that is almost deafening. I took so little on the broad floor, and beneath the high ceiling how I should like to have a peep at St. Peter's Church. I think for the time being, I should be cured of every ordinary passion. I should not have you there, con, with those stupendous aunes and those stupendous aunes, and those stupendous aunes would not give it, your eye on Harry for a month, at least.

In ascending the hill towards the Capitol, you are surrounded by no many dazzling surfaces of whiter, that the glare makes your eyes ache. Then the everlasting clink of hammers! I know not for how many years they have kept up this incessant din. I resolved to view the building by moonlight, and went up one night late, when the Capitol was all alone, save for the few watchmen and rain, alone, in the unclouded heavens. Oh, my eyes! the silence, the heavenly splendour of that scene! Do you remember, dear coat, some sweet lines, called forth from an inspired bosom, by this lovely queen of night! Listen, then, and I will write them for you. They dropped from my lips as I gazed on her solitary glory, and I rashly vowed I would tell them to your eyes. Alas! I have forgotten them, but I have not forgotten the scene. It is somewhat familiar to me. Thus I will not forget it. I will

"Sweet moon! if, like Croton's sage,

By any spell my hand could dare  
To make the dick its mate, soon.

And write my thoughts, my wishes th

How many a friend, whose careless eye  
Now wanders o'er that stony sky.

Should smile upon thine orb to meet  
The recollecting hand and greet

The recollections kind and sweet,  
The reveries of fond regret,

The promise never to forget,  
And all my heart and soul would send

To one dear, lov'd, and distant friend."

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ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY.

## BRIEF NOTICES OF EMINENT PERSONS

## Chapman Webster

Was the descendant of Thomas Webster, an inhabitant of Hampton, in the county of Rockingham, and state of New-Hampshire, as early as 1656, and who died 1715, at the age of eighty-seven, and whose son Ebenezer was one of the grantees of Kingston, in 1692, and a settler there soon after.

The subject of this notice was born at Kingston, in 1739. His father was a farmer, and the son, an athletic and high spirited hero, was selected by that renowned soldier, Major Rogers, to make one of his distinguished corps of rangers. Major Rogers was a native of Dunbar, in New Hampshire, and in early life became distinguished in Indian warfare. He was directed by the British government, in 1778, to raise a corps for a winter as well as for a summer campaign. The men were picked out from the most hardy of the sons of New-England, and their deeds of valour, when plainly told, seem a romance. The brother of the major was a captain in his band, and was Putnam, Stark, and others, afterwards of distinction in the Revolutionary war. In the summer of 1776, the British evacuated the country and the rangers fought one hundred and sixty French and eight hundred Indians. There was a great slaughter among the French and Indians, but Rogers was at last obliged to make good his retreat.

Thus he died when scarcely two thirds of his force were slain. The next year he was sent to Crumpton, to destroy the Indian villages, which he effected, but suffered greatly on his return through the Connecticut country which he crossed, into the arms of the Connecticut River. When he returned to his home, he was met by some suspicious afterwards told on Rogers, but probably without foundation, the rangers were held in high regard by their fellow citizens. After the peace of 1783, Mr. Webster took advantage of the peace to visit his friends in the West, and to visit the border towns, which called Salisbury, after a town of the same name in Massachusetts, from whence a majority of the proprietors had come. This town is situated on the Penngwawit and Merrimack rivers, and is a place of some note. Here Mr. Webster resided in clearing a farm, and was engaged in the purchase of land, when a fire-breasted war broke out. It was not forgotten that he had been a ranger, and the eyes of his fellow citizens were turned upon him as a leader in forming their military band. Captain Webster commanded the militia, and he was elected captain of the company. Captain Baum was killed, and his force routed and taken. He returned home to his farm again, and was in private and public notice. He was several times elected a member of the legislature of the State, and he was elected to the office of Speaker of the House in 1791. He was appointed a judge of the court of common pleas, and was on the bench for several years. He was a man of strong sense, fond of reading and well acquainted with American history, and was a member of the New Hampshire. He was a general practitioner of disputed questions, and was a man of great influence on the value of land and all current property, and his opinions were held in the highest respect. His living long enough to see his sons Ezekiel and Daniel among the first of the bar in New Hampshire, and to see them both distinguished by their patriotism, but spoke of his children with the freedom, candour, and forethought that he would have done upon other men's wounds he had suffered. He died at the age of seventy-six, in the year 1800, and was buried in the cemetery of his family. In this world, that his sons are or will be greater than himself. To such, men the country is much indebted: they subdued the wilderness and made it a fruitful field; they defended their hard earnings from the depredations of savages, and to preserve their rights, to fix their abodes, and to establish a government, and to preserve their rights, to fix their posterity; they laboured hard to build churches, schools, houses, and halls of justice, and left a progeny to perpetuate their principles, and to uphold the high destinies of a free people. If they had been less patriotic, less industrious, less virtuous, less faithful to their true republican doctrines, and quite as true in their patriotism as the actors on the great stage of the present day. The forefathers of the land had virtues which should be always kept in remembrance, and their names should be preserved in the grateful hearts of their posterity.

## NOTICES OF PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

## CITY LIBRARY.

EVERY New Yorker, at all interested in the literary reputation of his native city, must experience a feeling of mortification at the exposure recently made, respecting this institution, in a well-written pamphlet. It furnishes a representation of the management and actual condition of the Library, of which a brief outline history, abridged from the address, will not be unacceptable to the reader.

The New York City Library was founded in 1754, and incorporated by royal charter, eighteen years subsequently. Its number of volumes, after an existence of eighty years, now amounts to only slightly more than a hundred thousand. In the eighty years that have elapsed since its incorporation, it has received but one accession of two hundred and fifty annually. We cannot, of course, without shame, that our city, with a population of two hundred and fifty thousand, suffers, for the remark of strangers, and the benefit of her citizens, such inadequate materials for library research. The late Mrs. John Jay, daughter of John Jay, of Boston and Philadelphia, and that she has a smaller public library for the use of one half her name, in any part of the civilized world. The intelligent writer of the address repeats the imputation that this is attributable to an absorbing mercantile spirit, and a want of local pride in the city, and that the cause of this is, in part, the want of a more judiciously employed, say, defects in its organization, and mismanagement. By the original charter, twelve gentlemen were named as trustees, and its affairs have been ostensibly conducted till now by that number, but, in reality, have fallen into the hands of even a more numerous and less judicious body. The trustees have neglected their interests, and so much left voidance, that the value of the shares has fallen, since 1815, from sixty dollars to twenty, and the number of members has decreased nearly one fourth. Besides this, the unwieldy rules and regulations number, much to the perplexity of those who attempt to use the library, and the want of a more judicious selection of reference, except the election of a new board of trustees.

An amusing exemplification of the absurdity of some of these rules has been furnished. A member wished to take two volumes of one work, but was gravely informed that he might take out either the volume which contained the index, or that which had the text, but not both together. It need scarcely be added, that the value of a book of reference is entirely destroyed by such a regulation. Upon another occasion, a member, with a book under his arm, which he had obtained from the librarian, was stopped, *in transitu*.









# THE NEW-YORK MIRROR:

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Vol. X.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1833.

No. 43.

### DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.

Model presented to Lafayette,  
By the TWENTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT of ARTILLERY.

It will be remembered that the centennial anniversary of the birth of Washington was celebrated in this city with every demonstration of respect. On that occasion the corps of the city of New-York, through the zeal of Siles E. Barrows, Esq. procured a relief from George Washington Park Court, Esq. of a very interesting description, viz. the mercure belonging to General Washington, which he pitched on Barchester heights, which accompanied him through the whole of the revolutionary war, and under which Lord Cornwallis was received as a prisoner and a guest. This was consigned to the care of General Morton, who directed Colonel Stevens to pitch it in the Park, with military honours. Accordingly, a detachment of his fine corps of citizen soldiers was ordered on duty. Under this tent, after the ceremonies of the day, the officers of the Twenty-Seventh Regiment assembled, and, as a feeble testimonial of their regard and affection for that pure patriot and distinguished soldier in the cause of freedom, Lafayette, resolved to present him, on the succeeding anniversary of American independence, with a model, embellished with appropriate devices and inscriptions. A model was accordingly prepared, of which we present an accurate engraving by Knoll, done expressly for the Mirror. It is a splendid piece of workmanship, in solid gold, from the mine of North Carolina. It was designed by Mr. T. Brown, and manufactured by Margaret and Brothers. It weighs one hundred and fifty-seven pennyweights. "The richly chased and enameled front," says the Commodore, "is surmounted by an eagle, standing on the northern hemisphere, on which the world America and France are inscribed; a superb and tasteful framework surrounds the device; the American flag and that of the National Guard being displayed with their spangles on each side. These form the base of a shield, surmounted with various implements of war, and crested in the interior with a rich wreath. In the centre of the field, which is in dead gold, are raised models of Washington and Lafayette, remarkably well done. Above is the Roman letter's battle-axe, connecting the wreath with the hemisphere; and beneath is a shield, in which are quartered the stars and stripes, the rising sun, borne on the shield of the state, the city arms, and the initials, N. Y. & A.; the letters N. Y. being on a small shield in the centre. On a scroll, forming the base of the shield, are the following mottoes of the regiment, *PRO PATRIA ET GLORIA*. On the reverse, which is plain burnished gold, is the following inscription, very handsomely engraved: "The National Guard 27th N. Y. & A. to Lafayette. Centennial anniversary of the birth of Washington. New-York, 27th February, 1833."

This model was committed to the care of James Fenimore Cooper, Esq. with suitable commissions, requiring that he would present it in such a manner and at such a time as he should deem most proper. It was also accompanied by the amended letter to the general, written by a committee in behalf of the corps.

General:—The National Guard of the city of New-York, a corps of citizen soldiers, have the honour to present for your acceptance this accompanying model of the testimonies entertained by the sons of liberty in America for the auspicious champion of that sacred cause, and for the illustrious patriot in their nation, and whose suffering exertions in behalf of the oppressed and enslaved of every nation, have rendered his name for ever dear to the hearts of the free. "His memory is dear to the faithful and happy, and, ere, general, your obedient servants,  
L. W. STEVENS, Colonel.  
M. L. SMITH, Lt. Colonel.  
J. M. CATTIN, Major.

To Gen. LAFAYETTE



In reply to the above, the following letters were received, which are now published for the first time.

Paris, November 22, 1832.  
GENERAL:—I did not get the model you entrusted to my care, in time to be delivered to General Lafayette, until the middle of October, in consequence of a long absence from Paris. As my return General Lafayette was out of town, and so unfortunately failed to acquaint myself of the trust until quite lately.

Yesterday I gave a dinner to General Lafayette at my own house, and in the evening we had a meeting of friends, chosen from among the different nations of Europe, of which this city has always in ample representation. It struck me that expedient was the best I could devise to meet your wishes.

In the course of the evening I presented your letter, recollections, &c. with the model, and explained the object of all, in a short address. I have the pleasure to enclose the answer of General Lafayette with this letter. Among the guests were General General Campes, Tag, a distinguished Polish patriot; Lieut. General Sir John Vandenberg, of the British army; Brig. General Wood, Captain Fitch, and several other officers of our own service. All our own officers appeared in uniform, in compliance to the occasion. Several distinguished citizens, and many ladies were witnesses of your intentions. Mr. Beret and Mr. C. Barret, the consuls at Paris and Venice, had great pleasure in attending. Demonstrations of attachment and of adherence to his principles are at all times peculiarly grateful to General Lafayette when coming from America. He considers himself a disciple of our school, and justly believes that he wishes to more for France than can be accomplished by imitation, with such modulations as

prudence would dictate on our institutions. Your own offering has been happily timed, for it struck him at a moment when his remarks are the loudest and most judicious in their attacks. You will permit me to express the satisfaction I have had in being chosen as the organ of your feelings on this occasion. It has given me an opportunity of proving that I do not altogether misrepresent American sentiment, when I affirm its attachment to Lafayette, and may by implication lead to sustain me in what I say of American institutions. This expression may cause you surprise, gentlemen, but I feel persuaded that did the American people rightly understand the doctrines that have been extensively circulated in Europe of late, and under the sanction of their authority, they would issue a rebuke that would fully vindicate their majesty as well as their principles. I have the honour to be, gentlemen, your obedient servant,  
J. FENTIMON COOPER

To Messrs. L. W. STEVENS,  
M. L. SMITH,  
J. M. CATTIN.

Paris, November 22, 1832.  
GENERAL:—The precious specimen of American produce and American industry, which in the name of the National Guard of New-York, and by a unanimous vote the Twenty-Seventh Regiment State Artillery have been pleased to offer to us, American veterans, is a new testimony of that persevering affection of which it has been during our many years of exile the chief delight of my life to be the happy object. The only merit on my part which it does not exceed is to be found in the warmth of my gratitude and the patriotic devotion that binds to the United States the loving heart of an adopted son.

The honour which the gift and devotes of the beautiful model have conferred upon me is still enhanced by its connection with the hundredth anniversary birthday of our great and matchless Washington, of whom it is the most gratifying circumstance of my life to have been the beloved and faithful disciple, in no point more than in his fond hope of a perpetual union between the states of the confederacy—an union which, as has been the cherished object of his last recommendation, the fallen citizens, and the wish of his last breath, so it shall be to the last breath of every one of us who had the happiness to fight and bleed for American independence and freedom.

I beg you, gentlemen, to convey to the kind donors the expression of my profound affectionate gratitude and respect, and to return for yourselves the particular acknowledgments of your most sincere and obliged friend,  
LAFAYETTE

To Colonel L. W. STEVENS,  
Lt. Colonel M. L. SMITH,  
Major J. M. CATTIN.

### SCIENTIFIC SUBJECTS.

#### ARBORICULTURE.

Those of our readers who feel interested in arboriculture, may remember the republication by Messrs. Thorburn and Son, last year, in this city, from the English edition of work entitled in the "Planned" of the "Arboriculture" by Sir Henry Stuart, embracing various information on the subject of raising large trees, the establishment of a nursery, the management of the soil, and the art of grafting, in a volume of the American forest, the knowledge how to transplant the great ornaments of the wood, and the management of their dwellings, is by no means uninteresting; on the contrary, all gentlemen owning seats, and not acquainted with the processes of arboriculture, accomplished by Sir Henry Stuart, and stated in his book, must be gratified to know that their country resembles the same, and with large and unobscured trees, of any size or age, at an expense not exceeding two or three dollars each.

We were favoured with a letter from a gentleman who called on Sir Henry Stuart, at his residence, Atlantic house, a lovely shade, beautified with many practical illustrations of his theory, and who presented him with a copy of the New-York edition of his book. We extract a few paragraphs from his communication.

"I rode from Edinburgh twenty-eight miles, on purpose to see Sir Henry, and his book in hand introduced myself into the fine hall of Atlantic house. He received my message readily. A gentleman from America, The World came up by the servant that Sir Henry was going out just on a journey, but I walked before the trees, he would order a horse to show me his grounds. I replied that I wished particularly to see himself, and would do him the honour to do him mine. This summons, he accepted—a real-looking old gentleman, about sixty-five, of rather a spare habit, and both active and intelligent. On making known the object of my coming, he took me into the drawing-room. I told him how happy I felt in being enabled to pay my respects to him, and particularly to see Sir Henry was Washington's birthday due to every American. He almost embraced me, declaring that he thought Washington one of the most illustrious of men, and that he was glad that the Americans between the two countries were so united. He then, in a very friendly manner, expressed himself proud and surprised that his book should be published in America, the country which he had so long and so deeply interested in his theory. He observed that he had been translated into German and French, but that he thought Washington one of the most extraordinary without mercy. He examined and re-examined the book, and he gave it credit; saying, 'it is a very fine book, in America we could get up on a board a piece of workmanship; endured the plate, the

















## CELEBRATED MARCH.

IN THE POPULAR OPERA OF THE MAGIC FLUTE, BY MOZART, AS PRODUCED AT THE PARK THEATRE, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. MOHR.

We feel indebted to Mr. Horn for his politeness in allowing us to select this beautiful gem from the score. We add the following short notice on the subject, from our musical correspondent.

The march in the *Zauberflöte*, bears the character of sacred music, as it introduces a procession of priests. It may challenge comparison with any similar composition, and, in fact, unrivalled. Handel's dead march in *Samson*, written for a more solemn occasion, is a fine composition, but it is not so expressive. The march in the *Capella de-Mozart*, merely to impress upon his audience, the pensive tranquillity attendant upon priestly functions, and your musical readers will at once recognize the idea. It is, in short, a rich melody finely harmonized, and with delicately which seems to us the attribute of Mozart. If we may be allowed to quote William Gardner, a somewhat eccentric, but able writer on musical subjects, we should say that it is "one of those soul-entrancing combinations of harmony and melody, from which the amateur scarcely knows how to tear himself."

## Andante larghetto a sostenuto.



## SELECTED MISCELLANY.

## Upon the monument's distant head.

BY WILLIAM C. STANT.

Uron the monument's distant head,  
With trackless snow for ever when,  
Where all is still, and cold, and dead,  
Lies slumber the day's departing light.  
But he below whose icy ruckles  
The vale, in summer, bonnie arrayed,  
Wounds full of pain, and floods of blood,  
Are dim with mist and dash, with shade,  
"To thus from warm and kindly bosoms  
And cry, where generous passions burn,  
Behold! the light of life departs,  
But lingers with the cold and stern.

## Pater-nage.

Not long after Benjamin Franklin had commenced editor of the *Philadelphia*, he noticed with commendable freedom the public conduct of one or two influential persons in Philadelphia. This circumstance was regarded by some of his patrons with disapproval, and indeed, one of them to contrary Franklin, the opinion of his friends with regard to it. The doctor listened with patience to the reproach, and being the favour of his friend's company at supper, on an evening which he named; at the same time, and other gentlemen who were dissatisfied with him should answer. The doctor received his guests graciously, his editorial conduct was unexcused, and some severe given. Supper was at last announced, and the guests invited to an evening room. The table was only supplied with two puddings, and a stone pitcher filled with water. All were helped; none could eat but the doctor. He partook freely of the pudding, and urged his friends to do the same; but it was out of the question—they traced and tried in vain. When their host saw the difficulty was unresolvable, he rose and addressed them. "My friends, any one who is not at supper new-dish pudding and water, as I do, needs no man's patronage."—*Hazen's Journal of Philadelphia.*

## Stupidity of sheep.

As a curious illustration of the stupidity of sheep, a person driving a flock of them through a dirty lane in Liverpool, they were met by a mob of young men in the opposite direction. For a little time the whole made a stop; at length one more venture—went then the rest, made a sudden effort, and escaped after the person who drove. All the rest of the flock followed the example of the first, though not their conduct—leaving in power and safety the mob—the mob—bowed to the right or left, they might have got forward without trouble.

## Mittie snooter.

"Tension the bull's shoulder as you were?" "I say, capting, Mike's panning his fire-looker brutally." "Why, dearest Michael Bigelow, you submitted to do such a thing after the hangings of the papers?" "I don't give to the court-martial. You, without baggage on your car-silk, stand back the rear rank—real troops." "Cutting up the deuce don't you put the ranks farther apart?" That are chap's baggage has stuck into Jim's trousers, and I rather guess he won't sit down so slick as he used to." "I say, Mike, don't blow your backer smoke in my face." "Why damn it, how could I help it? Then here fellow shoulders his fire-looker, stick his baggage straddle the rear of my lover, and I rather guess he has any on ya would jerk your head a little one one side, smoo or no smoo. Mike, hand me down my hat." "Can't do it—will let the capting tell us to order arms; won't bring down any fire-look without orders if your head was on the top of it." "That's right, Jim, I say, I say, I say—only after this shoulder your fire-looker perpendicular." "John, you've got a right flash." "You don't say so, Lieutenant." "Why, capting, the wind was too east, and I heard the snorters screeching, so I knew I was having a shower." "Time, when you are down about the." "Why, capting, James snatched my eye with the but of his gun, and I rather guess it's a thirty-one pounder, for it is a snorter here." "Jim, I cannot, just put your nose to take a gun off Tom's neck, and look out how you snorter after this." "Capting, I say, here's an engagement on the right flank." "You don't say so, Lieutenant, what is it?" "Why Parks Lomax and George King fighting the blues." "We'll make a righter parade, and see far play, still tell them to wait till we're done again." "Capting, I say, its error son-and, and the better guess I made, they were all agreeing to law." "Well, I'm agreed. Now get a righter line up, as you grained lightning Right three divisions."—*Norfolk Herald.*

## Jennaker Re-Ries.

I was in the habit, says the author of scenes in Jamaica, almost nightly, of ascending to the dome of more fire-dyes under an inverted glass umbrella on my bedroom table, the light from whose boiler called me to rest without difficulty. They are about the size of a bar, and perfectly harmless. They consist of impalpable dust and I have frequently, whilst travelling, met them in such myriads, but, be the night so dark, and the air so calm, and plain and visible almost as moonlight. The light they cast resembles exactly the light of diamonds, and I have been told that it is no uncommon thing for the creole coquets to insert a few of them, hung in various parts of their dress, just as our ladies and themselves of the dignity at the pass-ge-vel.

## Lines written on a punch-bowl of Spirits.

BY PHILLIP FENNELL.

Within these puddles warm, confined,  
The run rills of human kind;  
The clattering longings, the hoard with  
And more drowsy bannant this rail,  
The reason quench, no words can tame,  
Or ever crowd Pandora's box.  
Within these prison walls repose  
The seeds of many a bloody war;  
The clattering longings, the hoard with  
The fire for fighting, nothing loth;  
The reason quench, no words can tame,  
Or ever crowd Pandora's box.  
Within these prison walls repose  
The seeds of many a bloody war;  
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an ordinary occasion. The men of all ranks are proud of their wife's finery; even the poorest hold in derision all ornaments that are not composed of sterling metal, of which they were careful judges. The money chains of gold or silver, the small bangles for the arms and ankles, the real (some-kind of gold wire, on which is strung a row between two pearls, worn only by married women) the jades (amulets) of silver or gold, often set with precious stones; the many rings for the fingers, thumbs, and toes, form the daily dress of a lady.

## Theatre at Oxford.

At Oxford, there is a theatre, which was built by a bishop three hundred years ago. The iron railing which surrounds it has, instead of pillars, a sort of urns, with the heads of the Roman emperors, a strange fancy, but the effect is not bad. In this theatre—which, as might be expected from an origin, is more like a church—the emperor of Russia, the king of Prussia, and the Prince Regent were made doctors, and were obliged to appear in academic robes. The portraits of all three have since been placed here. The king of England in his coronation robes—an admirable picture by Lawrence, worthy of ancient times—hangs in the centre, in a most splendid frame, on either side of the simple frame and simpler garb hang the emperor of Russia, and the king of Prussia, also by Lawrence.

## LITERARY TRIFLES.

Why is the devil riding on a mouse, like one and the same thing?—*Because it is symmetrical—animal—mouse.*  
Why are you requested to make one word of red-meat and green?—*Understanding.*  
What you put on your stockings, why are you sure to make a mistake?—*Because you must put your foot in.*  
Why in Birmingham London is the champion house in England?—*It was built for a sovereign.*  
From whence proceeds the elevation of a Philadelphia lawyer?—*From the mouth.*  
Why is a gentleman like hay and corn?—*Because they are far-ge.*  
What is the oldest town in America?—*The skeleton.*

"The neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, yet has her fingers and a thumb"—*A plate.*  
What is that which increases the effect by diminishing the cause?—*A pair of eyes.*  
Why is a man like a woman?—*Why is your sister in no way different from you?—Because it is just off the next day.*  
Why I am writing this, I am thinking of something which you are thinking of, what is that thing?—*The answer.*

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### ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY.

#### BRIEF NOTICES OF EMINENT AMERICANS.

##### REMINISCE OF WILLIAM SHALER.

BY SAMUEL L. KNAPP.

WILLIAM SHALER, who died a few weeks since at Havana, was a man of too much merit to pass away with only a slight tribute to his memory. He deserves an ample page in the history of his country. He was born at Bridgeport, in the state of Connecticut, in the year 1773, of a very respectable parent. He had the misfortune to lose his mother when he was only eight years of age, and when about twelve, his father died of apoplexy, leaving the subject of this memoir an orphan child, miserably situated. From this period until he was twenty, he had no instruction but that which he gained incidentally among his associates. The early impressions made on his mind by the precepts of his excellent mother, seemed now to become more vivid, and he began to feel a deep sense of his want of mental cultivation, which induced him to seek about teaching himself. The French revolution had taken place, and he became warmly attached to the cause, and commenced learning the French language, and studying the history of that wonderful people, and he soon read their philosophical works with the same enthusiasm in which many of them were written.

In 1794, then only twenty-one years of age, Mr. Shaler left this country for Europe, and remained abroad in mercantile pursuits for some years. During this time he made great progress in acquiring the languages of modern Europe, having also gained a very good knowledge of Greek and Latin. The writer of this sketch saw a very excellent Greek grammar which Mr. Shaler had compiled for his own use. On one of these voyages before his return to the United States, he translated Malin's Civil History of China, a work which was subsequently published in this country and in England, together with the natural history of the same, by another translator. There are no other versions of the work in our language. On his return to the country, he travelled for several years, and became acquainted with the history, geography and statistics of the United States, and had formed a general acquaintance with many of the most distinguished men in most of the states of the Union. His country was much sought for, for he was ever ready in conversation, and his information was laid up in systematic order. On one of his tours to Washington, Mr. Shaler was introduced to Mr. Madison, a gentleman to whom the country had been indebted for much correct information while he was in foreign countries. At that time it was difficult to get correct information from South America, and it was indispensable that the agent's letters be sent to several parts of that country, and Mr. Madison appointed Mr. Shaler to this mission. He was precisely fitted for the important embassy, for, besides his general information, the Spanish language was very familiar to him, and he had acquired much of every language. He was absent on the mission about four years, and during this time kept our government apprised of all the events in these struggling republics, then unacknowledged by any nation as such. On his return, Mr. Madison sent him to Europe, and attached him to the commission appointed for the purpose of treating with Great Britain for peace. After the treaty was effected, Mr. Madison appointed Mr. Shaler a commissioner to treat of peace with Algiers, and eventually as consul-general to the states of Barbary. No public functionary ever sustained himself better than William Shaler. He kept a precise watch upon the long period of fourteen years, and at the same time raised and maintained the national credit there, and put it upon a footing of respect and dignity, which had never been achieved by any other foreign agent in that barbarous land during some period Great Britain, Spain and France had been continually engaged in quarrels with the Algerine governments. The former, notwithstanding the chastisement of Algiers by Lord Exmouth, was grossly insulted in 1824, and, after maintaining a siege of six months, at an immense expense in equipping and sending out a powerful expedition, consisting of a sixty-gun frigate and a squadron of men-of-war, which might never have been sent, he was involved in a war with those pirates the same year, and was compelled to equip the greatest armament that probably ever sailed from the shores of Europe for their conquest, and the vindictive personal blood of Mr. Shaler was poured out on the battle-field, on the side of other nations, and by those nations themselves. He was called upon frequently to interpose between the day and the European

comrade reading in Algiers. The services he rendered Great Britain were such that Lord Exmouth, in 1818, wrote Mr. Consul Shaler a letter of thanks, offering him a pecuniary compensation also, of a large amount; but this was not accepted, for he had discharged a duty only; one that he thought was morally binding on a high-minded man, though not laid down in any code of international law.

In 1826, Mr. Shaler published his sketches of Algiers. This book was highly complimented by French writers and particularly in the "Revue Encyclopédique" at Paris. This work contains a faithful record of Algerine affairs in 1826, and the services to Mr. Shaler, in showing the superiority of his conduct over that of other agents in Algiers. From these sketches the French learned the best method of attacking the city of Algiers with success, and they followed the directions most minutely. Mr. Shaler's book made all Europe ashamed, that those pirates, so feeble in themselves, should have vexed the Mediterranean sea so long, and exacted tribute from the most powerful nations, while the United States, with an infant navy, had refused to pay them for peace, and repeatedly chastised their insolence. It was so deeply impressed on the minds of our agents among the Barbary powers, that they looked up to the glory awarded to our republic. No agent improved was the king of Naples with the energy and firmness, as well as generosity of the American consul general, that he ordered a reward to be written to him by the prime minister for the services which he had rendered Christendom at large, and his people in particular.

Mr. Shaler received two letters from Governor Clinton, one in 1828, and the other in 1827, of the most complimentary character for his services abroad. In 1819, Mr. Shaler began to reflect that it would be useless in him to think of leaving his land of property more, and asked the president of the United States to appoint him consul to Havana, that he might put by something for his old age. This was agreed to without hesitation, for no other man could step into his shoes for the office.

On his voyage to Cuba he was shipwrecked, and by great exertion got to one of the English West India islands. The governor of the island was acquainted with the services which Mr. Shaler had rendered the British government, and at once ordered a ship to be sent to Havana, to convey him to that city. He was a devoted friend of respect and one deeply felt by the receiver of it. Since he accepted the office he has visited his native land every summer, and enjoyed a rural retreat in his beloved Connecticut, and was making preparations, when the cholera reached Havana, for a visit to us on this coming summer; but he was destined to be a victim to this scourge of the human race.

There was such a modesty about Mr. Shaler, that his merits were not so extensively known as they should have been; but those who had the good fortune to have known him, were of one opinion in the extent of his acquirements.

In 1826, the American Philosophical Society elected him a member, and received from him sound and excellent communications.

In 1828, Princeton College gave him the honorary degree of master of arts, and did himself credit by enrolling him among her graduates.

When the first Literary Convention was held in the city of New-York, in the year 1830, it being made known to that body that Mr. Shaler was in the city, he was forthwith elected a member by them and took his seat, and there was no man among them who had made education so much a subject of thought as he. He had had visited numerous institutions of learning in every part of the world; and had also made deep researches into oriental literature, the mother of all modern knowledge.

In person, Mr. Shaler was above the ordinary height. His countenance was not of great gravity, and fell in with his subject; at times there was something like melancholy in it—something that seemed to say, even to those who knew him well—*that there had been some blow upon his heart*. His voice was deep-toned and mellow; but, at the same time, more flexible than a strong man's. He was not a man of great size, and he was not in his acquaintance with so many languages, and his frequent opportunities to speak them. Mr. Shaler was not only a learned man but a deep reader; he took nothing upon the credit of another that he could not establish all his thoughts, and felt it necessary to subject his investigations. He was not within in his learning. The scholar of this humble tribute to his memory has often been indebted to him for facts that required no small research to obtain, and for opinions that only a mature and vigorous mind could form.

It is not necessary to say many more of his many virtues, which, it may be hoped, have fallen into proper hands to secure his name and his country's honour.

### SELECT ESSAYS.

We preserve the muzzed essay from oblivion, as one of the earliest effusions of a valued correspondent. It was written, many years ago, for a paper entitled the "Literary Gazette," which, through a clerical error, enjoyed but a transitory existence, and is now, probably, in the recollection of but few readers.

### CONTENTMENT.

Yew no, I beseech thee, gentle reader, as thine eye, in search of something fresh and glowing, reaches on the unnumbered word that stands as title to this essay: true it is, that this is no modern theme—true it is, that it has been backed and written upon from time immemorial; yet, notwithstanding, let not, as thou loatest back in the easy-chair, with thy corporeal eye vacantly fixed on the chummy ornaments—let not thy mental optic picture that this will prove like one—

"—a thirde old tale  
Tearing the dull ear of a drowsy man."

but if thou art (as I trust thou art) one of those beings whose external mind, deepening cold, dull probabilities and realities, can properly "munge in itself," imagine that thou art on the point of perusing a new Waverley novel, or one of Irving's beautiful tales, or any thing else equally delectable—with all the pleasurable anticipations which thoughts should call forth—the edge of thy critical conscience taken off, and thy mind, with its delicacy and astuteness pre-disposed, to "read, mark, and inwardly digest."

Contentment is one of a large class of words, to which a vague and unsatisfactory meaning has long been attached; like "happiness," "poetry," &c. it has never been clearly defined though thoroughly understood; it has not been for the lack of pen, ink, and paper, wanted in its service, as it has ever furnished one of the choicest themes for young magazine essayists and maiden poets—a subject that intermeddles not with any of the conflicting passions of society—that disturbs no man's preconceived opinions or prejudices—no alienates the heart, and is not, therefore, on which every author who wished to write without fear of offending, could be so good; so long as man's essay was of a reasonable length, neatly written, and interlarded with a few suitable quotations, such as, "O thou emblem, with placid eye," &c.—so long as man's lines contained the requisite number of syllables, and judged into something like rhyme, they were rendered perfect poetry, and in their own estimation half immortal, by the insertion of their luccubrations in some country magazine. The school-fellows of the one party, and the sentimental embers blue-stocking friends of the other, pronounced them of course to be "not much clever and not much things that had ever been composed," and then, they and their fame passed away. These successes engendered another fry, and, as a subject seldom loses any thing—as it would have been quite impossible to be contented with, bestowing the same degree of praise on their predecessors, the blessings and benefits of contentment, according to measure in their words, and moralists in short jackets, increased in its most amazing degree. The thing became catching; the church and stage lent it a helping hand; the divine took it from the pulpit, and the fine-art character in a play, (generally a little poverty-stricken man in black) frequently took occasion, as he went off, to expatiate in a twelve-line speech or so, on the compressed blessing of contentment and a clear conscience. As 'twill be plain to every reader, these things, they must needs "—oh! heard Heaven—'—with vengeance!—they held it as part of our "—life's end and aim—'—a sovereign pleasure for all the evils of life—as a thing synonymous with happiness—in short, as the *ex par* ultra of human enjoyment, without which nothing could be good, and with which nothing could be ill. But it is not alone some dead in all this amount to why nothing. Words are only words—poetry is not always truth—and declamation is not always sense.

There is perhaps no sounder or more generally acknowledged axiom than that the value of a thing is in proportion to its scarcity, and this may be the great reason why, as we have had occasion to favour in the eyes of the multitude—every one seeing the highest value on what he had not, and indifferent to the price which might be bestowed upon its virtues and effluence, so long as he knew his neighbor to be richer than himself. Thus it is, that this thing, whose intrinsic value (except in a very limited degree) is not worth a cent, has, as a regularly he-praised subject, equalled even Shakespeare's Words, Warren's blacking, or La Fayette. Now I mean to say that as far as the share contentment has in the enjoyment of man's existence, and the happiness of his life, it is not worth a cent, but, enjoying the comforts of his fire-side, it is a good; but, I also say, that taken in any extended sense, it is an evil of the first magnitude.







no satisfaction in permit of their possessing strong claims upon your sympathies, or even your attention, and consequently entertain but little interest in their joys or sorrows. They grow rich and poor, sick and well, without agitating you with their agonies; and when they die and are borne away from the opposite shore, the lack of sympathy and the indifference of the living are not less marked and transitory as the emotions elicited by beholding a drama, or perusing a tale. This is not unnatural, considering our situation. He who dwells in the midst of a crowd of two or three hundred thousand people must, necessarily, lose a portion of his sensitiveness to the feelings of his fellow-creatures. The sympathy which is only a concentration of feeling, accomplished in obedience to a benevolent provision of nature, but for which we could not walk the street, or even read a newspaper, without shrimks and shuddering, sighs and tears. We cannot feel the woes of others as we feel the woes of our friends. We are not so susceptible of sympathy as we know our few happy human beings, in the agonies of shame, guilt, fear and sickness; many utterly blighted in their hopes, and some trembling under the apprehensions of an ignominious death. Scarcely a day passes without presenting to my sight some sorrowful funeral procession, whose dark dreary and unrelieved march is as awful as the funeral of a king. Even now I can never behold such a train without a secret recalling of the soul, and a momentary abandonment to horror, pity, and despair.

Luck upon these things wherein rest the remains of I know not whom, with a trembling heart, and into the carrriages occupied by the mourners with mute but deep and importunate commiseration. The carrriages were full, and the people were so close together, that I could not but get up to pass the lost one in the brightest colours, thereby heightening their anguish; and to busy itself in portraying the appearance of the being thus sent forever from the light of heaven. What a world of virtues and of charities may be closed in this little body! How many noble and generous feelings may be taught me to mourn over some manly form—some father, whose cold lips have now been kissed by orphan lips for the last time;—some slender image of female loveliness—a wife—a daughter, or a penniless child, the light, and ornament, and hope of some family;—some eyes that have been gazed upon with admiration and sympathy—some eyes that have looked the beloved voice—mild the eager and pious out-  
spate. Daily these pass before me, and the sight of a face seen through the carriage window, buried in a handkerchief, convulsed with grief, hidden and lost in tender recollections and brother-love, and the sight of a young man, whose eyes are turned away with proud sorrow from the shoulders, and human feeling re-sent her domination in deep and involuntary awe and compassion. What there would be our lives, but that in the throng of thoughts, places, and adventures in which we are evermore engaged, even pity fades away, and the heart is so full of its own selfishness, that it is selfish, and yet perhaps more selfish contemplation.

[illegible]

### HINTS ON GRAMMAR

THE following essay is but an extract. We are pleased to open our columns to communications on this and similar subjects if they be not discussed in a manner too technical. While the merely imaginative writer should never despair of instructing, the scientific essayist should not deem it beneath him to amuse the reader.

The many errors of the common language of Great Britain and this country, which have been received as incontrovertible truths, are so numerous to a minute or philosophic observer, that 'tis passing strange they have not been amply enumerated, and scouted from our grammatical code. It would be easy though tedious to show how they have crept in and been cherished—but this task will be readily remitted, considering that occasional remarks may

serve as arguments to our readers, and also that many are contented to discover rather what things are erroneous, than how they came to be received and unquestioned.

To commence at the beginning, would be to commence a dissertation on the sounds of languages; for all articulate sounds are common and similar; but this would require more space than the columns of a paper like the *Mirror* can afford.

Being omitted, therefore, for the present, the first topic to be discussed is perhaps that of the articles of grammar. Much has been written on these, from the time of Quintilian to that of Noah Webster: I therefore shrink when I say that much that has been written has been conceived in error; yet so I think.

The nature or use of an article is said to be to show the extent or signification of nouns, or to point them out. What? a word before required to show the signification of a following word, and to be a precursor merely of the king of words! I am so tempted to enlarge here, that I must at once propose a sample *paradise* or *cine* of the different species of words properly distinct.

1. *Nouns* are the names of things having an independent existence.
2. *Adjectives* are the names of the qualities of such things as have an independent existence.
3. *Pronouns* are the substitutes for the nouns.
4. *Definitives* ascertain the quantity and (comprehension or) extent of nouns.
5. *Verbs* contain an assertion or comparative judgment of the mind.
6. *Adverbs* qualify an assertion.

7. *Prepositions* unite nouns or pronouns with regard to their various relations of place and time.
8. *Conjunctions* unite any words to be connected or contrasted by the comparison of union.
9. *Interjections* are modulated sounds of passion, or an emotion of the mind.

Here every class is defined and distinct—from the names of such objects as have a sensible existence in matter, or exist only in the reasonings of the mind—every distinct object of which an idea can be formed. These are arbitrary substitutes for those mental or material objects, words to express their real or supposed qualities, and words to express their given or assigned quantity or magnitude. All knowledge is determined by relation, or the comparison of one with two or more: every species of words must therefore be so many distinct species of relation. At present the relation of quantity or number, and of compass or extent is alone our topic.

The *definitives of grammar* are the *mathematics of nouns*. A difference in two constitutes a difference in class between words; these pronouns are the substitutes for nouns, and undergo more than their variations; but they do not express any relation or quality of these nouns: pronouns are used for nouns, definitives are used with nouns. A nouns are circumscribed to express the quality of nouns, and definitives their quantity;—so far, therefore, as quality is different from quantity, or nature and essence from number and extent, so far is an adnoun from a definitive. Adnouns and definitives are therefore as different as natural and mathematical philosophy;—to class then the science of the properties of things with the science of the properties of words, an extension would be made to the words, as we said the words which express those properties and these extensions. This difference need only be pointed out to be understood and admitted.

The quantity of nouns is considered so far as regards what in logic is termed their kind or class. One of a kind or class, or many individuals, may be the subject of discourse; and that kind may be denoted generally or specially, and these individuals numerically grouped as circumstances require. The kind or class may be so indicated as not to be misunderstood, and yet the individuals of that sort or kind not be exactly ascertained or restricted. Hence two divisions of this class of words, according as the specification is certain or uncertain with regard to the individuals meant.

*Definitives* are either *definite* or *indefinite*. The *definite* not only specify the kind, but the individual or individuals of that kind; the *indefinite* specify the kind or class alone, but do not ascertain the individuals of that kind or class. (The names *definite* and *indefinite* will not be contended for, as they may be called *determinate* or *limited*, on special or particular, *undeterminate*, or general, according as will or caprice determine; but *definite* and *indefinite* are perhaps more appropriate.) Whatever words, therefore, define or express with precision the individual of any sort, are *definitive*, and whatever ascertain the sort only, are *indefinitive*. These are the primary distinctions of definitives, and, in the use of the word, no other arbitrary distinctions are used. A simple enumeration of our definitives may elucidate the subject; and a consideration of some of the words may corroborate our position.

*This, that, and this; all, no or none, and every; each and each, one and such, and all the words of numerical order, such as first, second, third, &c., may properly be termed definites, because both the sort and number are distinctly ascertained—but any, an, or a; either and either; few, some, much, and many; and all those words which denote the numerical quantity, such as one, two, three, &c., may justly be considered indefinites, because they ascertain only the sort or class meant, but do not determine the individuals or precise number. Is not this simple and correct?—but is not this*

classification original also! Is there one word here enumerated that is intended to be used for nouns, and not rather such nouns; and is there a word here that expresses simply quality or property? If not, then are none of them either pronouns or adjectives. Startling, is it not, reader, if you have not previously so considered this:—there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy. The strict principles of grammar—not the arbitrary system of particular words—are the principles of philosophy, and are concordant with those of other sciences: and yet the subject has been considered beneath the notice of philosophers.

Perhaps after a cursory canvass of these words, the only dispute will now be concerning the words *this* and *this* and *that*; also *any* or *an* or *a* and *our*: for very generally after any thing simple is explained, the assent is almost voluntarily given. Then of these

Most of the error of language, (at least of grammar), have originated from the arbitrary use of ellipses of words or clauses in letters. Thus any was formerly derived from the y before a word commencing with a vowel, as any man, any woman, any thing, &c. &c. &c. contemporary with Milton, evidenced throughout their works the use of any becoming an *an*. This ellipsis proceeded further; for as being found that a *anaphora* from the excessiveness of numbers, was a great improvement, *any* was changed into *any*, and *any* was merged before a consonant, as the y had been before a vowel; and what was *any* number, or an number, was converted into *any*. This process was simple, and these words are scarcely ever distinguished by the number of the letter which follows, whether singular or plural, while later custom has restricted *an* or *a* to nouns singular. But to make *an* or *a* appear a corruption of *any*, or *a* as absurd as it is obscure; although this is generally done: for *any* is not only a word, but a word of great use, and is not improperly to the sort only, but more immediately to the number of the sort: *any* is more abstract, but less exclusive — *any* or *a* more points out the animal meant, and may be used generally of all animals, but *any* is more particular, and is more easily distinguished in the former, the number or individual in the latter.

## FASHIONABLE IMPUDENCE.

There is a profound issue in our very nature to pay homage to the conciseness of form and feature: and in the precise ratio of this preference, do we shrink from personal ugliness. The latter quality is the more easily accepted, when it is not the result of a personal conformation;—we have high authority for pronouncing that our first pursuit were perfect in beauty. This authority receives its small support, in my humble judgment, from the fashionable advice to "be contented with your lot," which French genius has recently decorated with the name of *raison*; but, in the case of a person of educated tastes and of a free and liberal mind, the latter is a very different matter from what we created in all things fruitless. It very naturally follows, that what we thus instinctively admire, we wish to possess; and the wish not to be ugly, is so firmly planted in the human breast, that it is almost impossible to resist it. I have seen the beauties of those cases where concision itself awakes nothing; and a man surrounded, by some miracle of nature, into thinking himself ugly; would, by reason of his self to all other things, find otherwise, and would not be able to think not-at-all of which is the "key stone of my argument."

The secret of this matter is personal vanity; no mortal exists without it. Different men have different degrees; and so they have of talent, and temper, and whikere—but they all have it. Every man esteems himself that he is "well proportioned," and few things can be so offensive to him as an assurance of constitutional infirmity. If I valued a man's friendship, I would much rather call him both rash and coward, than tell him he was ugly, very ugly, unfortunately ugly. He would never forgive me while beauty was extant. But this, after all, is an offence that seldom occurs. It is a sort of "murder in the first degree," and so extravagantly heinous that few people are rash enough to brave the consequences of its commission.

[illegible]

The knowing ones may argue as much as they please, and *snoots* will sneeze at this brief dissertation; all will not disprove the simple fact that no one was ever appraised of looking ill *to-day*—no one ever heard a squeaking voice pop up in company, "Ha! how miserably you are looking!" without winking from the bottom of his heart, that the speaker was in Kamehatchi. As often as such a remark is made, the party addressed will feel pained and offended, and as long as the custom is tolerated, it may fairly be said, that ill-breeding and impudence have the high sanction of fashion.





















do that—Duvall—Captain Duvall, for God's sake don't desert as—don't desert us—selected the ears of the young officers in command of the gallery.

"Hasten to me," he shouted—"if mortal man can save you, it shall be done—last, by every thing sacred I swear, I will cut the rope and leave you to your fate, if you throw over me much as a single ball until I have pulled away the gallery—where are you, Edwin?"

"Edwin," shouted the voice, "flourishing his sabre above his head, "at my post, and ready to lay it down."

"Enough," returned the exhausted Duvall hoarsely, for the continued and powerful exertion of his voice struggling for ascendancy over the ferocious of the tempest, and the cries of perishing men, had nearly overcome him, and he allowed himself to sink to a recumbent posture, though he still kept his eyes riveted upon the motions of the crew of the *swow*, among whom a dead silence now reigned. The threat of the young captain had been made in a tone of command and determination equal to the occasion, and after one or two of "don't cut the rope, don't cut," they became silent as we have said, thus manifesting their conviction that the solemn oaths they had heard would not be broken!

"Timothy," said Duvall at length, "you are not unacquainted with the qualities of such a boat as that *swow*—how long will she float, loaded as she is?"

The sergeant opened his mouth in closely examining the *swow*, as well as the darkness and storm would permit, and then turning round he answered with his usual decision, "half an hour."

"And that be enough for our purpose," said Duvall, and he again turned Timothy round, and looked towards the *Jersey* shore for a moment ere he answered briefly as before, "yes."

Again Duvall rose to his feet and seized on his own self, directing Timothy to take command of the gallery in his place, while he remained at his cabineted post.

In this manner they at length reached the shore, where a group of officers high in rank sat on their horses anxiously awaiting their arrival. In fact, another gallery was already manned up to their assistance when they arrived a little before five o'clock in the morning.

The time of march for Trenton was immediately taken up; the troops were divided into two bodies, one division proceeding along the course of the river, while the other, which the communists included, marched on by what is called the "upper road." The rain, which now fell in larger quantities than the snow or hail, from the instant it touched the ground, rendering the roads extremely slippery. Still these unconquerable patriots moved on in a firm and steady tread for a distance of nine miles.

When they were within an hour of the commander of the division, which had marched along the banks of the river, rode up to Washington at full speed. Anxious to hear from them, the messenger was commanded to speak at once.

The general bids me salute your excellency, that our men are only a few minutes distant, and are ordered to march by the river, the rain," the aid saw a cloud gathering upon the brow of Washington, and he hesitated.

"Proceed, sir," ordered a stern looking officer who rode next to the commander-in-chief, raising, however, a heavy frown at the consternation of the latter, before he spoke.

"And that if an attack ensues," went on the aid-de-camp, delivering the remainder of his information, with a down-cast eye, for he saw it was unpleasant, "we can depend upon nothing but the brave."

"Lively," muttered the officer who spoke before.

"That *ren's* General," whispered Timothy Varick to Duvall, "both of whom were within hearing at the time," when a speaker grunted, he generally said a brief something.

"Go back, sir," immediately, cried the commander-in-chief, addressing the aid, with a much higher expression of excitement than he had exhibited, "go back, sir, and tell general Sullivan to go on."

The order was instantly obeyed by the aid. A new spirit was infused into the men by the exertions of the officers, and precisely at eight o'clock, the out-post on the "upper" or *Freemason* road, was driven in by the troops under Washington. An interval of three minutes only elapsed, ere the rattling fire of the other division burst upon their ears.

"John Sullivan has found some dry powder," said the stern-looking general, who had before expressed his dissatisfaction at the intelligence of the messenger of the future.

Instant from the *swow* now ascended to the firing of their friends, and a row was made for the town; the gored which had been first attacked, kept up a scattering fire from behind the fences and bushes as they retreated, but it was unavailing. In a very short time, the defenders of the place were prisoners to the Americans. The first great retreating blow was struck, and liberty recovered from her losses.

Washington was sustaining his men by every means in his power, when the communication related him that the enemy had surrendered. He rejoiced in the change of the battle fell upon his neck, and for the space of a minute, his hands and eyes were raised towards heaven, before he ordered the army to stand by their arms. It was a powerful expression of his deep conviction, whence the victory had come!

\* These anecdotes are facts strictly true. In the first, the identical words of Washington are used.

HISTORY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.—We announced, some months ago, that Mr. Denby was employed on a history of the race and condition of the slaves in this country. This work embraces notices of the painters, sculptors, engravers, draftsmen for the fine and coarse, and architects, who have originated amongst us, or have resided in us. We are pleased to be able to state, that the author has found such ready and frank communication, and such extensive acquaintance with the history of the country, from the times of West and Cooper to the present day.

The work will be published with all the speed consistent with that accuracy which is indispensable, and which the character of the author justifies in its production.

The *LIBRARY REPERTORY*—A small quarto, appearing annually in the principal American cities, supported by the contributions of a number of physicians. It purports to be "a gazette of limes and life, being a library of health and hygiene, and of popular and general medical knowledge, translated familiar to every individual, embracing every subject connected with the prevention, treatment and cure of diseases; the qualities of medicines; their good and ill effects on health; the ingredients of secret or potent medicines; the true principles of eating and drinking; or eating and drinking, the domestic cookery, chemistry, and a great variety of curious, valuable, and interesting knowledge, of the highest importance to all, and hitherto hidden from the mass of mankind. Published monthly, at twelve and a half cents per number, or one dollar twenty-five cents per annum."

The *LIBRARY REPERTORY* is a most valuable work in such matters, recommending rather abstemious or temperate modes of living, moderation in all things, and sufficient exercise. There is a lesson in the old adage,

"I was well; I wished to be better;

I took physic.

And here I lie!"

Yet the "Family Physician" nevertheless gives good advice, and may be, we think, pursued without harm. We take the following from it.

"It is the custom of many persons, in the spring of every year, to go through a course of medicine, whether well or ill. They pay no regard whatever to the indications of nature. They do not wait to be sick; but setting time by the forelock, they take enormous doses, make themselves sick, anticipate pain and suffering, and, in the end, they are obliged to discontinue the use of the medicine, leaving upon themselves lasting injury, by simply not 'letting well alone.'"

"This practice of periodical doctoring, is quite as absurd as was the conduct of the good Mrs. Birch, who regularly whipped her ten children in the winter, for being better in the summer. The parents thought they believed well of ill. She said, however, it kept them in charming order, and made them still as mice all day—though they looked and cried terribly, poor things, during the operation."

"People in the country, and especially farmers, are most addicted to taking what they call *spring physic*. But heaven they do not set with the prodence and good sense which usually guides them in the management of their affairs. They plough in seed-time, and they reap in harvest; they lose cabbage in wet weather, and make hay in dry; barren poultry observe the time and seasons, and attending to each particular thing when it can be done to most advantage. In the operations of farming they pay a due regard to the operations of nature. Not so in relation to the article of health; therein they endeavor to force nature—much as if a man should plant corn in the winter, and expect upon springing corn-beds to see a snow-drift."

SMITHSONIAN, THE ROBERTS OF THE BRIDE.—Notwithstanding an unobscure name, (almost enough of itself to send him to the front of the *Robert's* life for the time being), the following interesting narrative in the usual felicitous manner of Leitch Ritchie, author of "Heath's Pictorial Annual," "Romance of French History," "Turner's Annual," &c. Carey, Lea and Blanchard, publishers. Roberts and such genius (in *domestic* forms) are not recommended into the best circles. Scholars honor not having been at all backward himself in his *corpus* person, in going pretty much where he pleased, will probably make his own way, now that he is published.

THE NORTH AMERICAN NATURAL HISTORY.—The manners, customs, and character of the North American natives, after B. B. Thacher, Esq. author of "Lives of the Indians," respecting which latter work a discussion of some length was carried on in the pages of this journal. The present volume forms the seventh and eighth numbers of the *Red and Green Library*. The work is a thoroughly elegant writer, and imports much interest to his compositions.

CLARENCE IN NATURAL HISTORY, WITH LOCAL COLLECTIONS.—To the pleasing volume, recently from the press of Carey, Lea and Blanchard, are a mass and hints for an angler. It has in it a good deal of matter.

WILLIAM'S NEW-YORK REPERTORY FOR 1833.—The most useful of books for a business man. Not a man "argues yourself unknown." No one should borrow it. Every one should buy. These words are very true and honest and expensive in the getting up, and should not go unexpressed.

YOUNG'S ELEMENTS OF THE DIFFERENTIAL CALCULUS.—An American edition, with notes, very recently printed, has been issued by Carey, Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia. It is revised and corrected by Michael O'Shanessy, a. d.

THE TAILOR'S MAGAZINE.—This is in the royal octavo form, and looks well. It is, in some how or other, really interesting. It will be a good thing, if it appears quarterly, at five dollars per annum. Price 10¢.

COMPLETE WORKS OF THE REV. ROBERT HALL.—The Harpers have issued the third and last volume of this work, and a more valuable one can scarcely be placed in the hands of a serious and reflecting person. It is a work, without resorting to the fashionable agency of high-pressure puff, is quietly making its way by the force of its own merit.

AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—Third number.—For May. This work promises well. It is evidently in the hands of men of sense and talents, and without resorting to the fashionable agency of high-pressure puff, is quietly making its way by the force of its own merit.

NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE.—We have just finished the perusal of the May number of this journal. It is beautifully printed, and throughout really excellent. We have before had no good a magazine. As example is better than precept, so specimens may be better than precept. We take, therefore, two short fables, from the *German* of Lessing.

*Jupiter and the Horse.*

"Father of men and gods!" said the horse, and drew near the throne of Jupiter; "I am considered the most beautiful creature with which thou hast adorned the world, and my vanity leads me to believe it. But you would not some different construction be better for me?"

"And what do you think will be better for you? Speak, I will hear your instructions," and the good god, who laughed, if my legs were higher and more slender; a longer snout neck would be no disadvantage; a broader leg would add to my strength; and even if you should make me taller than your very friends, it might be well to create on me a natural saddle, upon which my benevolent rider might sit."

"Good!" replied Jupiter, "you have patience a moment." This Jupiter, with solemn look, spoke the word of creation—"Let there be a horse, and there shall be a horse, become organized and united!" And suddenly there stood, before the throne, the deformed animal.

The horse saw, and trembled at the frightful spectacle.

"Here are higher and more slender legs," said Jupiter; "here is a longer snout neck, and also, matter, become organized and united!" And suddenly there stood, before the throne, the deformed animal.

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## DARK EYED ONE! DARK EYED ONE—COME HITHER TO ME.

SUNG BY MR. HORN, IN THE OPERA OF THE MAGIC FLUTE.

A Person love song, written by J. R. Planck.—The music adapted from an air danced by Taglioni, in *Auber's ballet of La Dana et la Bayadere*—arranged for the piano-forte, and presented to the New-York Mirror, by an Amateur.

ANDANTE GRADUO

one! eyed come hi ther to me, I'll sing then a song 'neath the  
Dark eyed dark one—

to me, kind heart! The queen of the gar-den, the ru by tipped rose! On her em e rald throne by the ri-vo-let glowe, hi ther, my true-bud, and the proud Out-

blush the gay queen in her own gun daw bow-eel I'll sing a song, and the bur den shall be, Dark eyed dark one! I can for thee.

So laden with sweets is each sigh of the gale, I'm sure my beloved is among the vale,  
Come drink with the tulip and court with the dove,  
I'll sing then a song, and the burden shall be,  
Dark eyed one! dark eyed one!—I laugh for thee.

## SELECTED MISCELLANY

## To-morrow.

OF THE SON. AUGUSTA MORTON

WHEAT'S the grief that dims my eye,  
What's the cause of sorrow  
We turn to weeping to-day  
And say, "we'll smile to-morrow."  
And when from those we love we part,  
From hope we comfort borrow,  
And whisper to our aching heart,  
"We'll meet again to-morrow."  
But when to-morrow comes, 'tis still  
An image of to-day,  
Still tears our bosom dry his fill,  
Still sorrow we chase away,  
And when that to-morrow too is past—  
(A yesterday of sorrow)—  
Hope, smiling, cheats us to the last  
With visions of to-morrow.

## The Bulgarians.

The Bulgarian is handsome, robust, patient, unshorn, and very pious; with primitive manners. The stranger who passes up for the night in a cottage, has the best of everything, and sleeps on the same floor with father and mother, sons and daughters. The women are tall and beautiful—the finest race that I saw in Turkey—with peculiarly small hands and feet. Their costume is elegant, consisting of a striped shirt, which covers without concealing the bust, fastened round the throat with a heavy gold or silver clasp; a short worked petticoat, and embroidered peltas, or a *Poltanese*, confined by a broad ornamental girdle. Their hair is dressed in long braids, and their wrists and waists adorned with gold bracelets and bangles; the poorest have them. Yet these symbols of the Bulgarians are household aids, and are to be seen in the poorest wretched dwelling water.

No peasantry in the world are so well off. The lowest Bulgarian has abundance of every thing.

meat, poultry, eggs, milk, rice, cheese, wine, bread, and clothing, and a warm dwelling, and a horse to ride. It is true he has no newspaper to inflame his passions, nor a knife and fork to eat with, nor a bedstead to lie on, and therefore may be considered by some people an object of pity.—*Shed's Travels.*

## The hypochondriac prince.

Many distinguished persons, from a disease in the imagination, have fallen into strange notions regarding their personal identity and character. In the memoirs of Count de Mazarin, there is an account given of a most singular hypochondriac in the person of the prince of Beaulieu. He once imagined himself to be a hare, and would suffer no hell to be rung in the palace, lest the noise should scare him in the woods. At another time, he feared himself to be a plant, and, as he stood in the garden, waited on being watered. He some time afterwards imagined he was dead, and refused all nourishment, for which, he said, he had no further occasion. This last whim would have proved fatal, if his friends had not contrived to disguise two persons, who were introduced to him as his grandfather and Marshal Lannesburg, and who, after some conversation concerning the shades, invited him to dine with Marshal Turquoise. Our hypochondriac followed these men a collar, prepared for the purpose, when he made a hearty meal. While this turn of his disorder prevailed, he always dined in the cellar with some noble guest. It is some what remarkable that this strange illness did not incapacitate him for business, especially where his immediate interests were concerned. Hypochondriacs are doubtless produced, in a great measure, from deep study, or from an artificial mode of living, and a want of proper air and exercise. We seldom hear of a ploughman, or an uneducated country fellow into that diseased state of the imagination, and considering themselves hares, vegetables, plants, or disembodied spirits.

## Pergamenes

Is the finding of something lost.—*Skinner.*

## From Hymns of Reverie.

(4th version.)

TOL.

Laden with one grain of sand, tide equal  
To the camel that bears his heavy load.

REVERIE.

The wisdom of experience is not wrought  
Upon my brow, but its despondence  
Has stolen into my heart.

LITTON.

The goblet of silence when 'tis quafed,  
Can ne'er again be filled.

CLERK.

So magnificent, grand  
Their shape, they scorned the portico to heaven.

WORTON.

My soul has known no rest within her cage,  
But, perchance, dashed herself against its bars,  
As freedom-loving bird, and oft a croon,  
With bloody neck, it fell.

AUCH.

An hour! on the still dial it has traced its course  
By shade, and in the vigorous meridian.  
Has ticked away—effort can't hour has need  
I shall sit with my steam, and one hour more  
My heart has shrunk and faded low the grave

STEAM.

SARRETT.

The current-pigeon, says Dr. Lardner, can fly twenty-five miles an hour; the velocity of a moderate gale of wind is, at most, at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour; steam carriages have been made to run on common roads forty miles an hour.

## Painters and authors.

Alan Canningham observes, that "the least painter never felt further from the Milton and Shakespeare in expressing their sentiments, than the ablest writer falls below the noblest painting in explaining it."

## Lubbers.

Southey in his naval history, mentions that naval war, since the invention of gunpowder, has affected lubbers. After a great naval action, Southey says that those on the adjacent coast are found to have lost their civility, and for a while they forsake those parts.

## Parliamentary differences.

"The only difference between O'Connell and Gully is parliament, and Gully is parliament," said a wag, "is that Gully is a *Proser*, and O'Connell is a *Re-painter*."—*London Literary Gazette.*

The following sentimental and characteristic passages are from some of Mr. Hackett's performances.

"I run out with any man in the United States, and give him half an hour's rest."

"Pundit! I pulled a speech in sink those six months."

"I have had a speech in sink those six months."

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FOUR DOLLARS PER ANN.)

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No. 48

### SELECT MORAL TALES.

## THE DIVORCED

BY MAIL, EDNA C. BRIGGS

From the Ladies' Magazine.

I WAS very young when I first saw Mrs. Walmerton, but I recollect perfectly well how much I was struck with the calm, clear, full tones of her voice. It was indeed music, but music so monotonous and so melancholy, that, like the voice of Coleridge's *Estlin*,

<sup>22</sup> Even in its mischievous mood,  
It made me wish to steal away and weep."

Several years afterwards I spent some weeks in the desert, where she resided, and though not so well versed in human nature, I thought I could discern under her calm exterior the traces of strong and varied passions. Her features, her eyes, her hair, her hand and arm that might have been the model for a sculptor. Her face was chiefly remarkable for the extreme paleness of its countenance, and the expression of the eyes indicated a mind that was not less so for those large, black, lustrous eyes, that might have seemed to be chiselled from the marble, so snowy, so unchangeably white was that the lips, and cheek, and brow. Her dominion was always calm and serene, and her smile was the smile of heaven, and her voice, when her associates, had ever marked the faintest shadow of emotion upon her faint countenance. Her tranquillity seemed unusual. Too deep to be easily to rouse, and too calm to be easily to soothe, she seemed to be naturally serene, like the silence which follows the fall of the last rush of the hurricane—the silence of desolation. Her skill in music was unrivalled, and I well remember her wondrous and almost supernatural power of playing the piano, and the organ, and the harpsichord in a hall, vast desert, her dark hair parted on her marble brow, and her soul, bloodless-looking beauty, drawing forth strains of music that thrilled every heart. But when she sang, and when those melodious lips every time uttered a note, and when the soul in hymn, "the effect was such as never could be forgotten."

I have since seen her in her coffin, and excepting that the bright eyes were closed, and the pale cheeks were cold, and the hair was in her countenance. Its pallid hue, its calm expression was the same, and it seemed as if death himself had been unable to work her features.

I remember once reading in a volume of fairy tales the story of a young prince, who, after receiving every good gift from the heavens and good spirits, found that all rendered useless to the one apparently unattainable goal of his life, namely, on his death, to be remembered by many of our everyday associates. Would furnish an apt illustration of this allegory. How often do we see the blossoming of the youth and beauty and genius rendered valueless to their possessor by the very fact that they are so common to the masses that they are of no mental good quality. Perhaps there never was a sinner angrier at himself than the case of Clara Willernott. Endowed with a fine person and rare genius, inheriting immense wealth from her father, and being the only child, she was the object of the devotion of all who knew her; by herself, it needed no great skill in vaticination to prophesy for her a brilliant destiny. But to be van the fairest flowers of life blossomed in her path — the trial of the spirit was over even still — and when the time came, she was found to have been a victim of the same old temptation. Among all the beautiful gifts of nature and fortune, one thing only had been neglected. Temper was the one evil endowment which accompanied the blessings that had fallen to her lot, and this was the cause of her ruin. Her father, who had been a miser, had fancy her pawns had been warrenly voraciously, and her timid parents, terrified at the sight of her fragile little form, convulsed with grief, had shrunk from the task of subduing those passions, until she had become a victim of the same old temptation. The result was the decrees of justice, of course, compelled her to check the ebullitions of a temper which she could not govern—but the evil was concealed, not destroyed; and, however refined and elegant her manners, she was still a victim of the same old temptation. Her face was a shining light in her eyes, which told of feelings very unlike the gentleness of woman. Those who looked upon her in her earlier life when she exhibited only the immobility of the statue, were afterwards surprised to find that the same face was its ever varying expression. Possessing a highly cultivated mind, and unrivaled skill in music, it was delighted to watch her fine countenance when engaged in intellectual converse, or, when she was playing the piano, to see her face assume the expression of intense and unimpeded the most exquisite music that ever thrilled sensitive hearer. The dazzling bright eyes, the ever varying complexion, the quick vibration of the delicately arched brows, the rapid movement of the lips, all combined to form a face that was the picture of the most exquisite of all styles of beauty, the beauty of exaltation. But the vicissitudes of the changes which passed over her face was a faint symbol of the violence of her feelings. Every emotion was expressed on her face, and she was the object of the admiration from which all reviled, for she exacted all the demonstrations of the most ardent love; her diathesis was perfect hatred; and her love was a passion that could not be satisfied, and she was the victim of the same old temptation. Her face was a shining light in her eyes, which told of feelings very unlike the gentleness of woman. Those who looked upon her in her earlier life when she exhibited only the immobility of the statue, were afterwards surprised to find that the same face was its ever varying expression. Possessing a highly cultivated mind, and unrivaled skill in music, it was delighted to watch her fine countenance when engaged in intellectual converse, or, when she was playing the piano, to see her face assume the expression of intense and unimpeded the most exquisite music that ever thrilled sensitive hearer. The dazzling bright eyes, the ever varying complexion, the quick vibration of the delicately arched brows, the rapid movement of the lips, all combined to form a face that was the picture of the most exquisite of all styles of beauty, the beauty of exaltation. But the vicissitudes of the changes which passed over her face was a faint symbol of the violence of her feelings. Every emotion was expressed on her face, and she was the object of the admiration from which all reviled, for she exacted all the demonstrations of the most ardent love; her diathesis was perfect hatred; and her love was a passion that could not be satisfied, and she was the victim of the same old temptation.

[illegible]

Had Clara Wren allowed herself to be directed by the dictates of her clear judging mind, she would have eventually been happy, like her mother, in the arms of a true lover. But she was not. The thousand little diversities of character, which render the first years of married life always a period of probation, were her occasions of uncontrollable anger or ungovernable anger. Contrary to her mother's example, she was not a woman of stern reserve was cold. The fatigue of business, the cares of wealth, the reaction of an over-exalted spirit, all in turn occasionally showed her the faults of her husband, and she would have contributed the gloom which she sometimes manifested in his countenance to his diminished regard for herself. This was another error which often makes shipwreck of a woman's peace. Her thoughts, contrary to her mother's, were not so much directed to the duties of a wife as to the duties of a woman. Her sense of her very station in society prevented her husband from yielding himself so entirely to the influence of the gentler feelings. Love is the whole of a woman's life, and she is not content with the love of her husband in all the characters love is the leading motive of all her actions; and with men it is very different; affection, even with his boldest attributes, is to him but as an interlude between the acts of a busy, self-regarding man. Clara was not a woman who could not believe herself to be the sole object of his thoughts, the sole cause of his anxieties. It is a miserably mistaken, because it almost always is, to attribute to a course of conduct which is sure to produce the most evil results.

It was impossible to meet Mrs. Winterson in society, gifted as she was beyond her sex, and not admire her; it was equally impossible to know her in private life, and yet to be without a heart drawn out to her. For years with tenderness over every living creature, she yet deprived herself of every hope long beloved, by that unrequitable tender which terrified her ordinary associates, and even repelled her dearest friends. Mrs. Winterson was a woman of a very high order of mind, and she was frequently thus misled. The strength of her principles were a pure defence against vice; but unfortunately the gay world offers too many attractive modes of dissipating time to him who finds at his own disposal a mind and a heart so susceptible of being so long striving to win him back by gentleness—and when did such means ever fail of meeting their own reward?—Clara met him only with her higher recollections and passionate tears. Poets may talk as they will of tears being a woman's strongest weapon; she may find them the most successful in the hands of a hypocrite, but in the hands of resistance, and whether her opponent be a lover or a husband, will soon learn how easily such weapons may be failed. The quiet, half-connec-ted tear of a gentle, devoted woman may do much, the more so when it is accompanied by the smile of resignation. In a little time Clara found her husband's affections entirely alienated from her. Restless and unhappy, he plunged into the vortex of fashionable life, with his breeding expensiveness that spoke of a gentleman, and his dissipation that spoke of a man of fortune. He was a man of great talents, and of great energy, but he was a man of no strength of volition, no power of self-control, and no

Such a state of things could not last long without some fearful revolt. It was on the third anniversary of their marriage, a day which, notwithstanding their increasing unhappiness, they celebrated with a small party of friends, that the evil reached its climax. At the supper-table some slight difference of opinion occurred, and Clara, yielding to the impulse of her temper, gave utterance to some of those keen and biting sarcasms which are the more severe for being veiled in the most elegant and polite language. Wilmerston was not much for her at such weapons. Like the heavy sword of Richard Cœur de Lion, so finely described in the Talmien, which could cut through a bar of iron at a single stroke, his mind could master any thing that might be overcome by mere strength, while

her wit was like the fine-tempered cimeter of the Saracen king, which could divide the yielding and pliable down cushion, even though it offered no resistance to the blow. Strung by her remarks, Wilmerton could not forbear renewing the conversation after the departure of the party. The greater part of the night was consumed in violent altercation, and the next evening saw him on board a ship bound for France.

The frantic grief and anger of the unhappy with knew no bounds. Her very love for him increased the vehemence of her rage at his desertion; and when, weak after week, month after month passed, and no letter, no evidence of remembered regard reached her, maddened by her furious passions, she applied to the courts of law for a decree of her nullity, and was signing the order of her heart during the process of her suit. Many a reader has shuddered at the thought of a woman so thoughtless of the still devoted husband, whose she was now caring for her ever; but mistaken pride and indignation assailed her against the suggestions of her better feelings. "He shall not return," she said to herself, "he shall not, when wearied with the follies of the world, return to his deserted wife, and find her tamely submitting to be reconciled whenever he may condescend to claim her duty."

[illegible]

Clara knew nothing of the particulars of the marriage, and if she had, they would have afforded her no consolation. One only thought was present with her—she had cast from her a precious treasure, and that treasure now graced the cabinet of another. The anguish was more than she could bear. Her spirit wretched in vain with this most mortal agony until reason perished in her citadel, and the unfortunate Clara became a victim, ravine.

For five years I languished in the loneliness of a mother's cell. At one time quiet and melancholy in her madhouse, but at others dragging like a tigress maddened by her whips. Sheekins fell upon her and she would have killed him, but he was too strong for her. When she had gradually recovered, her mind seemed to return, and before the crisis of her disease was past, her eyes again shone with the light of intellect. She recovered; but when she arose from her bed of sickness, even they who had watched her in her hours of madness and delirium gazed upon her with awe and wonder. Every trace of the former disease had disappeared, and she was as vigorous and cheerful as I have before described it, pale, and wasted. Her face was never thus; her hair was the slightest shadow of emotion seen to cross that marble countenance. One more scene in her life is to be remembered. It happened one night at a splendid party, given by one of the nobles of the city. She was there, and she was the first to arrive and took up her abode in Baltimore, where her elegant manners and skill in music rendered her the delight of all the fashionable circles. It happened one night at a splendid party, given by one of the nobles of the city. She was there, and she was the first to arrive and took up her abode in Baltimore, where her elegant manners and skill in music rendered her the delight of all the fashionable circles.

















## HARK! I HEAR THE BUGLES RING.

BUNG WITH UNBOUNDED APPLAUSE BY MR. BRAHAM, IN THE OPERA OF PHILANDERING, OR THE ROSE QUEEN—COMPOSED BY C. E. HORN.

**OPERA.**

**First voice.**

On man's wrong to use her spell To chain me to her do they? We can not love her half on wall, As we are at li ber ty, when As we are at

**Hark! I hear the bugles ring, 'Tis free-dom the hunts glees! What the bark so bilboe ty stang, fields of air, tis li ber ty, fields of air, tis**

**What not riot heart, nor yield his free-dom up for ty ran up, What ery con rage in the field, 'Tis glo-ri-ous death**

**What ment of our life, 'E equal that of be log free, What care we for ty strif, If we have, we have but**

**What on joy**

**li ber ty, What gives con rage to the field, 'Tis death or li ber ty!**

**li ber ty, What care we for world ly strif, If we have but li ber ty!**

## SELECTED MISCELLANY.

## Peep at a true novel reader.

She slumbered in the rocking-chair  
She'd dozed all day,  
And as her lay, half open, there  
The last new novel lay!  
Upon the hearth the dying brands  
Their latest radiance shed—  
A flaming candle near her stands,  
With a cover about its head.  
Her lay, which long unopened had been,  
Was hanging loosely round,  
The curls by many a thinging up,  
And might be so again.  
One slip shed from the leader press,  
The other sought the floor,  
And folded o'er her hearing breast,  
A faded shawl she wore.  
The flickering light is fading fast,  
The parlor colder grows;  
The midnight hour has long been past—  
The clock for morning chimes.  
She curveth now for mortal things,  
For in her busy brain  
The novel's imaginings  
Are acted o'er again!  
But while in this delicious nap  
Her willing senses are bound,  
The book falls gently from her lap,  
And at its rustling sound,

She wakes!—but 'tis, alas! to see  
The candle's latest beam!  
Nor in the blackened cots can she  
Reverie's friendly gleam.  
Then, groping through the passage far,  
She steals with anxious tread,  
And, leaving every door ajar,  
Creeps uttering no bed!

## Dramatic oddities.

The London Athenaeum, has a list of laughable oddities under the head of "unheard-of stage effects." These, among others:

"When distinct reference is made in the text to candles being set on fire, they should not be such expressions *inter-dito* as are used in this piece. When the curtains were withdrawn to reveal Nell in her long hat, the suspended loops of candles were made to perform a most extraordinary jump up-and-down dance to the tune of such gentle exclamations from spectators, as who there—'I'm doing that,' &c. The green curtain, entering the interior, half-drawn and re-extended three times before it would obscure the characters on the stage, who are all left in positions the most difficult to sustain with effect."

## As an artist of ability.

"W.—is an artist of great ability," and said: "I do not know," replied another, "I am certain he is an artist of great *cred* ability."

## Bathos.

"An allusion both at Paris," says the London Gazette, has inscribed in large letters over the door, "L'Hôtel de l'univers, et des États Unis."

## Ingratitude of republicans.

"Ingratitude," says Byron, "is generally supposed the vice peculiar to republics; and it seems to be forgotten, that for the instance of popular ingratitude, we have an hundred examples of the fall of courtly favorites. Besides, people have often repented—a monarch seldom or never."

## Friendships.

The same writer says, "friendship is a dangerous word for young ladies; it is love, half-fledged, and waiting for a fine day to fly."

## An adriatic's wit.

"Why were you so silent at dinner?" said one to an adherent. "Had you the tooth ache?" "No," replied he, "I never was in better order, but the fetti is Lytton Bower just opposite, and it is not pleasant to find one's poorest friend quoted the next week in a magazine."

## A lover's wish.

(From Paris, by Moon.)

Why dost thou gaze upon the sky?  
Oh that I were yon sparkling sphere!  
Then every star should be an eye,  
To wander o'er thy beauties here.

## True smotherers.

Love, poetry, and romance, are, after all the tinsel gauds in the road to fame. Who knows half so much about Chatterbox, as the whole world does about Alford! I saw her there ever as corpse whose name was as widely known as that of the latest mode?

## From "Revolutions of a Chaperone."

Call not such pious lies!  
A man so loves his barn, his horse, his hawk,  
For that those things to a pleasure minister;  
He's proud to boast such perquisites leant him—  
Dare boast upon it—would have others gain,  
And give with envy. What a tale but mid-life?  
Now mark, Antonio, who has loved added  
With his whole soul—his study but to honour  
His lady's name a hundred thousand ways—  
His sole joy, her coquetism, and sole sorrow,  
Her doings. He with true devotion  
Approaches her, as something pure and holy—  
He bright incentive to high deeds—the lesson  
To light his path to virtue and to fame.

## Allegory explained.

He who has a bad stomach, is but half of a man, because debilitated from enjoying a great part of a man's pleasure. Prometheus on his rock, and Narcissus in his island, are but allegorical personations of his condition, who is bilious or dyspeptic.

## Gleanings.

(From the Canon.)

In Shakespeare's time all the world was a stage, and all the men and women merely players. In ours, all the world's a book, and all its population simply readers.

## Gnomes.

It must be a lofty genius which refuses to sympathize with the aspirations of others. Prometheus here, like the worship of the Divinity, rather elevates than abascs.





THE FALLS OF THE GREAT FALLS

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**THE NEW-YORK MIRROR:**  
A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

FOUR DOLLARS PER ANN.

Vol. X

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.









## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS

## THE DISASTROUS WEDDING

levitation. But this may be amended when, amid the other astonishing improvements of the times, leading vocalists shall be endowed with joints and ideas. Neat to this, I like the one now invariably put into the mouth of Rosalind, and christened the "Cuckoo Song."

"When danger nigh, and violence nigh"

But your stage Rosalind is generally the reverse of Amiens—a  
sarch, vivacious lass, who imparts due effect to the mixture of natu-  
ral images and domestic ideas suggested by the airy words of  
the song.

The sea, "the battle and the breeze," and the rapid and manifold vicissitudes incident to the life of a sailor, furnish a bold and beautiful variety of subjects capable of being turned to good account in the poet's hands. The sea is the theatre of the most sublime and the most quarter-deck. The ocean breeze is too powerful for the warlike passions of Castaly. Poetry in some sort suffers by a "sea-change," and the quantity is to be extracted from a volume of genuine nautical diction. The sea is the theatre of the most sublime and the most quarter-deck. The ocean breeze is too powerful for the warlike passions of Castaly. Poetry in some sort suffers by a "sea-change," and the quantity is to be extracted from a volume of genuine nautical diction. The sea is the theatre of the most sublime and the most quarter-deck. The ocean breeze is too powerful for the warlike passions of Castaly. Poetry in some sort suffers by a "sea-change," and the quantity is to be extracted from a volume of genuine nautical diction.

<sup>a</sup>That time bound straight for Portugal.

Right fore and aft we bore,

But when we made Cape Ortigas  
A hole blew off the shore."

Yet, after all, there are some noble things in this branch of the "service," amply sufficient to redeem it from dislike. Who is there that has not held his breath when he has heard a rich, deep-toned voice, commence Gay's glorious ballad,

"All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd

The streamers waving in the w

and listened throughout, with a quickened pulse, to that "plain unvarnished tale" of humble love and tenderness. There as much too, to please any man, who is not over and above fastidious, no dozens of Dibdin's vigorous and hearty sketches of a sailor's hardships and enjoyments, to say nothing of Peares and others of inferior note; but from your regular forecastle narratives, Apollo delivers us!

Things called "comic songs," to wit, "Four and twenty tailors all in a row," &c. are, in my mind, striking exemplifications of the depth of debasement of which the human intellect is susceptible.

In whatever way America is, or may be become renowned, she will probably owe it to a kind of song; and for two or three reasons. There are already a sufficiency of standard songs in the world to answer all purposes; and she has imported in ample sufficiency to supply the varied tastes and caprices of her musical population a vast number of new songs, which are not only new, but also in their native land, and those of Burns are no rarity. The geography of the country, too, is strangely unfavorable to indigenous song. Nature has created the land in one of her most liberal and magnificent moods, and formed its features on a scale of grandeur that it is impossible to grasp in this kind of writing. The ocean-lakes—the mighty rivers—the interminable forests—the boundless prairies, are more sublime than lyrics. How would a sound, either for rhythm or rhyme, be possible in such a scene?

<sup>a</sup> On the shores of Mississippi.

When the sweet spring-time did fall

The idea suggested is too vast. There is no song endeavoring locally to "fall" from such scenes; and as for "the sweet spring time," it scarcely falls from a great proportion of the shores of rivers whose waters are so coldly and so darkly colored by the tannin of the forest. The variety of climate, to those of everlasting summer; while the smaller streams, which correspond to state to the "Nik," the "Doe" or "Bonnie Doo," are rained by the general application of "crick" (creek), which is bestowed upon them; and to whose some extent they are named. Besides, America is rich in recollections of the past. No castles, ruins, gray, hoary and dilapidated, frown upon her heights; no gorgeous abutments moultier in her verdant vale. The joys, and sorrows, and sufferings of humanity are, yet, scarcely impressed upon her soil. She has no record of the past, except in the legends of her folk, and the fragments of old traditions, lore, and song depicted in. Her people, however, is some degree, to be her poets what memory is to those of other lands. But the mind of the song-writer is remembrance—sooner than memory, and therefore it is that whatever species of fancy and grotesque America may have, she never probably has the same, never, in one sense, be "worth an old song."

[illegible]

After this rather suspicious epistle was completed, Miss Katherine Wills addressed herself, and retired, for the morning, as it was now about ten minutes after midnight, and she was getting to be rather noncommiseroily disposed. She had not, however, long indulged in horizontal refreshment, when she heard a loud knocking at the hall door, and, shortly after, a light tap at her own, and her sister Antoinette's voice, bidding her to come down stairs, where some one awaited her, whom she would be glad to see. Katherine was, of course, not very long in making her appearance in the parlor, which she was surprised to find open and well lighted, at that time of night; but nothing could exceed her surprise and delight at finding George B. Elberton. Elberton sat on a sofa, though he was so large a man, with his feet on a fender, and when he left her about three months previously. But that was easily accounted for.

It cannot be expected of me to describe the meeting. Those who have never seen the like, would neither understand nor believe me and those who have, will know all about it, without my telling them. This much, however, it may be as well to mention, namely that Miss Katherine was very well pleased, on looking at Mr. George's watch, to find that it was two whole hours earlier than she had thought.

Bright and early the next morning, Miss Katherine arose, with the agreeable prospect before her of being very busily occupied for three days, in order to prepare for her marriage, which was to take place on the following day. As she was about to leave her room, she found that she did in a few moments, have a most unexpected visitor, her poor aunt, she proceeded, in company with her lively sister Anne, to the very delightful task of spending a goodly quantity of money, and purchasing a goodly quantity of what was termed the "trimmings of matrimony." The latter was a very extraordinary article, which Miss Katherine did not honour with her presence, and a portion of her cash:—Stewart's, Marquand's, and all. She was in excellent spirits, and smiled most merrily on all her acquaintances who were present, and she was the cause of her being the centre of conversation. She kept that sweetest of her friends, her sister Anne, by her side, and she knew, she saw, she heard, at length completed the momentous business of the morning, and reached home, where for the rest of the day and the two following, presented a scene of the most perplexing bustle and confusion. Milliners, dress-makers, and all sorts of tradesmen, were called in, and the number of persons to mention, were hindered together, with bonnets, dresses, shoes, gowns, garters, ribbons, and all sorts of articles, such as gloves, silken, cashmere, lace, decorations, jewels, feathers, flowers, lace-gloves, &c. &c. also too numerous to mention. Every sort of trumpery and trash, which was to be had for money, was brought in, so that you can imagine, was collected in that third-story look-out

But Miss Katherine might be said to have been like one out of control. She did not realize her situation, but felt like a person in a dream. If she wished to throw a fine cumbrous and heavy dress over her shoulders, she invariably found herself trying to thread it with tape; and once, she began to sew with a pin. She was so sure to try on her dresses bottom upward, and was constantly calling her dress-maker George. Having, at one time, occasion to go into another apartment, she walked on unconsciously until she found herself in the street, with her head bare and only one shoe on. She had, however, proceeded but a few steps before she discovered her mistake, and, in the haste of her return, went into the wrong house. Poor Katherine!

At last, however, she hardly knew how, this rapt young lady found herself actually dressing for her bridal; the conviction o

[illegible]

But it was destined that her misfortunes should not terminate here; for, as she took the now no longer white piece of linen, the poor thing, as if in shame and sorrow, began to shed audacious tears and one of the black drops fell exactly upon the instep of one of Mrs. Ellerton's extra-fine, open-worked, fresh-coloured, milk stockings, leaving a spot about the size of a two shilling piece. This was the unkindest cut of all; for every one would have known that they came from Stewart's, and cost at least three dollars. Oh most unfortunate woman!

[illegible]

Who, that knows any thing about it, is not aware that the first few days, or week, or fortnight, of the honeymoon, are a succession of the most agreeable and perplexing confusions! That audacious talle, parties, country aspersions, calts, compliments, and dancing-cabre, bridal favours, and head-achs, the poor bride almost loses her senses. She sits with the unfortunate Katherine. She did not know whether she was sleeping or waking, every thing seemed so confused and indistinct. She wished more than a dozen times a day, that she had never been married. Poor thing! she could not help so. And, then again, she was always making mistakes. "I have been a gentleman observed is hot," "It is very fine morning, Mrs. G.," "I have been sure to get it," "You are, you are," "Do you intend visiting me to-night?" "No, say thank you, sir," "No matter what the observation or question was the answer was almost invariably, "Thank you, sir."

But it is useless to enumerate all these little things; suffice it to say, that some days, I cannot exactly tell how many, after her marriage, Mrs. Ellerton was awaiting the return of her husband who had been absent all the morning, which, considering that the





## NOW WHILE THE STAR OF LOVE IS BRIGHT.

A BALLATA—SUNG BY MR. SINGLAR—THE POETRY BY RUFUS DAWES, ESQ.—ARRANGED TO THE CELEBRATED GIRLANDER OF TAGLIONI, BY T. COMER.

And presented by him to the Editors of the New-York Mirror.—Now first published.

## ANDANTINO CON AFFETTO.

Now the star of love is bright, Now the air is hush'd in night, Come, while the star of love is bright, Now the air is hush'd in night, Come, where the roses breathe in sleep, Ere morn'g wake in bid them weep, While beauty folds them to her breast, And hides them from the eye, gentle rest, And bids them lie in gentle rest, With sweet content, with sweet content. With sweet content, With sweet content.

Oh—were I sit, and watch those eyes,  
Hine as the summer morning stars,

Then on this wildly throbbing breast,  
While every pulse my love confesses,

Fain would I see thine eyes close,  
Lush'd in the fetters of the rose,

With sweet content,  
With sweet content.

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

The vision.

Two clock had chime the midnight hour,  
And bright stars twinkled in the sky;  
I heard the follow a distant roar,  
And saw the light clouds scudding by.  
I courted sleep—sleep from me turned,  
I thought of all that passed between us,  
And all fancy faded and forgot.  
When Love came sailing by with Venus,  
Venus fair, and classic as light,  
Checked little Love in all his holden-  
ness, warm him with a vestal cloak,  
Then chided him with a vestal cloak.  
"Take back thy dear and dainty kisses,"  
Murmured Love in wild dole;  
"Venus! quench those burning kisses—"  
"Quench them, lest thy key eyes—"  
I saw his lip—twas parched with tears—  
I saw his eye—glazed with joy,  
And round the sweet glances that e'er  
Beamed upon the waking boy.  
He blushed and waved his purple wing,  
And round the neck aspired to take her—  
Again she chided the little thing.  
With looks as cold, as ice could make him,  
I stood to sleep—from me turned,  
I thought of all that passed between us,  
And all fancy faded and forgot.  
Oh! wretched Love—oh cruel Venus!

Style.

The style of truly great men has always been characterized by simplicity. Hence, it is true, for purposes of policy, have adopted, at times, an inflated, ornate style, but the mind was never with the occasion that prompted its use, and the same grandeur of thought, discolored by its tinsel ornaments, shone with dimmed splendor.

from the contrast. The tenderness of Icarus' brevity and the measure of the seven war men, have come down to us unaltered by any modern apothegms. Clear write his Commentaries in short condensed periods, and often embody in one closing line, a page of modern diluted philosophy. His "veni, vidi, vici," is unapproachable in concision.

Cromwell, too, when not throwing dust in the eyes of the parliament, was short and decided: so that it is difficult to imagine a greater contrast than his speech before the battle of Worcester, and his stunted, interminable harangues to his political dupes.

Frederick the Great made Caesar his model, and, like him, wrote commentaries on his own campaigns, among them in the adoption of the third person, but they fell far short of their prototype, since no detestable language can rival the "glorious patrol Lalmity."

The style of Napoleon, lastly, how the impress of his character—his bullying, it is well known, were ephemeral in their design and execution, but his memoirs of his campaigns, and his private conversations, as reported by friends and enemies, are marked with a noble simplicity and mental concentration. Indeed, all the monuments and vast improvements projected and executed under his eye, evince the master spirit that conceived them, and by their severe simplicity of design, cast into the shade the subsequent ambitions, but tasteless edifices of the Bourbons.

To Apphia.

Take off my love, the vest of snow  
With which you robed yourself last night,  
Pat on the soft caresser's glow.  
"Tis fairer than the vernal vine."  
Drop, drop, my sweet, that little snow  
Which speckles round thy slender waist,  
Beneath the stars in thine arms etched,  
And be thy lover's face free to charic.

To the setting sun.

Stay! stay this night, departing sun,  
Oh! stay a while thy courses stay—  
For thy glances courage is done.  
On tower and hill—oh! shed thy ray;  
For well I love thy lagging glow.  
Thy changing clouds and golden air  
They light up memory a sweetest dream,  
And fairy's forest form in them.  
Unseen, I won the enigmist hours,  
And hymn an evening lay in thee—  
For thou, oh! sun! hast never perished,  
Unknown to all the world but me.  
Yet, know I one, who, far away  
Beyond those northern hills of blue,  
Now comes alone, at close of day,  
To think of me, and gaze on you.

Boston notions.

About the year 1600, a number of Narragansett Indians came to Boston to barter skins and muskrats. One of the party, while left unattended, was detected in an attempt to steal, and with the summary penalty of the certain flogging, sentenced to receive thirty-nine lashes at the public whipping post. After their return home, a farmer, whose lands bordered on the nation, sent the delinquent, and inquired of his misdeed. The Indian, in his broken English, could only say, "Boston folk full of noise," which has ever since remained a by-word with regard to the literary compulsion.

Faculties of expression.

A country parson in Cornish, New Hampshire, had a singular peculiarity of expression, always using the phrase, "I fatter myself," instead of "I believe." Having occasion to exhort his congregation during a revival, he "fattered himself" that more than one half of them would be damned! The contrast between the sanctity of the preacher, and the amusements of his audience, may be imagined.

Matter and no matter.

Two metaphysicians debated the question whether the soul was matter or no matter. "I will prove to you," said one, "that it is matter. Suppose you were to knock out my brains." "That," said the other, "certainly would be no matter."

Epigram on a dull soldier.

Beneath this humble stone is laid  
A child of vanity;  
Who, though he longed to live when dead,  
Survived his death to see.

Life.

Life is only a battle—we should be foolish not to expect that those around us front fall. We have only time to shed a tear over them, as we see them drop. It is a cruel sight, it almost arrests one in the midst of the conflict, but a soldier must not shrink at any thing; away with the softness of feminine feeling—drive out the sentiment—have spirit—have hope: you may have cheerfulness, for each will support, and the God of battles will shield you.

Imitated from Bryant.

Folly will leave us soon,  
The petty world to sway;  
I laugh the first away  
Then bid the latter's joys delight.

New music of the week.

New music published by James L. Hewitt & Co. Broadway. "How young! how beautiful!" Poetry by F. W. N. Hayley, music by H. R. Bishop, sung by Miss Hughes, with a lithographic portrait. "To be and to have," or the Tyrone Fortune-teller, sung by Miss Lane, assisted by J. Perry. "Come, Lady Gay," a beautiful serenade, composed by N. Woodbury, Jr. "I'ma frequent palmer," no song by Signora Padroni, at her benefit, arranged by A. Brough. "Lute you but with vintana," no song by Signora Padroni, arranged by A. Brough.

GEORGE T. SCOTT & CO. PRINTERS.





No. 54. Small full length portrait of a lady.—Ed. Pingree.  
No. 55. Portrait.—J. Freeman.—A. elect. A good head by  
student of the National Academy.  
No. 56. Group of children.—G. Cooke. A. Thus, we believe, is the  
first picture Mr. Cooke has presented at the Clarendon-hall exhibition.  
His manner is a painter, and well known to our critics from the dis-  
play of his work, which have been favoured last year in Wal-  
street, at which time we had the pleasure of examining the man-  
ifestations from old masters made by him in Italy, as well as original  
compositions altogether his own. Mr. Cooke has fixed on New  
York as his place of residence, and adds another name to our long  
list of distinguished artists.

We have already published a notice of the paintings referred to below, in a less depreciatory vein than that of the following communication, which, however, comes from such a discriminating shrewd and competent writer, that we give him free scope for the expression of his opinions, certain that they are honest, and founded on a sincere interest in the cause of true taste.—*REV. M. G. BELL.*

\* The two grand moral paintings, the *Temptation of Adam* and *Envy*, and the *Expulsion from Paradise*, painted by Dubuffé, lately exhibited in this city, are the unimpaired summation of twenty-five years of his work. These paintings have been acknowledged as the finest productions of the French school. Perfectly chaste and beautiful in conception, they unite the force and power of truth to that of poetic energy; and cannot fail to make a deep impression on the mind of every beholder. — VIDE ADVERTISEMENT.

Since these two celebrated paintings are removed (we trust, for ever) from our city, we can speak fully and freely on their character and tendency, without incurring even the trivial imputation of a desire to niggle the pocket of their proprietor; other imputation we defy, as our sole motive is to subvert the cause of virtue.

A deprecatory and disparaging tone of moral sentiment is in no way more rarely indicated than in the objects with which its possessors choose to be concerned. At least it is true, affirmatively, that the man who industriously seeks across of idleness (whether gross in its coarseness, or luxurious in its elegance) either is wanting in moral perception, or else through a deplorable illusion. Gross immorality is, fortunately, not the necessary consequence of idleness. It is, however, a necessary consequence of its neglect. But it is not very unusual to see the power of genius and the elegance of art unite to adorn a subject which, even slight, would shock all the better portions of society; and thus it may often happen that the community needs a word of warning, or a sentence of rebuke, from some one who is willing to strip vice of its adornment, or to say that idleness, beausified

Significantly, the following abstract in this, "The paintings of which we speak, in addition to their wantonness, are tainted in lacerantness, which aggravates the offence against public morals by attempting to make voluptuousness 'lost of the accident' in the realm of fashion, and a welcome consequence of the loss of it of the realm of life." "The paintings of which we speak, in addition to their wantonness, are tainted in lacerantness, which aggravates the offence against public morals by attempting to make voluptuousness 'lost of the accident' in the realm of fashion, and a welcome consequence of the loss of it of the realm of life." "The paintings of which we speak, in addition to their wantonness, are tainted in lacerantness, which aggravates the offence against public morals by attempting to make voluptuousness 'lost of the accident' in the realm of fashion, and a welcome consequence of the loss of it of the realm of life."

[illegible]

<sup>2</sup> Pitch, as ancient writers do report, death dandle.<sup>41</sup> Can any one say that our emotions are refined and elevated by the contemplation of works which, even in the poetry of their conception, and the exactness of their execution, are but beautifully un bodied sensuality? Can any one say that, could the perfection of art intrude

within the sphere of nature; could those pictures but be, for an instant, animated—could the cheeks glow, the eyes sparkle, and the bosom heave; can any say that the spectacle would diminish the interest of the scene?—No; the more it would excite, the more eagerly the artist performs his work, the nearer it approaches the real life, the strongest argument of the mad amateurs in favour of such pictures; the more united they are to be displayed in the same manner, the more they are to be admired. "You have no idea how eagerly they are done! After looking at them for a short time, you really imagine that you see the action, and that you are actually engaged in the scene. You wonder when the exhibition? At least, it is a queer sort of logic in this defence. Any wish with this admiration that goes upon novelty, and is in the character of a passion, is in reality of dissimulation, and requires to be exposed. The artist is not to be deceived by a swelling, apart from his human tabernacle of flesh! That holds away in a region above the influence of moral passions, and the artist is to be a man, and not a god, and he is to be a man of taste before all, lest, having discarded the earthly armor of virtue, he be found in the hour of temptation without a garment of protection. It is not till late, that they should have said, "I was not afraid, because they are not men, but gods, and I am not their right names; and admit that lawless, though often lovely, some, may assume a garb of elegance, and return to play."

[illegible][illegible]

Let these humble remarks pass for what they may; our belief is that what is called "false modesty" on this point, is, true modesty.

Firth, Hall and Pond, Frank-square, have just issued the ariel and pretty song recently sung by Mrs. Austin, called "Love's Review." The poetry by W. B. Bernard—the music by John Barnast. This is the little piece in which Madame Vestris made over a hit, in the burlesque of the "Conquering Game," at the Royal Olympic theatre, last season. It is embellished with one of Kodak and Swett's neatly-executed vignettes.

E. Riley, Chalmers-street, has published the following pieces—"The Persian Rose," a lullaby; the poetry by Charles Jeffreys, the rhyme by S. Nelson. "We'll go no more a-roving," a ditty; the words by Byron. "Nicholson's celebrated waltz," with a guitar accompaniment, arranged by Mr. Keene; and "Spring time of the year is coming," as sung by Mr. Sinclair.

## TME DRAMA

## NEW YORK STAGE

**附：参考文献**

Tea Kemberle have attracted large audiences at this house. Their young people, Fazio, was honoured with the attendance of many distinguished individuals, among whom were recognized Miss Sedgwick, his excellency Mr. Van Buren, Governor Marcy, with several others of note, who, probably, visit the theatre only on what they consider special occasions. Kemberle's Fazio is a finished picture. His courtly ease and grace will become the character. No one could have better delivered the following passage:

"But if you see me by a noble lady,  
 Whisper at though she is not my mistress, whereas  
 I lay my odorous incense, and bet her  
 Grow ripe, richest as my thesaurus phrase;  
 If she lean on me with a hand, round arm,  
 If her eye drink the light from out mine eyes,  
 And if her lip drop sounds for me my only;  
 Then'st such thy moody brow, look at me gravely,  
 With a pale autumn, thy silent cheer  
 'Tis out of keeping, 'tis not the court fashion—  
 We must forget this clownish suit (thus clasp him):  
 Be cold, and strange, and courteous to each other;  
 And say, 'How doth my lord?' 'How plant my lady?'

*As though we dwelt at opposite ends of the city.*

On Massachus we have nothing more to say. In her peculiar time she is truly great and thrilling. We also thought her improved, but we were wrong. She was as good as dead. Her performance was welcomed. Pazzo is not extraordinary as a production for the closest; but contains fine passages, and a good deal of dramatic interest, and furnishes the actor with opportunities, which it is impossible to find in the present inventory, were supported to the admiration of all. We saw Mr. Pazzo perform in the theatre too late in the midnight season, when he brings into his hut the poisoned treasures of old Bartolo. A robber (and Pazzo is no less) swoying plunder is a lasting place, would do us with more sadness than any other scene. The artist, or the maniac, also a guilty of a true theatrical absurdity, in making Pazzo stop, in an open street, with a load of gold and jewels on his shoulders, to deliver a long speech about moonlight and shadows, and the like. It is a very poor piece of business, and one which we cannot recommend to the actors. But the scene is well acted, and the character of Pazzo is well sustained.

By the way of the audience. The overture to *Semiramide* was performed by the orchestra, between the opening bars and the tragedy. It is a delicious piece of music, but received no attention whatever. The pit eddied up alone to a man, with their backs to the stage, and beguiled the time with conversation. We regret to have these evidences that a taste for music, however much inflated by the excitement of the drama, is not a permanent possession. It is not until we listen to one of Rossini's brilliant compositions at least sitting down, and in silence. The respect of a few moments' attention cannot be too great a tribute to the fame of such a master, and even he attempts to do justice to his works. If the band played badly, they should be taught, by the disapprobation of their auditory, to do better; they desire, and if well, an overture by Rossini, given with the same respect, and the advantage of a hearing, and the same claim, ought claim as such applause as "Popping the Question" or "Mr. and Mrs. Frings."

— 300 —

**THALIA THE FETTERED.**—This dramatic spectacle attracts attention at Mr. Hamblin's establishment. All admirers of the poet laureate are familiar with his poem of "Thalia," and may be sure that the drama which from such materials has been constructed, is as full of the wonderful, and as wild and supernatural, as the most romantic imagination can devise.

And the artists attached to the theatre, none-painter, machinists, costumers, &c., have done their best to excel in strength, beauty, and variety of costume, and in the use of machinery, splendid decorations, dresses and properties, with all the intricate machinery of the stage therein belonging, do much more credit to their abilities. Mrs. McClure as "Kewlar," the enchantress, is a fine specimen of a dramatic actress, and has been strong enough to sustain the high and commanding tone of the part. Mrs. Conway, in the simple and innocent "Emma," is pleasing, and has been well sustained by Mr. O. Jones, who has been the hero of the piece; and Mr. McKinney, as the demon, is as nobly interesting as he can be with. The other characters are respectably filled up; the ghosts, demons, fiends, and such spirituales, are well represented, and the machinery of the stage is well managed and appears of much merit. We observed its originality in one of the scenes of "Abelina" (McKinney) that deserves notice. The scene is a chamber, and the entrance of the demon, who is striking "Thalador" with his dagger, is himself seen with lightning. The thunder and lightning used upon this occasion are certainly first rate; but they did not seem to produce that massive effect which we have seen in the "Ghosts." The music is supposed to be in the nature of soft electric agents to command; on the contrary, (when we have somewhat in performance) after the music is over, the effect is produced by the use of the electric machine, whether he should give up the ghost or remain uncertain upon his feet: after one or two failures, however, he decided upon the former course, and as having made up his mind, he said, "I am a ghost, and I am here to stay." The general impression was, that Mr. McKinney had probably never, like the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome, been under the dispossessing influence of the electric machine, so that he was not a messenger of wrath. There has been great expense incurred in the getting up of this spectacle, and we are happy to anticipate, from the full houses which have attended the warm evenings, that the theatre will be able to recoup its losses, and to be a permanent manager.

































## FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

A FAVOURITE PORTUGUESE AIR—SYMPHONY AND ACCOMPANIMENTS BY SIR JOHN STENSON—WRITTEN BY THOMAS MOORE.

Published and for sale by Feltz, Hull, &amp; Pund, Franklin-square.

IN MODERATE TIME AND WITH EXPANSION.



Flow on, thou shin- ing ri- ver, But, ere thou reach the sea, Seek I in thy bow's and give her The wreath I sing over thee. And tell her, when she'll be seen, The bliss I find, ere thou art seen.

our rest of our lives shall be, With joys a- come to like those sweet hours on thee. long their shine.

But if in wand'ring dithyrambs, Then leave these wreaths to wither Upon the old bank there!

And tell her thus, when youth is o'er, Her name, and in these shores that were Thrown by upon life's weedy shore, And where the river flows from there.

## GLEANINGS.

**From Three Years in North America.**  
**INTERTELLIGENCE.**—Sir Humphrey Day lately remarks that the results of intellectual labor, or of scientific genius, are permanent, and incapable of being lost. Monarchs change their plans, governments their objects, a fleet or an army effect their purpose, and that pass away; but a piece of steel inscribed by the magnet, preserves its character for ever, and secures to man the dominion of the trackless ocean. The dominion of the British in Asia may share the fate of that of Timur, but the steam-locomotive, across the Delaware and the Mississippi, and the St. Lawrence, will continue to be used, and will carry the civilization of an improved people into the deserts of North America, and into the wastes of Canada.

**New-year customs.**—The public institutions and the churches seem quite as numerous as in British times, when the difference of population is taken into account. On the day after our arrival, we attended divine service in the forenoon in Grace church, an Episcopal church, and in the Presbyterian church in Cedar-street in the afternoon. The service was conducted in this manner: As in churches of the same denomination with us, excepting that we observed the preacher's seat in the Presbyterian church, in the centre of the front gallery, opposite to the preacher, and not in the body of the church, in front of the pulpit, as with us. These churches were well filled, and the streets crowded at the same time going to church; no shops, so far as we observed, open. There are about one hundred churches in New-York, with a population which is supposed to amount nearly to two hundred thousand. In London, there are five hundred churches, with fifteen hundred thousand inhabitants. The clergymen have from fifteen hundred to three thousand dollars per annum.

**Water.**—Beds without curtains—not a bit of carpet in the bedrooms—even water not so plentiful as requisite, more of it is a wretched nuisance—rather hot nor cold baths in this, one of the two great cities in New-York—not proper accommodations of a different, but still more necessary description, for which a plentiful supply of water is indispensable. I am told, the British complain everywhere of the privations in which they are subjected, from the want of good accommodations. The natives, not being used to account to it, are not aware of its value. Sure I am, if they once had it in perfection, they would take the necessary measures to possess it. An abundant supply of water is not a doubtful necessity in this climate; but the wealth and population of the great city increase so rapidly, that the defect will be effected in a few years. Water both deficient in quantity and quality.

**EGGS.**—Wine-glasses are placed on the breakfast tables in lieu of egg-cups. On inquiry, we learned from the waiter, that thus is the universal custom, and that the Americans never eat an egg direct from the shell, but pour the contents in a wine-glass, in which they may sit up with salt before eating it.

**Hotels.**—Our party has a room to remain together in private apartments while in New-York, and we occupied a large and most comfortable dining-room, furnished in the same way, and as handsome as at the best hotels in Edinburgh or London.

**Casualty.**—Smoking cigars seems universal during the warm weather in the open air, the inhabitants being seated on the street, near the door of their houses, or in their gardens or on the piazza.

**Colored people.**—We had observed a very handsome woman of color, as well dressed, and as like a female of education, as any of those on board, on deck. My wife, who had some conversation with her, asked her, when she found that she had just dined with us, why she had not been in the cabin? She replied very modestly, that the people of the country did not sit with the people of color. The manner and appearance of this lady were interesting, and would have distinguished her anywhere.

**From Mrs. Shill's Frankenstein.**

**RESOLUTION.**—Nothing contributes so much to tranquillize the mind as a steady purpose—a point on which the soul may fix its intellectual eye.

**MANANNY.**—The monster is a person of an excellent disposition, and is remarkable in the ship for his gentleness, and the mildness of his demeanor. He is, indeed, of an amiable nature, that he will hunt (a favorite, and almost the only amusement here) because he cannot cadence to the point of his. He is, moreover, benevolently generous. Some years ago he saved a young Russian lady, of noble rank in prison, the father of the girl committed to the watch. He saw his mistress once more before the destined ceremony; but she was belated in tears, and, throwing herself at his feet, begged him to spare her, conference at the same time that the loved anchor, but that he was poor, and that her father had never consented to the union. My generous friend reassured the plaintiff, and, on being informed of the name of her lover, quickly abandoned his pursuit. He had already bought a farm with his money, on which he had designed to pass the remainder of his life; but he retained the whole on his rival, together with the means of his prize-money to purchase stock, and, when he was informed that his mistress was to be married to her marriage with her lover. But the old man decidedly refused, thinking himself bound

in honor to my friend; who, when he found the father unreasonable, quoted his country, and returned until he heard that his mistress was married against her inclination. "What a noble old love!" you will exclaim. He is so; but then he has passed all his life on board a vessel, and has scarcely an idea beyond the rope and the shroud.

**Passion.**—When I would account to myself for the birth of that passion, which afterwards ruled my destiny, I find it arose, like a mountain river, from gentle and almost forgotten sources; but, swelling as it proceeded, it became the torrent which, in its course, has swept away all my hopes and joys.

**Exaggeration.**—A human being in perfection could always to preserve a calm and peaceful mind, and never to allow passion or a transitory desire to disturb his tranquillity. I do not think that the pursuit of knowledge is an exception to this rule. If the study to which you apply yourself has a tendency to weaken your affections, and to destroy your taste for those simple pleasures in which no alloy can possibly mix, then that study is certainly unwise, that is to say, not befitting the human mind. If this rule were always observed, if no man allowed any pursuit whatsoever to interfere with the tranquillity of his domestic affections, Greece had not been enslaved; Caesar would have spared his country; America would have been discovered more gradually; and the empires of Mexico and Peru had not been destroyed.

**HEALTHY WEALTH.**—The heats of sun, when unopposed by any vigorous self-control, are full of brotherly love and charity.

**Sentiments by the author of Fitz-George.**

**Love.**—Intensely and bravely as a man may suffer and overcome himself at all who are and have him must admire him, it is not easy for the wisest of men, when passionately in love, to discover in the beloved object the passionate return of his love. It may, perhaps, be laid down as a general axiom, that the more deeply a young man is in love, the less able he is to detect symptoms of love in another; and when a loved one that he is beloved, then discern frequently follows a growing aversion towards the hitherto beloved.

**HASTENING.**—As well might a planet, revolving round a sun, expect to have passed dry-land in both hemispheres, as a man may expect, in this life, to enjoy happiness throughout, unalloyed with sorrow or pain.

**Jealousy.**—There is a love which displays itself by a fretful and petulant jealousy, which cannot bear a wandering eye, which stings at every glance, to fast the loss of its victim in every movement that it makes; and there is also a love stronger,

perhaps, in some cases, and in another, weaker, which cannot be jealous if it would, which trusts in its own confidence, and confiding in its own strength, which will not believe its own weakness, which, instead of seeing that which is inevitable, is totally insensible to that which is stinging and unconsciously visible.

**Wealth.**—It is a great mistake, who imagines that the chief power of wealth is in money, money. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it creates more wants than it supplies. Acorns are the seeds of hunger, and seed in the spirit of him who is mortified, and who is reduced, even to an apprehension, of the want of those luxuries, which were to him more than life.

—

**Extract from Lectures to Young Ladies.**

**HEALTH.**—Beauty is essentially connected with health; activity, modesty and temperance are essential to both. It is much to be lamented that young girls are so frequently imprudent with respect to the care of health. I have spoken of exercise, but something more is necessary—it should be taken at proper hours, and in a suitable dress. An early morning's walk in a park or in the suburbs will be more salutary than even the want of exercise. Unless the feet are warm and dry the body cannot be in a state of health and comfort. The good old customs of former times, with respect to the knitting and wearing woollen has given place to silks, and cotton and silk hose. The materials are too light for our northern winters. A young lady who, induced by the vanity of displaying a delicate foot, appears abroad in cold or damp weather, who, seeking and shows off only for walking, or for drawing room carpet, may succeed in attracting admiration; but she will not find of preventing severe disease for her imprudence. What man of sense would wish to marry a female who had no prudence with regard to her health? Would the fortune-hunter, however, of her wealth rather than her presence to her than her own health and life? I am sensible that imprudence of this kind, is often more easily thoughtless than conscious.



















**Umbrellas** with Fine Engravings, and Music arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte.

FOUR DOLLARS PER ANN.] SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED AT THE OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, THE NEW FRANKLIN BUILDING, CORNER OF MADISON AND ANN STREETS [PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.]

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Like a tired monarch fann'd to rest,  
Mid the cool airs of evening lay;  
While round his couch's golden rim  
The gaudy clouds, like courtiers, crept—  
Struggling each other's light to dim,  
And catch his last smiles ere he slept.  
How gay, as o'er the gliding Thames  
The golden eye its lustre pour'd,  
Shone out the high-born knights and dames  
Now grouped around that festal board!

A living mass of plumes and flowers,  
As they had rub'd both birds and flowers—  
Pierced the air, and came through  
With inhabitants of every bue:  
While, as the sparkling group of France  
Hiss'd and hiss'd, and hiss'd, and hiss'd, and hiss'd,  
Each sunburst ray, that mix'd by chance  
With the waxes' diamonds, shew'd  
How some great power might light to dance  
If not in written form express'd,  
Two known at least to every guest,  
That, though the dancing of the waxes  
Was not the dancing of the waxes,  
Their secret powers in man-revealed,  
(A pasture like shew'd to thine  
In the bleak fog of England's shades,  
Was not the dancing of the waxes,  
On such occasions, to disguise.)  
It yet was hoped—and well that hope  
Was not the dancing of the waxes,  
That, in the title's task to do,  
Fancy should take her widest scope—  
That the dancing of the waxes  
Let loose through fields of poetry,

Half his maternal realism to random! —  
Young ones, whose chief religion lay  
In looking most profanely handsome; —  
Muses in muslin — pastoral moods  
With hats from the Achaean ladies,  
And fortune-tellers' rind, 'twere plain,  
As fortune-tellers' rind' their train.

With these, and more such female groups,  
Were mixed no less fantastic troops  
Of male athletes — all willing  
To lose even more than usual, killing,  
Bent tyrants, smock-faced braggadoos,  
And brigands, charmingly ferocious; —  
Grave friars (staunch no-popery men),  
In close confab with wig caniques;  
And M. P. Turks all moomen then,  
Who last night voted for the Greeks.

Like Eve, when by the lake she stuns  
In the clear water hears his charms surring.  
The first fair face that lured to error,  
The first fair face that lured to sin will be  
As coming to one point they beat  
Like sun-flowers, by the side of brooks,  
To turn their faces to the rising sun.  
E'en in darkness, he never doubts  
For her own light will be his guide,  
And she will follow close about in fear,  
As if she thought, through heaven's ening,  
That he would turn and leave her there.  
At every step, detects her way.

But not in dark, darkness to-night  
Hath our dear Eve, her eyes so bright  
To see the moon, she walks the earth's own,  
His wooded border, by her lovely view  
Of his dear garden, she has been led  
To mortals by the type which now hangs  
Hanging glimmering on her snowy brow—  
Hanging glimmering, on my sister's brow,  
Which means the soul (the false would think  
That she is Eve) and on my sister's brow  
Tells us we've Psyche here to-night!

But hark! some song hath caught her ear—  
And now, in low phrase, as though she'd said—  
"I have been told, that some fair creature  
Has been seen, who looks like Eve,  
Her goddess-spouse approves the air,  
And she is seen, and she is seen,  
Inspired by night; but speak champagne,  
Her butterfly as gayly leads  
As if she were a mate with our gods,  
As if some great content of the train,  
As if some great content of the train,  
And half the audience crush with nectar.

From a male grout the earl came—  
A few grey locks, though round the board  
The earl was tarte the tide it pour'd,









[illegible][illegible][illegible]

" Oft in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
And none but sorrow and self-sorrow  
Find their way into my song."

or a waddling old woman, with a strictly foliose organ, squalling in the vicinity of Billingsgate.

<sup>20</sup> Had my discourse, I will enchant thine ear,  
Or like a fairy trip upon the green <sup>21</sup>

At first this class might be confounded with an inferior species in the province, commonly called balled-singers; but their habits are essentially different. The primitive race that used to chronicle the deeds of "Jack Monroe," or narrows how "All in the good ship Korer," they had "sailed the world around," are now nearly ex-

act in the meretricious. The present "mistrustful" of tradition, seem to excrete an other than the newest and most fashionable fashions; and the contrast is, at times, both laughable and melancholy, in returning from the theatre where Veiras, or some of the other actors, are seen, to the theatre where the *Tragedy of the Pleasure*, and warbling their arch or joyous ditties to delighted ears, to hear some poor homeless wretch, tramping in the heavy dews of midnight, howl the self-same strains to hardens-passionable ears. You scarcely know which to be sorer for—the sin or the performer. The contrast too, between the words of the lively, patient or bacchanalian melodies which they have ever in their mouths, and the wretchedness of the person who is continually giving rise to the most loathsome associations. It rather makes a man smile to hear a poor, careless, careless, shoeless wretch, languidly labouring away at "Oh there's nothing is like me," or "The young May-moon is a beautiful one," or "dearly as I love you."

"My heart, my heart is breaking  
For the love of Alice Gray."

"Heaven tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." It must be so; or how these people, exposed to nearly every ill that flesh is heir to, (unless indeed they have become inured to starvation, or else have got into a mechanical habit of living on from day to day, and do not like to give it over,) continue to keep up their hearts and still face existence, is more than I can possibly conjecture. C.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

## THE AGE WE LIVE IN.

[illegible]

Doublets there shall be discoveries and inventions equally, if not more astonishing than those which are already added to the store of our knowledge. Who, previous to the fact having been ascertained, could ever have expected that air, or pulverised salt, in a certain manner, would be so useful? Who could have forebodelessly, heralding the demand in brilliancy of appearance, capable, when applied, of assuming any shape, however plain or fantastic—solid square of durable nature—Oh delicate fibres of a waving web! It is made into a delicate garment, its form, even though it be of the most simple, being so contrived, that it is so agreeable to the passing breeze. The wintry blast hails its frost and snows in vain against a bark so brittle, that the touch of an angry finger may shatter it to pieces. Angry lightnings flash upon it, and the storm is soothed. The fiercest winds, that howl from the storm from the lowest element to deepest depth, during the work of desecration with a speed swifter than thought, and announcing by deafening thunders, the consummation of their task on earth, at the very moment of their fast motion from the bosom of a threatening storm, are soothed by the gentle breeze, and the storm is soothed from a glittering procession of art, which owns almost as fragile a texture as the floating, rainbow-coloured air bubble. But though the tempest hovers in imminent rage against its polished surface, the light of heaven shines through it, and every portion of the sky is seen, and the sun and moon, and stars, and planets, protect parties, as if nothing were so good and unbroken as they.

The human race were also taken by surprise, when charcoal, sulphur and saltpetre, commonly used articles, were elevated to more importance as ingredients of a powder, which enables its possessors to overthrow every enemy, however formidable by superiority of numbers, but destitute of the newly found ally.

It is needless to multiply instances of the wonders of ancient

Spa in the prime of science, proving the probability of future additions to the catalogue. Every hour is yielding its treasures to ideas, words, and forms of beauty and utility. Magnificent edifices are rising, and the most magnificent of them all is the ocean. The ocean is gathering on its billows from every civilized shore its splendid exhibitions of mighty structures, which bear away over its expanse, and through the dreadful commotions of its winds and waves, the most magnificent of all the human race. The ocean's sands are devoting time and mind to research into human nature. Geology carries its devotees into the caverns, mines and depths of the earth, and every day is revealing facilities millions of miles across the blue of space from planet to planet, and measuring the dimensions of space between system and system, and enumerating some of the countless ages elapsed in a fraction; pouring out the secrets of the earth, and revealing the things unfolding to our sight, hitherto hidden mysteries, a new world within every atom. An insect almost too small for the naked eye to perceive within its vision, is enlarged to a huge size with its lens, and the microscope. The first materials of the human manufacture, presents a rough, broad surface at its extremity; that has been considered as vegetable dust, so soon to be a collection of atoms, and the atoms are enlarged to a portion of an inch, so that the warmth of the sun glows, and the pores of the skin are shown, during the moment that it remains after being separated from a larger quantity, a numerous serpent brood, whose lives terminate in a few moments, and the whole is dissolved, leaving the particle which was their glory.

[illegible]







# THE NEW YORK MIRROR:

## A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

Illustrated with Fine Engravings, and Music arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte.

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Vol. X.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1853.

No. 52.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

#### WEST POINT.

Suggested by the attendance on public worship of the cadets, June, 1853.

By GEORGE S. STUBBS.

Bellows upon the wind!  
Hushed voices in the air—  
And the solemn roll of the stirring drum  
Proclaim the hour of prayer!  
While, with measured tread and measured eye,  
The martial train sweep silent by—  
Away with the nodding plume,  
And the glittering bayonet row!  
For moment it were with bannered pomp  
To record the sacred vow—  
To earth-born strife be done be given—  
But the heart's meek homage alone to heaven!  
The organ's mellow notes  
Come swelling on the breeze,  
And, echoing forth from arch to dome,  
Float rapturous symphonies!  
While youthful forms are thronging,  
With their voices deep the strains prolong—  
Deserted now the aisle—  
Devotion's rites are past!  
And again the bugle's cheering peals  
Are ringing on the blast!  
Come, then, ye brave, for your country now!  
With your flashing eyes and your lofty brow!  
By yon gorgeous bannered standard fold,  
Awake to the call of fame!  
By yon gorgeous bannered standard fold,  
And by Kamehameha's spangled folds,  
And on Pinnon's fort, by the light that falls  
On its red mounds and its ruined walls!

The wave-worn caverns  
Hear echoes from the deep;  
And the patriot's call is heard afar  
From every gate;  
And the young leaven glow with the sacred fire  
That burned in the heart of the gallant hero.  
The glittering pavent's pass—  
But martial forms are seen,  
With burnished sword and eagle glance,  
Caretting o'er the slain;  
And lovely women by their side,  
With her blushing cheek and her eyes of pride.  
Sunset upon the wave!  
Its burnished splendours pour,  
And the bird-like bark with its pinions sweeps  
Like an arrow from the shore!  
There are golden locks in the sunbeam, fanned  
On the muffled stream by the brevers' hand.  
They have passed like shadows by  
That fade in the morning breeze;  
And the eyelid like form and the laughing eye  
Are remembered—but she is not dead.  
But memory's sun shall set in night,  
For my soul forget those forms of light!

### ON THE DEATH OF A SISTER.

By JAMES MACE.

My sister—if I have not wept  
Upon thy solemn hour!  
To not that the affection's pang  
I've ever borne alone!  
But on my soul a whisper broke,  
As from heaven an angel spoke—  
"There is no cause for tears," it said,  
"Alas! sister—last she is not dead."  
Thou art not dead—thy cannot die  
When Jesus died to save!  
And should we weep? Thy spirit's friends,  
Methinks thy soul to whisper broke,  
To beckon them from grief's despair,  
"Look up! look up! I am not there!"  
Thou art not dead—thou art above,  
With the Almighty One,  
To worship him, and to adore the love  
Of his redeeming Son.  
Thou wast his angel, as a friend,  
Thy weary pilgrimages to him,  
And to his bosom under thee,  
From earth and its pollution free!  
Why didst thou with such eager glance  
Extend thy arms on high,  
When thou wast in thy heavenly trance?  
Perhaps before thine eyes,  
The gates of Paradise unfolded,  
Their clouds of amber and of gold,  
With holy angels riding there,  
Thy spirit home to God be true!

I feel a sadness o'er me creep,  
That scarce represses can be;  
I feel, at times, that I could weep—  
But it is not for thee.  
I think it difficult to say  
How I prepared like thee to die:  
How awful it must be to meet  
My God before his greatestest!  
Oh, God! at the prophet's wand  
To water molten stone,  
The touch of thy Almighty hand  
Can melt the heart alone!  
And oh, that thou wouldst dismember  
My rocky heart—the waters of all—  
That all might be prepared to join  
My spirit in thy courts divine!  
And may thy special grace be shed  
Upon the orphan boy!  
And may his mother's o'er his head  
Her guardian wing extend!  
Oh may no sin his soul deprive,  
To grow her o'er his grave!  
But may he ever serve his host  
To make her a sin in heaven most bliss!

### TO ONE WHO WILL UNDERSTAND ME.

For whom who's travelled Europe o'er,  
And found the journey quiet a bore,  
My humble rhymes are written:  
He who so well can use a glass,  
Thou dost the verses to pass  
By foreign means better.  
Who boasts of many a titled dame  
He's won to own a martial fame,  
And nationhood's names are written:  
Who dandles with his hand to roam,  
Thou loved and cultivated home,  
And many a gently truant.  
The poet's he cannot brook,  
But yet will condescend to look  
When plays that winching eyes,  
That mistress of all melody,  
Sweet Fanny K. he best to show,  
As to a female boy.  
At opers he whippers long,  
In every pose, (hairs I leave)  
(It is the foreign fashion,  
And travel's taste seems all display,  
And all rebuke—it is the way,  
Notes put them in a passion.)  
Good fellow, to advice give care,  
Thine is that bad and yellow stare,  
Thy youth has long departed,  
Discount thy steps, thy rage and dye,  
Nor longer with such follies try  
To win the ampler glory.  
Our widows have no knowing grown,  
Our wealthy spinners long have known  
The charms of sex-and-twenty;  
Thy are art vain, then take a plain one,  
And you can have, where'er you please,  
Good noses, and in plenty.

### ORIGINAL PAPERS BY A QUIET MAN.

#### REMINISCENCES OF BOYHOOD.

OLD TIPS.

Among the objects of my early recollection, Tip, mentioned before, holds a conspicuous place. Not meaning any disrespect to myself, I loved that dog like a brother, although he was the ugliest looking beast I ever saw. Dogs differ as much in appearance as men. Some are graced with a feminine delicacy and beauty; others with grace, dignity and grandeur of deportment. I am slightly acquainted with one of the Newfoundland breed to which I always felt inclined to take off my hat—he walks so majestically, or sits with such a reserved and solemn air; like a philosopher, shorn the paltry toys and ordinary interests of life. I know another lovely creature—a curiosity for cleanliness, grace and beauty, with the dainty dust of a belle, and with more than her capacity for fondness and faith, his speaking eyes are full of gentleness and love; and a word or a look from him sometimes seems to drive him half crazy for joy. Tip had none of these recommendations, poor fellow! The public are not "familiar with his merits," (so they are sure to be with those of every literary puppy about town), but a premium for ugliness would have brought him out. He was short and squat, with a back, and covered with coarse, rough, red hair. He had badly legs, and a tail shaped like three inches of a crowbar. It had been cut off since by some relentless hand, which, either from a cruel malice, or a queer taste, had also abstracted the principal part of his ears—aberrations, however, of which he appeared

either careless or unconscious. His eyes were large and red; he had a blunt, pug nose, and altogether a bull-dog countenance. It was clear he could never claim rank on the score of personal comeliness, but most deeply ingrained in his character; yet there was about him a certain modesty, dashing, manner and affectionate ways, that made every body love him. There was not a boy in school who would not stop jacks in his defence, except Dick Grim, against whom he had a most virulent dislike. Whether this was a moral distinction, or whether Dick had snubbed upon him some physical mischief, (for he was a cruel rascal, and feared only by nose and beard), I cannot tell, but Tip would none of him; but, in all his dealings, betrayed that "lodged hate" and "certain longing" which old Shyllock speaks of. With the rest of us he was hand and glove, or rather, as the old, and like the "plumage" collic, in the "Two Dogs," his honest, "sensible" face

"Aye got him friends in his place."

It was a custom, on rising in the morning, for the boys (some seventy or a hundred of us) to assemble in a line of military precision, with our hands down, our heads up, our toes out and our mouths shut, (all consistent with the strictest manner) for the purpose of undergoing the examination of an usher, touching the state of our hands, heads, teeth, faces, shoes, &c. On these occasions, although I do not recollect that his name was on the roll, Tip was always present; and during the fifteen minutes thus occupied, stray catches greeted our ears, and our ears were not without even at the whistle of insure, or like, (in schools the names of most people get somewhat disreputably abbreviated, dogs and negroes of course, boys are such familiar beings), although he erected the relics of his ears (erecting always) and turned a wistful glance, or shot a wistful grin in our eyes, yet he never budged. (Business before pleasure, always!) He generally stationed himself by the usher when the roll was called, and sometimes went round with him in his investigations; and when a careless lad was sent off to tie up a slouching stocking, to clean his nails, or put on his best right side out, I used to think Tip caught after him a look of reproach. Toward the conclusion of the ceremony, he invariably commenced at the head of the line, among the big fellows, and went along saluting each one with a low bark of pleasure and looks of affection, receiving on his head their pats and strokes and rubbing his nose against the legs of the little chaps. Dear old Tip, how I did love him!

In all our excursions he was a companion, of course, and he generally knew where we were going by observations of his own—whether to the skating pond, the landing, to bath, to the post-office, or to walk in the woods. If his attachment to the boys was marked, it was much more so toward Mr. H.—the principal. He had the same reverence and respect for him which were experienced by the other scholars; and always much mortified on receiving a rebuke, especially before the boys.

With all the cattle and poultry belonging to the place he was on amiable terms; even with the goose, though evidently he had no great opinion of their sagacity. He would not hurt a single creature that had a right on the place, though he exercised a continual watch over them, and kept them all within the limits, as he did every other without. His particular friend was the horse Paddy—a noble creature, uncommonly large and well formed, and as mettlesome as those rascally desert steeds,

Woe! how tall and flying mane.

Woe! under—never struts by pain.

Mouths bloodless in the hot or rain.

Paddy and Tip were Orontes and Polydes together. It was a pleasant thing to see the gallant horse pricking up his ears of a morning, when brought saddled and bridled from the stable, and looking down, with arched neck and dilated nostrils, to greet the dog, who played, and wagged his tail, and barked, and laughed around him with the most palpable affection and good humour. Indeed Pad, Tip and Mr. H.—formed a trio inspired by the best feelings toward each other, and as fond of fun, all of them, as was manifest in the dignity of their respective and several occupations. They were exceedingly honest, industrious and persevering in the performance of their duties. Pad was the gentlest, the strongest, the wildest, the best and most valued of horses; Mr. H.—was the kindest, the most intelligent, learned and respected of teachers, and Tip, the most shrewd, the most moral, and excellent, the shrewdest, the ugliest, and the most beloved of dogs.

Forbearing as he was to the creatures about the farm, he did, nevertheless, sometimes torment the pigs and poultry. He would not let the hens and chickens go where they pleased. He preserved









[illegible]

" Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,  
With his aspiring rider seemed to know,  
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,  
You would have thought the very windows spake,  
So many greedy looks of young and old  
Through casements darted their desiring eyes  
Upon his visage ; and that all the walls,  
With painted imagery, had said at once,  
Welcome, Bolingbroke ! Jeau, prairere thee ?  
What he, from one side to the other turning,  
Rarely heard, lower than his proud steed's neck,  
Bespoke them thus :—I thank you, countrymen,  
And thus still doing, thus he passed along."

There was really in this sight a good deal of the moral sublime. Cincinnatus from his plough could scarcely appear more unassuming than this great man in his plain black dress.

[illegible]

decisive manner afternoon—a soft Italian air—a heaven with scarcely a cloud—all blue and transparent—the throbbing thousands wading around. At length a little balloon—a preserve—was seen floating serenely above the throng, as if it were borne by the sky. Presently the huge globe of brown silk loomed up above the edges of the wall with a beautiful motion—swinging, floating, and displaying all the aspiring pomp of an eagle eager for the fight. At length completed. The huge mannequin slowly, calm and free into the sea. The car, with the adventurous pilot, greeted with multitudes of shouts, sped rapidly upon its way. The crowd followed the flags waving—muzzas rattling—cannon firing—drums beating—and the lovely vessel smoothly gliding into the blue gulf distance till it faded to a speck. Among the spectators of this scene were some who had been present at the execution of the same feat in America. Nothing makes me more strikingly realize that I am in America—that a broad ocean rolls between you and me! The savages who infest the frontiers of the republic have no idea that the whites are so much better than they. They are ignorant of our power acquired by perseverance. Several of them were conducted on a tour through the country some years since, and of course were astonished. On going back to their people they detailed the wonders which they saw. They were incredulous at first; but when they were for some time the objects of ridicule and persecution, till at length, in self-defence, they recounted. It is the desire of the whites that the present chief may see and judge from himself the extent of his inferiority.

At Baltimore, the other day, these Indians were introduced to the president, who addressed them as follows :

"My children—When I saw you in Washington, I told you you had behaved very badly, in raising the tomahawk against the white people, and killing men, women and children upon the frontier. Your conduct last year compelled me to send my warriors against you; your people were defeated with great loss, and your men surrendered; to be kept until I should be satisfied that you would not try to do any more injury. I told you I would inquire whether your people wished you should return, and whether, if you did return, there would be any danger to the frontier. General Clark and General Atkinson, whom you know, have informed me that Sturgeon, your principal chief, and the rest of your people, are anxious you should return, and that they wish you to send your warriors back. You must have decided themselves for your conduct, and I have given them directions that you should be taken to your own country."

\* Mayor Garland, who is with you, will conduct you through some of our towns. You will see the strength of the white people here. You will see young men as numerous as the leaves in the woods. What can you do against us? You may kill a few women and children; but another force would soon be sent against you, so would destroy your whole tribe. Let the red men hear and take care of their families; but I hope they will not again raise their hands against their white brothers. We do not wish to injure you. We desire your prosperity and improvement. But if you again plunge your knives into the breasts of our people, I shall send a force which will severely punish you for all your cruelties.

"When you go back, listen to the counsels of A-oh-suk and the other friendly chiefs. Bury the tomahawk, and live in peace with the frontiers. And I pray the Great Spirit to give you a smooth path and a fair wind to return."

"My FATHERS—My ears are open to your words. I am glad to hear them. I am glad to go back to my people. I want to see my family. I did not behave well last summer. I ought not to have taken up the tomahawk. But my people have suffered a great deal. When I get back I will remember your words. I won't go to war again. I will live in peace. I shall hold you by the hand."

All this is mighty romantic for us, dear B.; and the liberty-loving ladies of the west greet him like a hero. A critic, however, who seems authority, gives the following passage:

"Black Hawk and his companions *de voyage* continue to draw multitudes of gazers. They bear inspection and suffocation admirably. Each verifies the description of the poet—

Ladies enviously and eagerly grasp tawny hands that have been

imbred in human blood, as the teeth of the panther are with that of his prey, quadruped or biped. These savages are of noble form and characteristic mien; every thing in them is aboriginal: the son of the chief is a master-piece of his race—an *Uncas* in his conformation and aspect. It is such a being that seems to broil in every where the soul of Smollett's lines—

\* Thy spirit, independence, let me share !  
 Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,  
 Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,  
 So heed the storm that howls along the shore !

The president was also on the ground at the hour for the ascension of the balloon. He was, as before, ever greeted with acclamations, and continues to be the victim of rumors. One paper says, "a story has become very current, that President Jackson intends uniting himself to a very amiable and accomplished lady from Connecticut, and that the nuptials are to be celebrated during this present visit. We presume the story, like many similar reports, has without the least foundation in truth." Another announces, that "among other tokens of respect which will be shown to the president

dent and vice-president, about five thousand of the fairest of the fair, unmarried, and young, elegantly dressed in white, will join in a procession to meet and greet them on their arrival in Lowell, in the state of Massachusetts."

Here is a specimen of the enthusiasm with which his words are observed and reported, from one of the newspapers:

When the speaker, in the course of his remarks, alluded to the "city-bell," and witnessed the countless multitudes of well-dressed, orderly citizens, who had assembled to do honour to the first magistrate of the republic, and to testify the reverence and affection so well due to the public services and the individual character of the incumbent, he was struck with the contrast between the scene before him and the cheering—he felt that it was too noble and happy invitation, that these people were doing honour, and were thus giving the most sincere of all pledges of their enduring attachment and of worthiness of such high advantages. His indignation of self, and his indignation of the nation, were soothed, and he felt that he was being doubly displayed than in the half unconscious remark which fell from his lips, as the magnificent scene presented itself before him.

Turning to Governor Marcy, with a quivering lip, and a brightening eye, he said—"Nations will never take root mass!"

For the life time, he could think only of his country and its welfare."

As for myself I have witnessed the entrance into cities of victorious generals and the coronations of kings, but I never saw a sight presenting such a striking example of the moral sublime, as the entrance into New-York of that tall old man, in simple attire, with his gray, uncovered head, bending to the salutations of his countrymen. *Yours sincerely, deare B.*

LETTER FROM A LADY IN THE COUNTRY.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

NINNO—WALKING—DELICATE—HIGH HITPOIN.

[illegible]

and, besides, in pleasant weather quite as broadened as the earth itself, and audacious in the countenance, so the more passive *cacemine* which you have so highly recommended! Is not *cacemine* as good as *being reversed*? We like walking, and are not deterred by a short distance. Not long since we made a call on our acquaintance about six miles from home. There has not been so much excitement so greatly talked about since "the great and good" were here, and I am glad to hear that you are very ready to "dislocate" and must give up our rambles, for half that distance would be *very impressive*—part with the looming check we now possess—brunge on a sofa all day, read novels and to "deflate" it. A life of exercise, we believe, has given us health, cheerfulness, and a firmness of constitution, which, however derived from fashionable disease, would not willingly exchange for the languid and nervous system of the present age.

Yours truly,  
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

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# THE CARRIERS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR, TO THEIR PATRONS.

*Act. — "Range of shepherds and pastoral roundelay."*

Twice, dear patrons, has tuneful Miss AFFABLE  
Ventured to play to a holiday throng;  
Now she is married, and, is it not laughable!  
All she can sing is a lullaby song!  
I could not persuade her, with SUSAN to aid her,  
(I would not afraid her) to warble a lay;  
She could not dissemble, 'twould make her heart tremble  
If sweet Fanny Kemble should witness the play.  
Please accept, then, an humble apology,  
Mistress MOORE has refused to appear;  
The Calcutt, too, with his tongue and tautology,  
Bade me tell you he could not be here.  
I know his condition, 'tis indisposition,  
So, by your permission, I'll offer to day  
A short recitation, to suit the occasion,  
Which your approbation will amply repay.  
Strange adventures, old Time has exhibited,  
While pursuing his annual round;  
Some to chance or the comet attributed,  
Some to genius and wisdom profound.  
The recent election, the tariff protection,  
The bold disaffection evinced at the session,  
With signs of disunion, and noisy contentment,  
I need not to mention, they're heard from each mouth.  
Europe, teeming with matters combustible,  
Soon may be in a terrible blaze;  
Tennis are offered to Holland not gustable,  
So her research the treaty delays.  
Don Pedro and brother will keep up a pother,  
Till one whip the other—it's no matter which;  
While Patrick, so gaily, his tithes tenneth daily,  
With whack of sabbath, or hickory switch.  
France, unsettled, presents a queer spectacle;  
Italy ditto, and so there's a pair;  
England's systems are quite apocryphal;  
Russia blusters, and growls like a bear.  
And since a brave nation, the world's admiration,  
Was swept from creation, her sons bither swarm,  
The saddest and waviest—but though Poland *sem ceti*,  
"The world has grown a loner"—see England's reform!  
Scot's minstrel at length has departed to  
Reclaim congress to spirits like his:  
Young Napoleon has died broken-hearted too,  
Charles the tenth is a bigoted quix.  
The prospects of Turkey are gloomy and murky;  
The misadventures of Greece may not account sport,  
For Egypt's dark legions are wanting his regions,  
And doff'd the allegiance they owed to the Porte.  
Turn from Europe, its wealths and mendacity,  
Turn your eyes to the pride of the world,  
Where o'er realms of reason and felicity,  
Freedom's star-spangled banner's unfurled.  
Where science and learning like comets are burning,  
And health is returning, with plenty and ease;  
Where freedom inherit their forefathers' spirit,  
And prove there's a merit in hickory trees.  
Science triumphs, and literature flourishes,  
Genius now is by fashion embraced;  
Rank careers, and splendour nourishes  
Native talent, invention, and taste.  
Their smiles are renewing our Washington Irving,  
So richly deserving of honour and fame;  
While Paulding the witty, the pride of our city,  
Shall shine in our duty with equal acclaim.

Payne, renowned for his labors dramatical,  
Crown'd with laurels, no longer shall roam;  
Now his country, with language emphatical,  
Warmly welcomes the wanderer home.  
To silence each ruler, that used to assail her,  
She gave him a gala acquittal as yet,  
In talent and splendor, fit tribute to render  
Thus able defender of learning and wit.  
Late we trembled for Indian humilities,  
Now Black Hawk is confound in a cage;  
Then a bank, which afforded facilities,  
Felt a veto, and flew in a rage.  
I scarce need to call up the traveling Trollope  
Our critics so wallow, for giving offence  
Or the Eoyal blue-stocking, whose strictures are shocking  
To none but the talking pretenders to sense.  
Merrell's Narrative treats of the cannibals,  
Joy islands, and mountains on fire;  
He may rank with our best modern Hannibals;  
Let the Indians beware of his ire.  
Our Adams's poem—John Quincy, you know him,  
The critics all blow him—'twould avilify 'em.  
But Ho! Westward, Ho! sir, is now all the go, sir,  
And he that says no, sir, had better be mute.  
Cooper's legend, the Heidenmauer mystery,  
Irving's beautiful tales of the Turks;  
Games and Festivals, Poland's sad history,  
Female Movements, and Lessons for Clerks;  
The source of the Niger, the wreck of the Tiger,  
The golden Robins, and Coupaal Strife;  
Religious Discourses, Belligerent Forces,  
The law which divorces a man from his wife.  
Eugene Aram, the Quiet Man's Reveries,  
Henry Masterton, Glauber Sips Tales;  
Scriptures, Stories, and Catholic Breviaries,  
Life of Bonaparte, Treatise on Sausis,  
The Tyrolean Mothers, with hundreds of others,  
Which Harper and Brothers, so quickly put out,  
On purpose to sell you—best mind, now I tell you,  
I guess they will sell you—you'd better look out.  
Now, dear patrons, our own periodical,  
Claims, I reckon, a stanza or two;  
Where's another so chastely methodical  
Where's another so valued by you!  
Its tales and its strictures, its music and pictures,  
You'll never convict us of errors, I guess;  
There's no one that fetches, such essays and sketches—  
I pity the wretches who shake the press.  
Health and wealth, with content and tranquility,  
Be your portion, I wish it, through life;  
May your pleasures and works of utility  
Never be marr'd by the lovers of strife.  
May sorrows be parried, the youthful get married;  
And ye who have tarried till late in the day,  
O banish your terror, repent of your error,  
Subscribe for the Mirror, there's no better way.  
Long may happiness, peace and prosperity  
Here attend on your earthly career;  
Friends and kindred, with hearts of sincerity,  
Spouse and children, more tender and dear,  
And when the scene closes, may pillows of roses  
Afford such repose as tired nature demands;  
While hearts are here aching, a brighter morn breaking,  
Shall find you awaking in happier lands.

New-York, January 1, 1852.



## CONTENTS OF VOLUME TEN.

This volume is embellished with four beautiful engravings on steel, and on one copper; six ornamental woodcuts, and sixty pieces of popular music.

## EMBELLISHMENTS.

## Engravings on Steel.

1. *VIOLETTES TIME-FLYING.* Painted by *Wier*, engraved by *Durand*.
  2. *A WOOD MEASE, SONGER.* Painted by *Wier*, engraved by *Durand*.
  3. *VIEW ON THE SCOTCH COAST, AT VAYRAN.* Painted by *Wier*, engraved by *Durand*.
  4. *WATERFALL.* Painted by *Benett*, engraved by *Durand*.
  5. *FALLS OF THE SWISS VALLEY.* Painted by *Benett*, engraved by *Durand*.
- Engravings on Wood.**
1. *Portrait of Dr. WITT CLAYTON.* Painted by *Jeanes*, engraved by *Maass*.
  2. *Portrait of ROBERT FULTON.* Painted by *Jeanes*, engraved by *Maass*.
  3. *Portrait of CHARLES CARROLL, 9th CARROLL.* Engraved by *Maass*.
  4. *OLD BUTCH SHOP IN NEW-YORK.* Drawn by *Dane*, engraved by *Anderson*.
  5. *REPRESENTATION OF THE BEHALF PROTESTANT GENERAL LAFFAYETTE, BY TWO THIRTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT.* Drawn by *T. Brown*, engraved by *Maass*.
  6. *MARSHED TO WASHINGTON'S BROTHERS.* Engraved by *Maass*.

## MUSIC.

1. *March of Lincolnton.*
2. *Fanshawe's.*
3. *Dear mother's song.*
4. *Am.*
5. *There's a tear that falls when we part.*
6. *The nutmeg's song.*
7. *It is the hour, the lovely hour.*
8. *Dear hand the battle's rage.*
9. *The shade.*
10. *And the melody.*
11. *The last green leaf.*
12. *Maunak.*
13. *Love.*
14. *Love.*
15. *There's a gleam of thy smile.*
16. *Nicholson's celebrated waltz for the flute.*
17. *There's a celebrated waltz for the flute.*
18. *Swiss nut with gold or glittering green.*
19. *I saw little wren.*
20. *And Isabelle waltz.*
21. *Romance.*
22. *Remembrance of Mozart.*
23. *Remembrance.*
24. *Lullaby, dear Fanny.*
25. *When love is kind.*
26. *La belle de Cambly.*
27. *La Circassienne.*
28. *Polka-mazur.*
29. *La saphy.*
30. *Balkan Skip.*
31. *Kathleen O'Malley.*
32. *Come, dwell with me.*
33. *Those evening larks.*
34. *April merrily's march.*
35. *When shall we three meet again.*
36. *Only the troubadour touch'd his guitar.*
37. *Goodnight.*
38. *And ye shall walk in silk attire.*
39. *The pilot.*
40. *And the mountain house.*
41. *Celebrated march.*
42. *The organ's prayer.*
43. *And ye steel me, dork-eyed one.*
44. *Hark! I hear the bugles ring.*
45. *Now while the star of love is bright.*
46. *My dark-eyed maid.*
47. *Flow on, thou shining river.*
48. *The moonbeam is straying.*
49. *Dear.*
50. *Dear.*

## PROSE.

1. *Arabian poetry.*
2. *Ally's bride.*
3. *Ally's bride.*
4. *Ally's bride.*
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1. *Advice.*
2. *Accuracy of style.*
3. *Amor, Nathaniel.*
4. *Art of tying the cravat.*
5. *Adam and Eve.*
6. *Address to the marriageable ladies of the United States.*
7. *An exact man.*
8. *Age we live in.*
9. *Adelphi Singing.*
10. *Birth of breath.*
11. *British criticism.*
12. *Boasting houses.*
13. *Boy's marbles.*
14. *Bracken ring.*
15. *Bracken ring.*
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50. *Bracken ring.*

1. *Empty pockets.*
2. *Extracts from Mrs. Shepley's Frankenstein.*
3. *Extracts from Mrs. Shepley's Frankenstein.*
4. *Extracts from Mrs. Shepley's Frankenstein.*
5. *Exhibition of the Hind.*
6. *Exhibition of the Hind.*
7. *Exhibition of the Hind.*
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49. *Exhibition of the Hind.*
50. *Exhibition of the Hind.*

1. *Library wife.*
2. *Lawrence, Jonathan, Jun.*
3. *Low.*
4. *Low.*
5. *Low.*
6. *Low.*
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9. *Low.*
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